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March, 1929

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## PEEP-EYE

By Hapsburg Liebe

**I**T IS a little understood paradox that the things that seem farthest apart and most at variance in life often lie closest together and are nearest akin. One finds grief nosing into the realm of joy and joy nibbling at the toes of grief.

Mr. "Brimstone" Stratton, blue-white terror of the Little Pigeon River logging country, but a clean man for all his buck-wildness and rollicking badness, was very hard hit over having to give up all thought of becoming the husband of one Miss Angelina Murrell. He proceeded to celebrate the fatality by going to the nearest lowland town and smashing up things in general, which in a small way included a couple of policemen and the high sheriff's favorite deputy.

Brimstone succumbed not to the divers arms of the law. But he did go down finally before the onslaught of divers glasses of clear new whiskey in massed formation, whiskey that had never been contaminated by a revenue stamp. When he awoke in the gray dawn of the following morning, he beheld bars of iron limned between his eyes and the dim light; and he laughed as if it were a rare good joke somebody had put over on him.

Stratton was a large young man, and the narrow bed creaked under his weight when he sat up and put his feet to the floor. Being a total stranger to remorsefulness, Brimstone continued to laugh; he never regretted, simply because it was useless to regret. Then he fastened his big brown eyes on a red brick in one of the four walls of his cell and said softly to himself in his own native drawl:

"I'll drink no more moonshine. Moonshine's stronger'n the strongest man. It's old Samson's master, shore. It slipped up on me and knocked me down flat, and all they had to do to jail me was jest to tote me in. I'll drink no more moonshine."

This is a very good place to record the fact that he never did.

When he had paid his fine, he hadn't a cent left. The judge narrowly suggested an immediate change of air for him, and Brimstone forthwith started for the logging country of the Little Pigeon.

For all of the bigness of this booted and broad-hatted, blue-shirted and corduroyed logger, he made a rather forlorn looking picture as he climbed the little city's eastern hill on his way to the piled-up blue mountains that had always been home to him. Brimstone Stratton's lot was exceedingly hard now. Everywhere he went they knew him, and it was the same; the people feared him because of his reputation as a fighter and because of his terrible strength.

The time was past when he could have friends for friendship's sake. Even Angelina Murrell, the one person he knew who hadn't been afraid of him, the one person in the world who had liked him genuinely and understood him, had broken off all relations with him; the everlasting nagging of her parents was responsible for that. Stratton was now almost as much alone as if he were the only living man.

The road led him past the little city's orphanage, a big old

brick house that stood in a grove of trees on the crest of that eastern hill. A high picket fence ran around the spacious grounds. Stratton knew that this was a home for orphaned children, and he gave it a sympathetic glance—and at the same time he caught sight of a pair of strikingly clear and bright, belligerent and defiant topaz eyes peeping through the closely built fence and straight at him.

"Peep-Eye!" grinned Brimstone, without knowing or caring whether it was a boy or a girl.

"Go to the devil!" came immediately from beyond the pickets in a high-pitched and angry voice.

Stratton's grin widened beautifully. It was a boy who had spoken, a whole boy, and his heated words were as sweet music to the big timberjack's ears. Here, at last, was somebody who wasn't afraid of him, and it was distinctly refreshing.

"Good stuff, little 'Peep-Eye,'" smiled Brimstone. "You're shore all to the mustard. Are ye a orphan, Peep-Eye?"

The lad pressed closer to the pickets. In Brimstone Stratton he was now recognizing instinctively a kindred soul and a friend. Stratton went to the fence and looked over, and the spectacle that greeted his gaze tempted him strongly to let out a regular bellow of a laugh—but he didn't. Peep-Eye was about thirteen, sunburned and freckled and barefooted, and he wore a little girl's freshly-laundered gingham frock in lieu of a waist and short trousers!

The light on the youthful face was the light of deep and utter tragedy, and it was because of the frock he had been forced to wear.

"Sort uh half-orphan, yeuh," he said amicably enough. "I—I fell into a tub o' water and got wet all over, and I didn't have no other clo'es, and that woman she went and put a gyurl's dress on me ontel my own clo'es gits dry! I hate this here place, mister—take me away with ye, mister, please!"

Stratton's lips tightened. That boy's drawing talk was much like his own; he knew that the lad, too, was one of the mountain-born.

"Don't they treat ye square, son?" Stratton asked.

"Oh, yeuh," the boy answered. "The woman does, as much as she can and knows how. But these here kids, they don't. They're all afeard o' me, a-sayin' it's wicked to fight, and they all runs when they sees me a-comin! And so I ain't got no friends, nary one. My pap, he teachd me to fight. I've done thrashed all o' the big boys here, but I wouldn't fight the teeniest boys and the gyurls, o' course. My pap, he's went to the penitency. The law it sent him there for a-makin' whiskey on his own still out o' his own cawn—and it ain't right! What might be ye name, mister?"

"They calls me Brimstone," smiled Stratton, "acause they thinks I'm pizen mean. What's yores, son?"

"Finley. Bub Finley. I'd work hard for ye, Mr. Brimstone. I can see ye're a logger-man by ye boots and the spikes in 'em. Please take me back wi' ye, Mr. Brimstone?"

The slender little figure in incongruous gingham stretched itself eagerly upward on its tiptoes. One of its hands held to the top of the fence, and the other slipped through and caught one of Stratton's.

"Please?" he begged.

A look of deep interest settled over the timberjack's now very sober countenance. They were in the same fix, he and this lad. They were friendless and alone; they were outcasts. The spirits of human charity and human devilment rose together to the size of a horse within Brimstone Stratton then, and he coolly and masterfully reached downward and got the boy, lifted him to his great shoulder and with him marched off toward the dim-blue ranges. And nobody saw him go.

"You'll be my pal, little Peep-Eye," he said half a dozen times on that rugged journey of twenty miles into the heart of the mountain wilderness. He liked the nickname, and the boy Finley offered no objections to it. "You'll be my pal, little Peep-Eye."

Just after nightfall the pair arrived at Stratton's old working place, "Super" Tom Wilmarck's camp on Pistol Creek, the latter-named stream being a dashing and turbulent tributary of the dashing and turbulent Little Pigeon River. With Peep-Eye Finley still on his giant shoulder, Brimstone Stratton strode proudly into the camp's dimly lighted commissary. A dozen lounging timberjacks, all of them big and booted and broad-hatted men, gaped in astonishment as Brimstone stood the gingham-clad lad on the counter and hailed the superintendent himself:

"Hey, Super Tom, put some decent clo'es on this little man and give him a blanket and charge the same to me." Then to the loggers: "This here is Peep-Eye Finley, fellers, and he's the new bully o' the Pistol Creek outfit. Do ye git me?"

They got him. Wilmarck, too, got him. Wilmarck, a big and silent, bearded man, began at once to take down what he had in boy's clothing.

If Peep-Eye had eaten all the red-striped commissary candy the Pistol Creek crew bought for him during his first hour in camp, he would have been a very sick boy. Before bedtime of that night Stratton built for his youthful pal a narrow bed close beside his own in the sleeping quarters of Super Tom's men in the up-stairs of the big and rough boarding-house.

Brimstone had named Peep-Eye bully of the outfit. And bully Peep-Eye became as the summer drifted on. What the lad wanted, he took—pocket knives, pencils, bits of jewelry; anything Peep-Eye wanted, he took. And Brimstone Stratton, watching smilingly from his little distance off, saw that no man openly frowned over the loss of anything the boy fancied. It was a pretty tyranny!

When Peep-Eye Finley had been a high light in Super Tom Wilmarck's outfit for five weeks, he was meeting up with Miss Angelina Murrell very frequently in the deep green, virgin forest that lay below the camp and not far from the Murrell's big old hewn-log cabin. Peep-Eye did not yet know why it was that Angelina so often asked him questions concerning Brimstone Stratton; and nothing the boy reported led the girl to believe that Brimstone was in the least unhappy, which occasioned a tiny wonderment on Angelina's part. Stratton now had a chum in the person of one Wilson Bannard, a newly arrived big logger who hailed from nobody save himself knew where and who feared neither Brimstone nor any other man that walked on two legs.

Then the boy Finley awoke one sticky-warm morning in August to find twenty silver dollars in one of the pockets of his trousers. As usual, he had slept late, and the loggers had gone to the woods; Super Tom, too, had gone to the woods. Not being on especially good terms with the camp cooky, Peep-Eye had his breakfast in silence, after which he went out, found a long ironweed and stripped it of its leaves and imagined it was a horse, mounted it and galloped off toward the cabin home of the Murrell's to tell Angelina of his good fortune in the matter of the twenty dollars.

He came upon barefooted Angelina wading in the creek some two hundred yards above her father's house. The girl, verily, was an amazingly pretty nymph of the woods, as straight as a young birch and round of figure if slim. Somehow she seemed worried now, but she smiled at Peep-Eye's coming.

Little Finley dropped his "horse" and drew from his pocket the twenty pieces of silver.

"Looky here, Angie!"

Angelina Murrell had halted at the edge of the crystal stream. At sight of the money, she stepped backward as if struck.

"How'd you come by that, Peep-Eye," she asked in a small, pinched voice.

"Mr. Brimstone—" always he called Stratton that—"Mr. Brimstone, o' course! Who else'd gi' me twenty dollars, Angie?" Jephthah Murrell's daughter shook her head slowly and sorrowfully. She crumpled down to the creek's mossy bank, and the lad dropped beside her.

"What's got wrong o' you, Angie?" he drawled wonderingly. "It must ha' been Brim," Angelina muttered gloomily, speaking wholly to herself.

Peep-Eye began to crowd the silver dollars back into his pocket.

"Who? What?" he wanted to know.

She turned her gaze full upon his sunburned boyish face, and her brown eyes were filled with deep shadows of disappointment.

"Ain't you heerd, Peep-Eye? I thought everybody knowed about it," she said. "The robber—it must ha' been Brim. The robber that held up the Crooked Creek outfit's pay-roll messenger, late yeste'day. Whoever it was, my daddy said, shot the Tumbler Fork man and hurt him bad—"

While the boy stared as if the thing were too big for him to understand, she went on with it, and now she was speaking wholly to herself again:

"What with him not havin' any friends, and with everybody allus sayin' he was borned to be hung, and with—with me throwin' him down to satisfy the mouthin' of other people—I know he did l-like me! I can't find it in me to blame him very much. Ef I had it to do over, maybe I—I wouldn't throw him down, don't matter what other folks says about him!"

Peep-Eye grasped it in a fair way after a long minute of thinking.

"Mr. Brimstone didn't have any money yeste'day mornin'," said Peep-Eye. "I know he didn't, acause I axed him for five cents, and I never got it. But—it shore couldn't ha' been him ut done the robbin', Angie. Mr. Brimstone ain't no robber, Angie."

The laurels behind the two suddenly parted, and Brimstone Stratton, keen-eyed and a little hard of countenance, stood towering over them. It was almost as if he had come to answer for himself. Angelina Murrell turned her sunny-brown head and saw him, blushed somewhat and rose. The boy, grinning happily, also went to his feet.

"Seein' you go off down here every day sort o' made me wonder what the reason of it was, Peep," Stratton said coolly, smiling a tiny, whimsical smile. "So I follered ye this time, and I've seed what the reason was. You belong to me, Peep-Eye, and you mustn't never come off down here any more."

The lad would have asked "Why?" had not Angelina beaten him to it.

"I like little Peep-Eye, Brim," she said plaintively. "Why can't he come down here to see me?"

"Ef ye don't mind, Angie, we'll pass that up," muttered Stratton, turning away. He was a trifle pale now. "Come on, Peep. And, ef ye leave the camp any more, see to it ut ye goes up the creek and not down—"

"Wait, Brim!" the girl broke in smotheredly, and the big hill-man halted and faced back to her. "Brim," she hurried on eagerly, "please tell me: was it you—was it you held up them two pay-roll messengers yeste'day? You'll gi' me the truth, Brim, I know, and I won't never, never tell."

He looked her searchingly in the eyes for a silent moment; then he smiled again that tiny, whimsical smile of his.

"Are ye shore ye won't never tell?" he asked.

"Never!"

"Well—yes, it was me, Angie," he said. "Everybody allus expected me to be hung, ye know, and I couldn't bear to disappoint 'em."

He took the hand of little Finley and turned once more for the thick, green wall of laurels. But, before he reached it, the laurels opened, and from them stepped an eavesdropper, a man who had just heard him admit that he was the pay-roll's thief, a man who wore a shining star on the left breast of his officer-blue coat!

"Hello—Alford!" Stratton exclaimed awkwardly.

Sheriff Alford smiled a cocksure, official smile.

"I had an idea it was you, Brimstone," he said. "I had just reached the camp when I saw you sneaking down the creek; I decided to shadow you just to see what you were up to."

"You shore done a good job," clipped Stratton. "It ain't many men—"

"Up with your hands, Brimstone," cut in the officer.

Angie gasped. She saw a revolver flash in the hands of the lowland sheriff; she saw the glitter of manacles and heard them clink—then there came a roar that seemed to shake the earth

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# The Major General Commandant's House

Military Chest Said to be Buried in Barracks Grounds



HE CORPS' contribution to historic buildings in Washington is even with the expectations of those who know our history.

There sits on the south side of "G" Street, between Eighth and Ninth, Southeast, a large, box-like, drab structure presenting a rather severe, yet attractive style. It is truly a Marine's house, for it was built by Marines under the eye of Marine officers and with the crudest sort of implements, as the days of 1803 offered but little along this line. The moulds in which the bricks were shaped were irregular in size and odd in dimensions. The clay in these bricks was taken from a spot which is about midway between the site of the present barracks and the Navy Yard gate. Our files fail to preserve the name of the architect, but they do admit the fact that he was given the generous sum of one hundred dollars for this exhibition of his skill. The original house was a two-story affair, colonial in design, with walls about three feet thick. The front of the house faced the parade grounds of the barracks, and surrounding it was a high rugged iron fence marked by two double ornate gates, over which specially selected, smart-looking sentries held full charge.

There were good reasons for all this protection, because this house served not only as the home of the Commandant, but also as his headquarters, and as such held the Military Chest, all trophies, records and seals belonging to the Corps. Memories of some of our officers of those times tell us that part of the cellar of this house was used as a temporary stopping-place for certain unruly citizens whose ideas did not coincide with those of high Government officials, among them being Aaron Burr. History tells us that in 1814, when Washington was burned by the British, their commander, C. A. Ross, was so impressed with the security of the house that he ordered it spared in order that he might use it as his headquarters. Upon his occupation of it he turned the cellar into a stable for his mounts, while his personal staff shared with him the space in the upper levels. Gather no idea that this house was turned over to the invaders without cost. The Marines' memories were not short, for they had labored long and hard to have an official home, and they did not propose to let it go cheaply. However, as they were outnumbered they were finally forced to yield, but their stand was courageous to the last. The original doors and floors showed holes and scars made by British bayonets and sledges. The old walls and staircase carried visible signs of bloodshed.

In 1814 every Government department was its own banker; that is, each chief kept the money given by Congress to carry on its departmental affairs. This meant that the Commandant of Marines had in his headquarters the money allowed for the conduct of business affairs of the Corps for that year. This figure included the money necessary for pay, food, clothing,

By Major J. C. Fegan, U. S. M. C.

medicines, wagons, forage for animals, repairs and fines. So upon the receipt of this money, which

I am told was less than \$50,000 annually, it was placed in a strongly constructed and well-locked chest, known in the Corps as the "Military Chest," which was kept under guard in the Commandant's office. When it was found necessary to buy a new wagon, shoes or rifles, verbal authority was given by the Commandant, and upon the presentation of a satisfactory bill, the chest was opened by the Commandant or his aide, and the necessary money taken out. Officers and men were paid in cash by calling at the office. Sometimes weekly payments were made. Those on duty at distant garrisons and on ships were paid by the dispatching of funds via certain officers.

Corps yarns include one which claims that when Washington

was being prepared to meet the British invasion, the two Marine sergeants whose duty it was to guard the Military Chest carefully dug a hole in a certain part of the yard and buried the chest. However, they failed to disclose the location of the spot, and rushed off to participate in the Battle of Bladensburg, where they were both killed. The chest could not be located, and as it contained about \$25,000, the Corps' business affairs were restricted considerably to the embarrassment and hardship of its personnel. When the new and present barracks were being built instructions were given to be on the lookout for



This is where the Major General Commandant resides in Washington, D. C.

the Military Chest, but it was never found. Perhaps it was located by the British.

Colonel Archibald Henderson, who was Commandant from 1820 to 1860, held the record for occupancy of the house. Under his reign the house was overhauled and modified, but the two main attractions; namely, the elaborate and battle-scarred mahogany staircase and the beautiful cut-glass chandeliers were carefully preserved.

No changes of any consequence were made in the house until about 1890, during Colonel Charles G. McCawley's regime (1876-1891). This officer changed the attic of several small rooms with dormer windows into a third floor with full sleeping accommodations covered by a mansard roof. The colonial veranda with its massive columns and iron railings bordering the wide steps leading from two sides was changed to the present style. The outbuildings where the servants and animals were quartered were removed.

The next Commandant to effect noticeable changes in the house was General George Barnett in 1914. He had a room added on the ground floor, and also augmented the living facilities on the second floor. It appears that during its occupancy by General Heywood (1891-1902) all the interior woodwork was painted in what is known by our Commandants as "Heywood Brown," the reason being that he thought wood of this color more durable. However, this color was changed later on to

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# REGGIE

By Robert Allan Treynor



YOU can't tell a thing by a name, now, can you? Sometimes a guy with a moniker that sounds as if he ought to be a bar-room bouncer will spout poetry, and a laddie with a "perfectly duckie name" will be a he-bear cat. And then, again, and on the other hand, and sometimes. Oh, well; what's the use?

Now, this lad Reggie, we called him, although his service record read Reginald Alwyn Crowe, was easily the most lady-like man in an otherwise hard-boiled outfit of tough Marines, real Leathernecks, the whole outfit was. Some wise-cracker once made the break that "A bad one in a barrel of apples would spoil them all." Maybe that works out for apples, or maybe I don't quite savvy that kind of words, but this boy, Reggie, never did get any of us to using perfumery on our uniforms or rushing in and out at tea dances on hotel roof-gardens. But, likewise, we didn't get him accustomed to the use of bay rum for internal purposes or tinging the atmosphere a delicate blue with our playful slang. I hope to spit in your mess-kit, we didn't. He was wise to the words and understood them when some drill sergeant used them on him at drill, but for personal use, he simply did not indulge.

First time I ever saw him was when our outfit was on a troop train, after enlisting, down in Texas. That's where he lived, still does, for that matter. I was standing around waiting to shoo off all the home folks that had come to bid their boys farewell.

There he stood, in the aisle, his mother crying on one shoulder, and a sister on the other. That sister looked up at me with her big blue eyes full of tears, big imploring baby eyes, they were. And she smiled at me. I just couldn't help grinning back at her. Now, me, I know I won't take no beauty contest prizes, but anyway, she unwound her arms from around him and came over to me. After blinking back about a pint of tears and choking over a sob or two, she tried to talk. And when those words came . . . well, I decided that if angels had voices like hers I was going to mend my ways so I could loaf around on the golden stairs and chew the rag with all the other angels when I died. This sister of Reggie's, she just took one of my big, horny paws in those little hands of hers and talked.

"Haven't you anyone here to see you off?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," I told her. "I'm a long ways from home. Just happened to be here and enlisted in this outfit. This is my second hitch."

"Oh, how dreadful to be going off to fight and maybe get killed, and not even have a chance to say good-bye to your folks," she went on. More tears as big as marbles welling up in those big innocent eyes.

"That doesn't matter much with me because I haven't got no close relatives, anyways. None that cares enough to worry none about me." I explained.

With that she lets loose another flood of tears. There was no shaking her off, she asked:

"But isn't there anyone? A girl somewhere, or someone who cares just a little?"

"Nope," I replied inelegantly, "not a soul, nowhere, I never been much of a hand with the ladies."

Then before I knew it she had her arms around my neck and was kissing me, not once but several times. It was a surprise, but I remembered what they learned me when I first went in the old Marine Corps about always being prepared for a surprise attack. I never had no practice with a kissing attack before, but I done just like they learned me, I returned the fire. I done the best I could under the circumstances. She didn't seem to mind and I sure wasn't going to put up no kick. Then she bust out crying again. Between sobs she asked:

"Won't you try and take care of my brother? He's a good

kid, but he really needs someone to sort of look after him. Will you do that for me? Promise me that you will and

I'll never forget it."

Can you imagine that? One Gyrene taking care of another? And getting kissed in pay for doing it? It was easier to promise that I would than try to explain, so with the assurance that I'd be both mother and father to him, she seemed content. Then she cried some more and kissed me again. It was swell. I would have promised to get him the moon to play with if she'd repeat the reward. I felt pretty certain that a few weeks training and brushing against some hard-boiled drill-sergeants would get him over his need for a nurse, too.

Finally, word was passed for all the home folks to leave. It was a job herding them off. They all felt as though they were at the boys' funerals. Some of them were, sure enough.

This Reggie lad and myself sat together and he told me all about himself. I could see for myself that my charge was a he-girl and a kind of a weak sister at that.

For some reason or other our outfit wasn't sent to the regular training camp for training, but up to the Navy Yard at Charleston. There the new company had its rawness drilled out. They done "squads east" and "squads west" and snapped at dummy targets until they dreamed of it in their sleep.

On the strength of my first hitch I was made corporal right off the bat, and later sergeant. Reggie was in my squad and in my platoon when I got the three stripes. He struck most of the fellows as being too sissy for them, but there was something about him that I liked. He couldn't drill worth a plugged nickel and had to put in lots of time as extra police duty because of it. I tried to help all I could but I knew he had to learn some time.

When the company went on the rifle range I hoped to see him do something. Sometimes the sorriest of men at drill will prove to be sharks with a rifle. Reggie was the exception that proved the rule. What he learned before he forgot now. The commanding officer told us he expected to see every man qualify. We did, Reggie included; I kept his score myself. He got bull's eyes for shells he never fired.

That rifle qualification enabled him to get on a detail to Quantico, the overseas training base. That meant France for us. Then what should he do at the last minute but try to go "over the hill" when he had a chance to get in a grand scrap with some of old Kaiser Bill's boys. That dub, Reggie, actually tried to desert, quit cold, show yellow, call it whatever you please. And for what? For some little jane he'd been to dances with. He was jealous and didn't want to leave her because some other guys would go out with her. I just happened to get wind of that in time to nip it in the bud. If he had gone through with it and been caught; well, it wouldn't be nothing to be proud of.

For a while he was a poor-to-middling good soldier except the time he borrowed a truck while the driver wasn't looking and took a lot of other boneheads for a joy-ride. He dumped them out and turned the truck over in a ditch, being careful to get himself pinned in under so he couldn't get out of the mess until they pulled the truck off him. He wasn't hurt and came out grinning to the lieutenant that came with the rescue party. It made the Louie mad and he stuck Reggie in the brig to await punishment for the crime. Next day his name and mine mysteriously appeared on an overseas detail. I was short of funds for a while and I heard later that one of the clerks was sporting a new tailor-made uniform. I think he was the same one that made out the detail lists, I ain't sure, though.

On the transport, going across, Reggie seemed to have reformed about most things. Of course, in passing through the submarine zone no lights were allowed on deck. No one was even allowed to smoke. Reggie seemed to think the rules did not include him, so he casually lighted cigarettes—and was



called for it. It occurred so often that I was afraid someone would throw him overboard. During a torpedo scare he got separated from his life preserver. Trust him to do some trick like that. One of the other sergeants saw him and wrapped one around him, looking and talking about wrapping a rifle around his head instead.

He was constantly improving, though. In Brest, after we landed, his only mishap was to get lost. Two M. P.'s had him when I run across him. It took my whole supply of cigarettes to bail him out of their custody, and he told me afterward that they were on their way back when I met them. He had bought them "boo-coo coneyak" to show him the way. Oh, those two birds were a pair of grafters—regular gold-bricks for sure. Maybe that's how they got to be M. P.'s.

Our mob was for replacements and the whole platoon was sent up to join an outfit of Marines that had got all shot up. On the way up to the front some of the rum-hounds in my gang managed to slip away and ran across a tank car of this here "vin ordinary" that was for some French troops in the lines. Nothing much happened to the stuff except that part of it was stolen and some of my bunch was pretty unsteady and had an unreliable gait. Rumor linked Reggie's name with the incident, some even said he located the stuff and was ring-leader in going after it. I never knew him to take a drink before, and I sniffed around him without getting a smell of it on him, so I guessed that he missed being in on that affair.

Joining the Forty-nth Company of Marines, we arrived in time to take part in an attack on a position known on military maps as Hill 142.

It was out of a dense woods that the attack was launched, wave by wave, in the face of heavy shell-fire. For the first couple of hundred yards the Dutchmen made things hot for us. I clean forgot about Reggie. The rifle and machine gunners held their fire as we advanced across a field of standing wheat towards another woods, one that they held. Getting within the three hundred yard range, they opened on us like they had been asleep and just came to life. They learned long before that the small stuff at close range does more damage and leaves the wounded in easy range after the assault has been repulsed. Them machine guns was sprinkling lead around us like nobody's business.

On getting in rifle range our orders was to stop advancing on foot and to flop in the wheat and crawl up, picking off Heinies as we went. It was kind of ragged the way some of the men failed to drop out of sight at the first burst from the machine guns, but that worked out better than they had planned. The squareheads thought it was their fire mowing us down, and they let up.

Then I remembered Reggie. I had a hunch he'd pull one of his famous stunts. I was sorry, too, that I'd shoved him over here after the bum showing he made on the rifle range, but I couldn't help it now. I was wondering if he'd forget to drop when the rest did. It would be like him to go up among the machine guns and get himself captured, that is, if he didn't get killed first. He didn't do either, though, he dropped into the wheat just back of me and a little too close, the sharp crack of his rifle was right at my ear. He took aim and fired again and again as calm as any old-timer.

Once, a Boche Unteroffizier, a big, mean looking bird, showed himself for just a fraction of a second. Almost as soon as I caught sight of the man and before I could get set to shoot, I heard the bark of Reggie's rifle beside me. The Prussian sort of tossed his Luger in the air as though he was through with it. He was. Then he pitched forward on his face. I heard a gasp and Reggie said, loud enough for me to hear:

"Hot dog! Got that one, too!"

At first those Germans Maxims raked us unmercifully. When we dropped into the wheat they slacked off. Some stopped entirely. Lying there out of sight, we could hear the machine gunners and riflemen joking and laughing, that is, until our rifle fire picked up. One of their observers took a dive out of a tree where one of our men had spied him and picked him off. That was another German who lost all interest in us or the war at all.

Some of the gunners came to life and swept streams of bullets through the wheat. Too high, of course. They didn't

know we were still advancing—a la snake fashion. We answered their fire with our rifles. Some of the gun crews found themselves short-handed. That slowed them down; it took longer to reload. Some gun positions were quiet. Volunteers manned them and again and again the hot fire swept the wheat, some of the fire taking effect among us. They were shooting wild now. Lots of the Marines who went into that wheat field were carried out later.

Then, along our whole line, almost on top of the enemy, our men rose out of that wheat and swept forward, bayonets at guard. Advancing and overwhelming the surprised Germans before they had a chance to swing their guns into action. Wave after wave passed. The German gunners remained. In grotesque and awkward positions across their guns they lay. For them the war was over. La Guerre fini. Here and there a grey form rose and ran a few paces, then sprawled on his face, or turned, face white with terror, eyes bulging as though seeing ghosts, he'd try to fight off the horde of brown-clad, howling maniacs that surrounded him. A few, desperate, with death staring them in the face, sought to ward it off with bayonet and rifle. They met their death the sooner for it. They found their match, and more.

These brown-clad, untried troops did not know that the white piping on the grey uniforms meant that the wearers were of one of the finest Prussian divisions, or cared not, had they known.

Some of the less brave among the grey-clad ones thrust arms skyward and hoped for the best, but feared the worst.

The scene was ever-changing. Running, struggling men were everywhere. Some prayed aloud to themselves as they went. Some cursed. Others yelled at the top of their voices. Prayers, curses and yells all went unheard and unheeded in the tumult of confused noises. A man saw a sight at which he screamed in terror, the sound ended in a gasp, blood gurgled in his throat from a bayonet thrust.

During the excitement a rifle bullet struck me in the leg and I fell. I tried to rise and go on as I had seen others do. No use though. I was out of the running. The wound pained me something terrible; I guess I screamed and carried on the same as plenty of the other wounded. Finally I managed to get control of myself and quieted down. Then I wormed into a half-way easy position where I could lay and watch the action.

It was magnificent, and terrible. Figures, brown-clad and grey, lay all around me, screaming, cursing—and bleeding. The artillery was shelling the position. Great craters suddenly appeared where trees and earth had been but a moment before. Wounded men, lying quiet, or screaming, or crying, would suddenly disappear in a volcano of smoke, dirt and shell splinters. The noise was deafening. Earth fell in showers continuously. The nauseating smell of fresh blood, the sweet scent of new earth, and the acrid smell of high explosives mingled.

The hand-to-hand action was passing on; the artillery was having its inning. It hammered us, the dead and wounded. Between shell bursts, during the lulls in the firing, I began to separate the sounds: the groans of the wounded from the distant rumbling of our artillery, which was far away. The near-by bursts were from the German guns. The cries of the seriously wounded, from the curses of the more fortunate; the cry of some lad for his mother, from the scream of a shell over head.

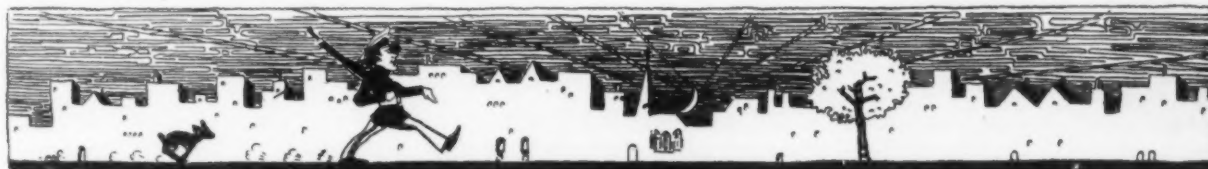
Near-by I located a calm voice speaking, and looked around. A brand new second lieutenant, a shavetail, was addressing a soldier:

"Here, you, you're a casualty, take these prisoners back. And never mind going through them for souvenirs! Hear me? Snap out of it now, and report that the Forty-nth Company took them. More will follow."

I was bleeding pretty freely and felt pretty weak. Closing my eyes, I forgot the war and dozed off. It was nice to sleep. Everything was so quiet and the ground where I lay was nice and soft. I woke at the sound of a familiar voice. The artillery fire had started again, with the distant boom of guns and the vicious snap and crash of exploding shells. Red and gold flashes of fire crossed the sky. And smoke made the air hazy and hard to breathe.

Along with the voice I had heard went the feel of many hands

(Continued on page 55)



# Chinese Princess Builds Palace and Holds Court on Mexican Island

*Ex-Marines in Oriental Garb Guard Throne*



IN a little unknown island off the west coast of Mexico Princess Der Ling of the royal Manchu house has been secretly holding court for the last three years.

Renting the island from the Mexican Government, she established a Chinese principality at the very gates of America. On Golondrina Island she lived until lately in a palace erected by Chinese architects, surrounded by a court of 150 retainers, and guarded by twenty American ex-Marines clad in gorgeous Oriental costumes, who patrolled her little kingdom and presented arms when she passed.

Bound by a promise of secrecy, retainers, guards and visitors, among whom were several prominent Americans, kept their own counsel about the splendors they were privileged to witness, and kept it well. The news has not leaked out until now.

A weekly launch from Ensenada, manned by the Princess' men, was the only link of the self-contained and romantic kingdom with the outside world. And it was only when, following a series of court intrigues, Princess Der Ling fled for a time from the paradise her imagination and wealth had created, that Her Highness consented to have the facts revealed. Sergt. Robert McLean, formerly of the United States Marine Corps, and lately commander of the Golondrina Island palace guard, has given the whole story to the San Francisco "Examiner" by special permission of the Princess Der Ling. The story is now published for the first time and it rivals any romance that Robert Louis Stevenson or Jules Verne ever wove out of their imaginations.

No pictorial records of the isle of Golondrina would have been preserved had not Lieutenant Arthur J. Burks, also an ex-

By Nadia Lavrova

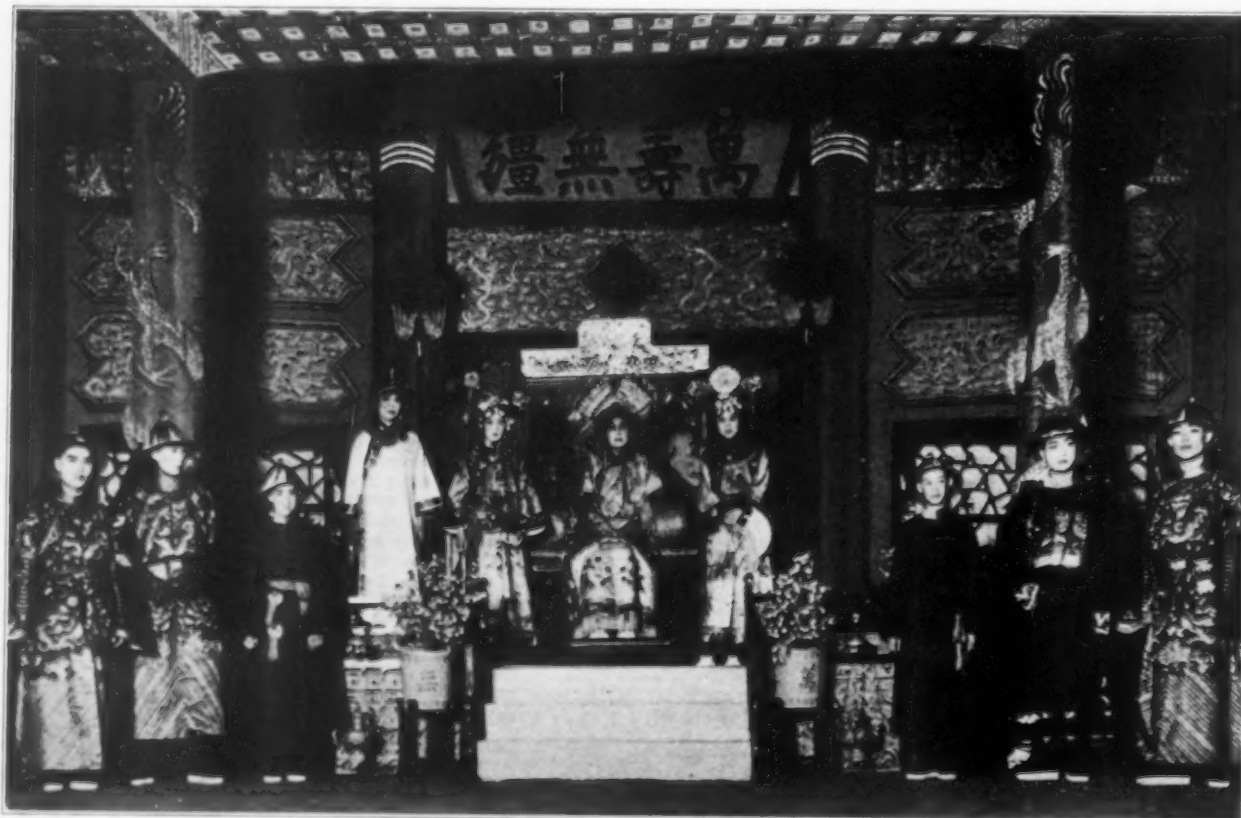
*Reprinted from The San Francisco Examiner*

Marine, who is literary adviser to the royal lady and a camera enthusiast, snapped a few of the pictures reproduced on this page. They were not intended for publication, but as a memento for the Princess. One of them shows the American officer clad in his centuries-old brocaded court regalia and jade necklace. As Walter de la Mare says:

If I were Lord of Tartary,  
I'd wear a robe of beads,  
White and gold and green they'd be—  
And clustered thick as seeds.

## Very Romantic

All the wonders which the imagination of the romantic poet had conjured were to be found in the Golondrina Island Palace, to which the Princess may yet return after her sojourn in the modern city of Los Angeles. All the wonders that a vivid imagination might picture—and many more. The ivory bed was there, and a peacock throne, tapestries and panels of priceless value, which had hung for centuries in royal palaces, or were laid away in coffers covered with pig-skin, decorated with silver or mother of pearl. Ancient costumes to awaken a collector's greed were presented to even the humblest retainers of the palace. When court was held the ladies-in-waiting and their mistress appeared in ornaments of jade, gold, pearls and precious stones, for the Princess is immensely wealthy, being also generous and beauty-loving. Today these ornaments repose in the vaults of Los Angeles banks, but they were worn in the Palace, under the protection afforded by the American ex-service men,



Princess Der Ling in the Throne-room of Her Palace With Members of the Golondrina Island Court

who, carbines in hand, patrolled the Forbidden City of the New World.

If I were Lord of Tartary,  
Trumpeters every day  
To every meal should summon me,  
And in my courtyard bray.

The American Marines played reveille and taps in the palace yard at Golondrina Island.

And in the evening lamps would shine,  
Yellow as honey, red as wine,  
While harp and flute and mandolin  
Made music sweet and gay.

They made music sweet and gay! For the Princess kept a large company of artists and dancers imported from many parts of the world—China, Europe, America. These artists had to give command performances and "behave" so long as they lived at the palace. By order of the Princess, one of Sergeant McLean's arduous duties consisted in putting the dancers every morning through their paces whether they wanted to exercise or not. Many a Spanish senorita and French demoiselle spit fire at him when he marched them out into the yard at 7:15 a. m. But let us return to the month of January in 1927, when the American Marine was first pitched into adventures that paralleled those of the Arabian Nights.

Weak and weary after a long illness that had robbed him of his last cent, Sergeant McLean sat in the recreation room of the Los Angeles headquarters of the American Legion trying to think of a way of making a living. Eight years of service in the Marine Corps, the majority of them spent in foreign countries like China, leave a man pretty well out of touch with civil life. As he idly watched the ex-service men pass through the room who should come in but his former superior officer, Lieut. Arthur J. Burks. Forgetting the differences of rank the men shook hands heartily. It did not take much time for the officer to discover that McLean was, by no fault of his own, "down and out."

#### Got His Marine

"You are just the man I have been hoping to find," said Burks, lowering his voice. "I can offer you a very well paid job, for which you are qualified by your military training. But you must use utmost discretion while carrying out your instructions."

Needless to say, McLean was thrilled.

"Do you remember Princess Der Ling?" inquired his erstwhile superior officer. The sergeant remembered perfectly. He had seen the titled lady repeatedly. It had also been currently reported among the Marines in China that Burks had helped her escape from the seething mobs which had threatened her life during the Chinese revolution. "Where is the Princess now?" inquired McLean.

It seemed that this was one of those matters in which great discretion was to be used. The Princess now lived in seclusion, being engaged in writing her



Princess Der Ling

memoirs on the old Imperial Court and on "Old Buddha," the Empress Dowager of China, whose favorite lady-in-waiting the young Princess Der Ling had been in the former's declining years. Lieutenant Burks was the literary adviser of the Princess. A year before this the Princess had conceived the idea of creating a replica of the Forbidden City upon an island, so that she should be surrounded by the proper atmosphere. Extremely wealthy, she had carried her idea into execution. Now, Burks was at her bidding in Los Angeles, to get her a palace guard, of which he proposed to make McLean the Commander.

McLean was tremendously impressed. Little as he knew about literature in the making, he realized that it was a rare author who went to such lengths about creating proper settings.

#### And a Uniform

His wonder increased when he heard that his salary was to be \$200 a month, with everything found, including a gorgeous uniform; that the twenty men he was to hire were to receive \$100 each, with all expenses paid. He was to pick them, among trustworthy "buddies" of his. Then he was to buy uniforms, carbines and ammunition—carbines being allowed for export. He was to quietly ship men and supplies to the port of Ensenada on the west coast of Mexico. There a launch would call for them and take them to their final destination.

To convince himself he had not been day-dreaming, McLean stared at the checks in his hands after Burks had gone.

The sergeant set about recruiting his men. An ex-Marine, he naturally favored his pals against the infantry branch of the service. Knowing how impossible it is for men to keep secrets from their wives and for wives to keep secrets to themselves, he approached only footloose lads. The ex-service men gladly accepted the generous offer, regarding the whole adventure as a huge lark. However, when word came from the Princess that they were to be clad in brocaded Chinese robes once worn by ancient warriors, the Leathernecks rebelled. After some pour-parlers back and forth, during which McLean explained diplomatically that it was impossible to put the boys through the American navy drills if they wore mandarin coats, a compromise solution was reached. McLean, fast developing into a diplomat, ordered uniforms modeled on those worn by French colonial regiments of Zouaves: black jacket, red ballooned trousers and a small white turban. His own uniform consisted of the gorgeous accouterments of an Oriental prince, with a diamond pin in his turban supporting a rich aigrette.

When supplies and equipment had been delivered, McLean quietly slipped off with his troop to Ensenada, not forgetting to take along the boys' mascot, the Boston terrier "Humidore." At the Mexican seaport a gasoline schooner chartered by the princess was awaiting them. For twenty hours it sped towards a small island out in the ocean. Crowded at the rail the Marines noted with astonishment that curled, dragon-shaped outlines of Chinese buildings began to appear against the blue sky line of Mexico.

When they landed, they found themselves in a miniature, self-sufficient country, whose form of government was a benevolent autocracy.

#### Leased Island

At that time the Princess and her retinue had been living on Golondrina Island for a year. The island had been leased by her



Robert McLean as commander of the Palace Guard.

from the Mexican Government. Outside of her own people the only inhabitants of the island was a tribe of Tiburon Indians, who lived in the high interior.

Twenty acres sloping toward the sea had been cleared of the underbrush and transformed into an exotic park. A Chinese palace was built by architects from the Middle Kingdom. One of its wings could be seen as the steam-launch made its way into the island harbor. The other buildings were of wood, mostly in the Mexican style. There was a luxurious house for foreign visitors, a wooden building for the Marines, and several smaller outhouses and bungalows for different purposes.

The Marines having landed and paid their respects to Princess Der Ling, Sergeant McLean set about to enforce a routine which would secure efficient service for their mistress.

One-half of his troop was always to be on duty while the other half rested. Ten men, placed at various points, guarded the palace and the grounds. McLean's duty consisted in making the rounds of the sentries and of the buildings, assuring himself that everything was in order. He had free access to every nook of the palace and the grounds, with the exception of the sunken pool where Princess Der Ling liked to splash at midnight. None but her maids ever saw the pool.

Speaking of the Princess, McLean relates that he was astonished to find her a woman of indefatigable energy. Of youthful appearance, she took pleasure in riding, spending as much as eight hours a day on horseback, roaming through her domain. Another eight hours were spent in her study, where she worked steadily, assisted by Lieutenant Burks, a young Chinese girl typist, graduate of an American college, and Chinese scribes translating scrolls. The Princess did not pause for lunch, contenting herself with a glass of orange juice, for she liked to partake of her one daily meal at night. But Burks, used to the American three square meals a day system, usually begged an hour off between noon and 1. The Princess, who speaks English, Spanish, French, Italian, several Chinese dialects and Manchurian, cared nothing for money, of which she had plenty, but would go to any work and expense to further her literary ambition. She had built up Golondrina Island as a setting in which she reenacted the tales of old happenings of her girlhood that were to go into her next book. But she had failed to reckon with human nature, which is not as pliable as an artist would have it. By creating a court, the Princess had called to life all the passions, the intrigues, the clash of racial and personal enmities that have rent every court known to history. Within his first twenty-four hours on the island McLean understood that his husky guards were not merely hired for decorative purposes—they were there as a police force to insure law and order, an executive machinery to carry out the royal commands. How was any one to know that the presence of the handsome Marines would precipitate more quarrels in the women's quarters?

In the morning every one, including the Princess, arose at 7, breakfast being served at 8.

#### Daily Drill

Before breakfast McLean put his men through the regular United States Army exercises. The twelve dancers of various nationalities who were attached to the palace had to exercise under McLean's order, too, at the same time the Marines did. The Princess requested McLean particularly to see that the dancers were kept moving before breakfast. Not used to such early hours, the dancers led the poor sergeant a hard life, as in addition to telling him what they thought of him, they kept

quarreling among themselves. Their nationalities included French, Spanish and Chinese.

The clash of different racial strains, the personal jealousies of the attendants, the rivalries caused by the fact that women outnumbered men three to one, the Puritanical attitude of Princess Der Ling, who would not tolerate even a flirtation in her domains, were some of the problems staring Sergeant McLean in the face. Chief of police, head of the palace guard, arbiter, family court tribunal and jailor—he was all of those in turn.

Twice during his service on the island did he have to marshal a protesting culprit to the secluded bungalow which the Marines called by the inelegant name of "hoosegow." But the highest form of punishment meted out to rebels was banishment from the island—the lawbreakers were hurried off to the steam launch and landed at Ensenada, from where they were free to wander off whither they pleased. This punishment was very rare, being meted out by the Princess in person when she held court.

These courts were very elaborate ceremonies, held at long intervals. First, one of the Princess' two confidential maids would trip down to the Palace Commandant's quarters and inform him that Court would assemble at 2 p. m. This would be McLean's cue to notify every person on the island, including the humblest retainer of the estate, for everyone was expected to attend the ceremony. Then there began a period of primping and dressing, every man and woman of whatever nationality donning the gorgeous Chinese robes presented by Princess Der Ling to every person in her service.

#### Guarded Throne

Shortly before two o'clock, McLean, leaving but four men on guard outside to watch for occasional outlaws appearing near the coast, marched the rest of his company into the palace. They tramped through the endless row of gorgeously appointed rooms, each one of them fitted out with Chinese furniture, tapestries, art objects and other treasures from the ancestral home of the Princess. They passed the stairs leading to the twenty bedrooms on the second floor. They went through the banquet hall and passed the Auditorium where command performance of plays written by the Princess used to be given by resident and visiting

artists. Finally they marched into the throne-room, where McLean lined his guard at the sides of the throne.

The throne-room then began to be filled with people, Spaniards, Hindoos, Buddhist monks, the Chaplain, the learned Chinese secretaries. One of the last to enter was Lieutenant Burks, clad in a gorgeous brocaded mandarin robe, with hat and jewelry to match. He seated himself on a gilded stool standing next to the throne.

A slight hush—then a small door back of the throne opened and the Princess Der Ling appeared, followed by her two favorite maids. For these ceremonies she donned the personality of a Manchu princess, of long ago. And McLean, as he watched her mount the steps in her stiff regalia and great jeweled head-dress, had to pinch the satin sleeve of his doublet to remind himself that he was a twentieth century American.

As the Princess faced her court from the steps, McLean ordered his guards to present arms. Then the Princess sat on her throne, the two favorites draping themselves upon the arms of it. Her immediate household made an obeisance and sat down, too, the others remaining standing. Upon this McLean approached the Princess and reported to her the serious breaches of discipline that had occurred: Hair-pullings, face-scratchings, illicit meetings at moonlight. The case being stated, the offender

(Continued on page 54)



Arthur J. Burks attired in Court Regalia



By Capt. J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R., Personnel Section U. S. Marine Corps

## Annual Training—Marine Corps Reserve—Summer 1929

**P**ROVIDED appropriations requested for the annual training of the Marine Corps Reserve are approved by Congress it is the intention of the Major General Commandant to carry out the following plans for the annual training of officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps Reserve (except Aviation Personnel) during the summer 1929.

Training will be given at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., and at Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, Calif., for rifle companies and officers assigned to Infantry and Signal duty and at Fort Leonard Wood, Md., for artillery units. At these posts training will be given as follows:

### Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. First Camp 7 July-20 July.

Marine Corps Schools (2nd term): For all those officers who have completed the 1st term in either the Advanced Course, Company Officers' Course or Basic Course, as given by these schools last year.

Signal School (2nd term): For all those officers who have completed the 1st term as given by this school last year.

Infantry Weapons School: For a provisional battalion consisting of one (1) Major, one (1) Captain or 1st Lieutenant as Ph. Adjut., and the following Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies: 302nd, 305th, 308th, 310th, 312th.

Rifle Range: Rifle and Pistol Marksmanship for all officers and enlisted men.

### 2nd Camp 28 July-10 August

Marine Corps Schools (1st term): For new student officers in either the Company Officers' Course or Basic Course.

Signal School (1st term): For new student officers. For the 309th Company, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Infantry Weapons School: For the provisional battalion consisting of one (1) Major, one (1) Captain or 1st Lieutenant as Bn. Adjut., and the following Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies: 303rd, 306th, 311th, 314th, 315th.

Rifle Range: Rifle and Pistol Marksmanship for all officers and enlisted men.

### Special Artillery Field Training at Fort Leonard Wood, Md., 11 August-24 August.

For the 301st and 304th Companies, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

### Marine Corps Base, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, Calif. 1st Camp 7 July-20 July.

Marine Corps Schools (2nd term): For all those officers who have completed the 1st term in either the Advanced, Company officers' or Basic Courses as given last year.

Infantry Weapons School: For the 307th and 316th Companies, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Rifle Range: Rifle and Pistol Marksmanship for all officers and enlisted men.

### 2nd Camp 28 July-10 August

Marine Corps Schools (1st term): For new student officers in either the Company Officers' or Basic Courses.

Rifle Range: Rifle and Pistol Marksmanship for all officers.

This training program will bring to Quantico during the 1st camp of instruction approximately 102 officers and 350 enlisted men. During the 2nd camp 85 officers and 350 enlisted men. At San Diego during the 1st camp of instruction approximately 44 officers and 90 enlisted men and at the 2nd camp of instruction approximately 20 officers. At Fort Leonard Wood, 10 officers and 150 enlisted men.

At both Quantico and San Diego there will be a regular officer of field rank assigned as "Director of Reserve Training," who will be assisted by such officers and enlisted men attached to the post as may be deemed necessary to detail as instructors.

Schedules of training are now being prepared by the Commanding General, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. This training program will provide for tactical walks and terrain exercises for student officers. The Fleet Companies will be formed as a provisional battalion for the purpose of administration, drills and tactical exercises, and instruction will be given in Infantry weapons, unit drills, ceremonies, and field exercises involving the tactical employment of a rifle company.

Officers and men detailed to the first camp of instruction will be placed on active duty in time to report at either Quantico or San Diego Sunday, July 7th, and will be available for instruction until Saturday noon, July 20th.

Those ordered to the 2nd camp of instruction will be routed to arrive Sunday,

July 28th, and will be available for instruction and drill until Saturday noon, August 10, 1929.

All Officers Fleet Reserve will be ordered to training and will not be excused unless they attended camps of instruction during summer 1928. It is optional with officers in this class to request transfer to the Volunteer Reserve if unable to attend training.

All Second Lieutenants Volunteer will be ordered to camp. Those who attended last year will be assigned to the 1st Camp of Instruction, the remainder to the 2nd Camp.

In all it is believed that this year's training program will bring the largest assembly of officers and men of the Reserve at each camp of instruction yet seen, and the training program more interesting and instructive than those of previous years.

### The Fleet Companies

Fourteen Fleet Companies are now on drill pay status, several being well on their way to the authorized strength of 93 men. At this writing the 301st Company, Boston, Mass., is leading with 82 enlisted men.

Attendance at drill is a proud record. The total average attendance of all Fleet Companies based on total strength on date of drill was for calendar year 1927, 74.5%; for 1928, 75%.

### 306th Company, Detroit, Mich. The Denby Cup.

Lieutenant Colonel Edwin Denby, V. M. C. R., presented the 306th Company with a large silver cup for competition, within the Company, in small arms marksmanship each year. The winner will have his name engraved with suitable comment. The Colonel also gave individual medals, suitably engraved, to be presented to each winner as his permanent property commemorative of the event. This year the competitive season will be the last quarter of the fiscal year and with the 22-caliber Springfield, Model of 1922, to bring them up on the service rifle. At the same time the Detroit Battalion of the Naval Reserve was presented with a trophy for competition among all the divisions of this State for general efficiency. This trophy was given by the survivors of the crew of the U. S. S. "Yosemite," veterans of the Spanish-American War. A short

time before '98 a bunch of Detroit men organized a Naval Reserve unit here. Regardless of the fact that their only training ship was a whale boat, they were mustered into Federal service and saw active duty at once, being put on the blockade and before they had ever had any actual firing practice ran into an engagement with a Spaniard, capturing him. The funny part of it was that the Spaniard was a man-of-war, much larger than the "Yosemite" and manned with a regular crew. Two subsequent secretaries of the Navy were in the crew, Truman H. Newberry was an officer and our Colonel Denby was a gunners' mate, 3rd class. These gentlemen have taken quite an interest in the Naval Reserve the last year and are giving it their active backing proving to be of immense help. The 306th Company is the Colonel's especial pet and he is quite enthused over it, dropping in to see us very often.

#### Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association

Congressman Melvin J. Maas (Minnesota), Captain, Marine Corps Reserve, was elected president of the National Association at the annual banquet held in Washington, D. C., December 12, 1928. Lieutenant Willard L. Hart, Washington, D. C., was elected secretary-treasurer. The address of Captain Maas is 2004 James Street, St. Paul, Minn. The address of Lieutenant Willard L. Hart is 2310 Ashmeade Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

#### District of Columbia Chapter

The District of Columbia Chapter held its annual election of officers during the December meeting which was held in the Occidental Hotel, Washington, D. C. Second Lieutenant Willard L. Hart, U. S. M. C. R., was elected president; Second Lieutenant Russell I. Whyte, U. S. M. C. R., vice-president, and Second Lieutenant Paul Sullivan, U. S. M. C. R., secretary-treasurer.

Lieutenants Hart, Whyte and Sullivan are well known in Marine Corps Reserve circles. They attended the second Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Quantico last summer. Lieutenant Sullivan was tendered a vote of appreciation by the members of the chapter for his excellent work during the past year, following his unanimous election to the office of secretary-treasurer. The new chapter officers succeed Second Lieutenants J. C. O'Regan, president; Bertram Kalish, vice-president, and Paul Sullivan, secretary-treasurer.

#### New York Chapter

The New York Chapter of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association held a smoker in the offices of Lieutenant B. S. Barron, U. S. M. C. R., on the evening of December 19, 1928, with Captain Sydney D. Sugar, U. S. M. C. R., the chapter president, presiding.

This was the most interesting meeting ever held by the chapter. Several matters of importance were discussed, and will be reported on at the next meeting, at which time the officers for 1929-1930 will also be elected.

The chapter was reported to be financially and otherwise in good shape. Two new members were admitted, and an an-

The designation of Fleet Reserve Companies as special units is in accordance with war plans which contemplate the use of these companies as a part of the Marine Corps Expeditionary Forces in time of emergency. These forces are to be composed of not only infantry units, but also artillery, signal, engineer, etc., units. The latter units require highly trained personnel, and, in order to provide this technical personnel, it is highly desirable that units of the Reserve be designated as artillery and signal companies, and that specialist training in these branches be started.

Field training of the 301st and 304th Companies for the summer 1929 will be conducted with the First Battalion, 10th Marines (artillery), at Fort Leonard Wood, Maryland. The personnel of these two companies will be attached to the First Battalion in order to permit this most important training to be conducted for the instruction of both the regulars and reserves.

Artillery training at home stations prior to active duty training will be devoted to theoretical instruction based on the Army Training Regulations. Provision will be made later for the issue of a small amount of artillery material, such as one 75-mm. gun and sight and the necessary fire control instruments.

Provision for both the active and inactive duty training of the 309th Company will be made by the Signal Battalion, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. Captain Clate C. Snyder, U. S. M. C., instructor in signals at the Basic School, Phila-

delphia, has been designated as the officer in charge of instruction for the 309th Company, and will supervise training activities.

#### 312th Fleet Reserve Company

The 312th Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Company, Portland, Maine, was officially placed on a drill pay status November 30, 1928. Although drills had been held prior to that date, the company had not reached the minimum strength required for drill pay.

Organization of the 312th Company was authorized by the Major General Commandant on September 7, 1928, and Captain J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R., was detailed to assist in the recruiting and organization of the company.

Captain Charles E. Fogg and Second Lieutenant William J. Dow were commissioned in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, and assigned to duty as com-

(Continued on page 51)



Front and rear view of the Denby Trophy. Individual medal in center to be presented yearly.

nouncement was made that a permanent meeting place will be decided upon at the January meeting of the chapter.

#### Philadelphia Chapter

The Philadelphia Chapter, Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association, will hold a dinner, meeting and election of officers at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., on the evening of January 24, 1929. The chapter is "standing treat" to all its members, and a large number of guests have been invited to attend. Arrangements have been made for an orchestra, and this is expected to be the largest affair in the history of the organization.

#### Fleet Reserve Companies Designated as Special Units.

The 301st Company of Boston and the 304th Company of Brooklyn have been designated as Artillery Companies. The 309th Company of Philadelphia has been designated as a Signal Company.

# WHAT PRICE PACIFISM?

Wherein a Reserve Officer Looks at Professional Peacemakers

By Lieut. Milton V. O'Connell, U. S. M. C. R.

(Formerly 95th Co., 6th Regt., USMC., A. E. F.)



DO YOU ARE a professional war-maker!"

The almost shrill cry of the elderly matron instantly focused upon the young man the attention of everyone in the large and ornate drawing room of a New York home of importance. That electric something which fiction writers assert "charges the air" at moments like these, was most apparent. Possibly it was merely the unanimous feeling of embarrassment which the guests felt—possibly the expectancy of what was certain to come when the reply was made. For the young man addressed in the fashion described above was wearing the uniform of a Marine Corps officer. A row of ribbons showed anyone who knew anything about the military that an active foreign career had been his. The fourragere of France was entwined about the left shoulder—and they couldn't see that beneath the blue uniform were some hundred odd stitches where "military repairs" had been made by surgeons in the field and base hospitals.

The occasion was one of those social affairs at which the pseudo-intelligensia gather to solve the world's troubles. The young Marine officer had been "summoned" at the last moment, and had been unable to don civilian garb before being virtually dragged to the affair. And he faced the charge of militarism with a somewhat sardonic smile.

"And YOU are a true peacemaker—a pacifist—are you not?"

His answer was delivered easily—almost too easily to suit some of those present who knew his disposition for attacking with velvet-covered weapons.

By this time a group had surrounded the officer and his feminine accuser, and awaited with bated breath the outcome of what promised to be an excellent afternoon's diversion. And they were the type of women who always need some stimulating diversion.

The peacemaker admitted she was a pacifist. She elaborated at some length upon her whole-souled desire to end wars, to save our dear youth from the shambles which attend conflict—from the suffering and all that sort of thing. Into her eyes as she talked came that almost fanatical light of a crusader—she would save youth, and humanity and the world. There is never any limit to the boundaries encompassed by a reformer. But even in an argument with a woman—a fanatical woman—there comes a point where the other person gets a chance for a word. Like the old Colonial soldiers who made every shot count, and fired seldom but effectively, the young Marine officer advanced his argument—

"Madame have YOU ever been to war?"

Gasps from the feminine spectators.

Surprise from the pacifist.

Quiet smiles from the few who understand.

"Why no—that is not to France," the woman countered—then hastily seeking to cover any possible omission or admission, continued, "But I did see our dear boys come back to hospitals, human wrecks, suffering, hopeless wrecks—and I KNOW how horrible war can be!"

Still smiling—but with the smile of a ring champion smiling coolly at an opponent, the young officer answered:

"Madame—you do not know war. You are NOT a practical pacifist. You can never be anything save a detrimental factor, responsible for more deaths of men than you would save lives. I am a practical pacifist, and that is why I wear this uniform. I am teaching young men to protect themselves, not make war upon anyone. I am instructing them as to the horrors of war, for I have been there and know all about them. You are disarming the nation mentally and physically—getting them into the position which this nation faced in 1917, when sweet, psalm-singing reformers permitted this nation to face the most terrible war in history, with only a small chance to defend itself. Had there been more pacifists in uniform, teaching the boys how to care for themselves in emergency, and less theoretical pacifists of the parlor variety, there would be fewer graves in France today. At least, my kind of pacifists are giving the next generation a chance for their lives, if ever the emergency

comes again—we are not encouraging war; we are telling them the truth about it, that they may assure the nation of adequate protection if war

comes again. You are a talking pacifist—we are acting pacifists—practical pacifists. That's all," and before anyone could stop him the youth had taken his cap and coat and left the house.

The woman has never preached pacifism since—she has a new cult which gives her the mental or neurotic stimulus she needs—without fear of concrete contradiction.

There is one thing above all others that the true soldier, particularly the veteran of any war, resents, and that is the attitude persons who, never in the wars, adopt toward conflict. There are more men and women who, having viewed the last war from the far reaches of the United States, can tell veterans of the line how it all happened, and how it could have been done, than there were soldiers in France. To a million men and women, the recent war provided a grand opportunity for self-aggrandizement, at no cost, and with no danger. Entertaining "our dear boys" was the first symptom of the disease, which quickly spread to the "parlor-pacifism" now so prevalent. And the reservist, whether he be commissioned or enlisted, Army, Navy or Marine Corps reservist, must seriously face this situation and meet it honestly and effectively.

And because the Marine Corps furnishes the first line of defense and offense for this great nation, its reservists have a duty which is paramount to anything else they may do as citizens of the United States. These reservists will be the first to bear the brunt of another emergency, and they should have something very vital to say as to when and how such emergency should be met. The reservist must provide the antidote for the insidious poison which is being so generously ladled out in all corners of this great nation—in some instances by truly malicious and dangerous propagandists, and in others by well-meaning if idiotic and sentimental fools who find in pacifism another "cult" to which they can give their natural fanatical natures and activities.

What is a reservist doing?

Is he truly a war-maker? Is he merely a youth overcome by the glamour of the military, of the bands and parades and the brilliant uniforms? Is it a form of mere recreation with him—or is he a decided and vicious schemer who seeks to hurl his nation into another holocaust such as France knew for four years? Or is he a genuine, healthy, serious young American, eager to keep himself in good physical trim, enjoy comradeship and exercise, discipline and training, and incidentally do his bit to protect his country in event of national emergency? I am inclined to take the last premise. As a reserve officer, aiding in the training of newcomers to the grand old Corps, I have found not a single individual who sought war and its horrors—or who had any idea that he was "getting ready for—or any other nation." The boys I have seen in reserve are serious, normally healthy lads, seeking both a good time and the idea of doing duty with an internationally famous organization whose traditions are of the highest, whose record is most brilliant.

And the reserve officer who approaches his responsibilities as a trainer of men, as the leader of a new generation which may be hurled into another war, should come to his post of command with a sense of understanding and responsibility that embraces all phases of his work. He is not merely a mechanical mouthpiece of military phrases—he is not a drill or parade soldier, he is not merely the trite "officer and gentleman" as was the old conception. He is a leader of considerable importance.

"Reposing special Trust and Confidence in the Patriotism, Valor, Fidelity and Abilities of"—reads the Government's commission to her officers. Reserve officers would do well to hang that commission ever before them, and study that line. Such "trust and confidence" placed by a government cannot be lightly accepted, or lightly disposed of. And in the battle which goes on daily between the forces of good sane government, and the undercover agitators and propagandists, the reserve officer and enlisted man should play an important part. They are the

(Continued on page 38)

# THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

## DELIVERY OF TROPHY TO ROYAL MARINES OF GREAT BRITAIN

By Sgt. Maj. Chas. R. Francis, Rtd.

I LEFT Washington, D. C., December 3, 1928, arriving in New York, N. Y., the same day, and was met by Sergeant Shortell, a member of the U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Office in that city. He accompanied me to the office of the United States Lines at 45 Broadway, where I met Mr. Burke, General Manager, who arranged my passage on board the S. S. "Leviathan" to Southampton, England. Then I reported to Captain B. M. Coffenberg, U. S. Marine Corps, at the Recruiting Office, where the trophy I was custodian of on the trip to England was photographed.

Before the "Leviathan" sailed on December 5th, Captain Coffenberg came aboard and photographs were taken of the trophy around which were grouped Commodore H. A. Cunningham and staff, Commander John L. Beebe, U. S. N. R., Captain Coffenberg and members of his recruiting party, and myself. During the voyage the trophy was on display in the social hall of the "Leviathan" and cards were printed aboard and placed about the base of the trophy for the information of passengers interested, telling a short story about it. Many commented on the beauty of the trophy, and the spirit of sportsmanship existing between the Royal and American Marines, and one passenger quoted: "Swapping a CUP for a PUP."

The crossing was pleasant. I was seated at Chief Purser F. Clyde Arnoult's table and he and other guests were most cordial to me.

On arriving at Southampton a letter was received by me from the Embassy at London, stating that members of the Royal Marines would escort me to Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, England. I was met by Brigade Major A. C. Bamby, Royal Marines, and Superintendent Clerk (W. O.) S. Halliwell, Royal Marines, who drove me to Portsmouth. On arrival there I proceeded to Headquarters where I was introduced to Admiral Sir Osmond de Brock, C. in C., Portsmouth, and to Brigadier General A. G. Little, commanding Royal Marines at that station, to whom I delivered the trophy. As each viewed it they expressed admiration for its beauty and said they would have a great deal of fun competing for it.

Afterwards a "royal" time was arranged for me. First I went to the Warrant Officers' mess and was introduced to members by Sergeant Major A. A. Atwood, who escorted me around. We later visited the parade grounds, drill sheds, gymnasium, living quarters, and gun ranges. At dinner the full mess was present. A splendid entertainment was

for a picture, copy of which has been sent to Headquarters Marine Corps in Washington, D. C. Later Supt. Clerk Halliwell and I visited Major Bamby at his home where we spent an enjoyable hour with him and General Little.

A reception was later accorded me at the sergeants' mess, where a real turnout was in session and a fine program of music was rendered by the Royal Marine Orchestra. It was a pleasure to be among them and I felt right at home.

As my time was limited I had to say good-bye, difficult as it was. I left with a fond remembrance from friends over there. Supt. Clerk Halliwell accompanied me to London and we paid our respects to the Embassy Staff and the Naval Attache, and then to the British Admiralty. Supt. Clerk Halliwell introduced me to General H. G. Halliday, Adjutant General, Royal Marines, who received me cordially and presented me with the Royal Marine's new helmet plate and new arm badge. On my departure he wished me, on behalf of the Royal Marines, a safe voyage home, and sent kindest remembrance to the Major General Commandant, officers and men of the U. S. Marine Corps.

The last night in London was an enjoyable one. Supt. Clerk Halliwell obtained seats for one of the finest theatres. After a good night's rest we began the trip from London to the port of Southampton where we were met again by Major Bamby. After succeeding in getting Major Bamby and Supt. Clerk Halliwell aboard the "Leviathan" I presented them to Commodore Cunningham and Chief Purser F. Clyde Arnoult. On leaving the ship each one wished me bon voyage.

Due to the shortage of my time and the early sailing of the "Leviathan" on which my passage had been arranged, I was unable to remain in London for the official presentation of the trophy by Captain Tunney. However, I did have the pleasure of meeting him, as well as Mrs. Tunney, before leaving London.

On landing in New York City I proceeded directly to Washington, D. C., and reported to the Major General Commandant, conveying to him the thanks of the Royal Marines and greetings entrusted to me by all those with whom I came in contact.

It is difficult for me to find words to express my personal appreciation of the



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS AT THE SOUTH POLE. Capt. Alton Parker, U. S. M. C. R., and Gy. Sgt. Kennard F. Bubier, U. S. M. C., who are at present with the Byrd South Pole Expedition. Photo taken at Dunedin, New Zealand.

arranged by members of the Royal Marine Band. After being quartered at Headquarters that night I got an early start the next day on a tour about Portsmouth Navy Yard, viewing the Guard Parade and offices in their routine, mess halls, kitchens, bakeries, music room, and went aboard the old frigate H. M. S. "Victory." I also went aboard the H. M. S. "Nelson," where I was entertained by the officers at lunch. Afterwards we went on an interesting inspection tour about the ship.

Brigadier General Little, Brigade Major Bamby, Warrant Officers, and I sat

welcome I received everywhere during the entire voyage. I feel sure that the wonderful spirit exhibited will continue to cement stronger the friendship between the Royal Marines and the United States Marines.

### THE FLYING BULL CARTS

By "Kulmbach"

Puerto Cabezas, and we shoot another landing long enough to let "Broadcast" know we are still in the game, also that we know the score is four short here in the land of sunshine and rain. Occasionally it does rain; those in doubt should ask the Fokker crews of Four and Five. Rain doesn't bother us here, for it rains only nine months out of the year. The other three the sun shines once in a while. We are now waiting for a change, as we are about out of conversation. But don't pay any attention to this, it's just to let everyone know that the Special Detachment of VJ-6M is stationed out at the north end of Bilway, among the fair maidens of dusky hue.

The officers here with us are fine fellows. They are Lieutenants Guymon, Conway, and Manley. Guymon, our commanding officer, is young and eager. Conway is of a similar type, and Manley adds dignity to the name of VJ-6M. That is the trademark of this gang that takes care of the four Loening Amphibians we have here. They are better known as "Ducks" or "Flying Bull Carts." "Ducks" because they are out in the rain so much, can land in water, and waddle like a duck when they taxi on land. They are called "Bull Carts" because of the large loads they carry out to the hills.

The mess sergeant comes next, for he is really the most important of the whole outfit. Perhaps our judgment is a bit warped on this subject, as we happen to have the best mess sergeant in the whole Corps. The same being Corporal Briemeister. Those who help him are as follows: Hunt, first, second and third cook; and Perry and Simmons, who do the dirty work. Since this combination has taken charge of the mess, privates have found out that a chicken has a landing gear, fuselage, and a tail section. But that is going too far with a chicken, and completely ruins the old aviation joke about a chicken having flight orders because it has its wings.

Among other things here we have a zoo of no mean size. That is the place where all the sheiks can be found in their spare time, flirting with the beautiful Indian squaws that pass here on their way to and from town. The zoo has been struck by some mysterious disease, decreasing the population quite a bit. So far it has killed two dogs of questionable origin, two coons, three

monkeys and a honey bear. This leaves one honey bear, five monkeys, six macaws and a flock of parrots. The dogs are gone but not forgotten. Red Case and Pop Cole are the chief mourners. Case is the caretaker of the zoo, and much credit is given him for the efficient manner in which he does his work. Attention, zoological owners, don't miss the chance; Red Case is a short timer. Lieutenant Guymon owns the rest of the remaining inhabitants of the zoo, having picked them up from the various camps along the stopping places of the planes.

The secret of success seems to be this: Never quit making improvements. That has been the spirit that changed this

passage, through the courtesy of the Cuyamel Fruit Company at Bluefields, and he was on his way home, with the best wishes of the gang.

A lot of rumors have been going around that the powers that be have granted permission to the married personnel to bring their wives and families down to Nicaragua. Since that time, I heard a certain gunnery sergeant inquiring: "Would powdered milk of a certain brand be as nourishing as cow's milk?" It seems that he has not seen the latest addition to the family, as yet, and wants to know if it has brown eyes like its daddy. Not mentioning any names, but his initials are Jimmy Hill, our road contractor.

"Hank" Meachem will join us again soon, resuming his stay under the tin roofs, listening to the moon beams as they so gently fall. He returns after three months' leave to the States, spent visiting his home and wife. It is expected that "Hank's" better half will accompany him on the return trip. A pleasant voyage to them.

About the rest of the common folks, "Hoppy" Kildow is out in the hills looking for a landing field near the mining district, so the planes can give better service. Cole, the "Forty-niner" of the outfit, who washes gold for a pastime, while taking life easy after a crash, has several very interesting bargains for sale in the line of gold mines. Address your letters, Marine Aviation, Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua, c/o P. M., New Orleans, La. Crownover, the handy man, has plenty to do. Dave Shenk, the old war horse from "Chi," who has a skin you love to touch, can be found wandering around through the graveyard every moonlit night. He has gone native, and doesn't wear a hat. The Navy is well represented by Phm. 2c. Borne, who "ate himself

out of a trip to the States." Doc's teeth are oppo, nil, or void, but he enjoys good soup. Hall and Barlass have returned from Managua after a stay of about three weeks. Chambers will be with us again soon, as his "Duck" is ready to come back after being completely overhauled. Parson has been transferred to Managua; First Sergeant Clarke taking his place in the Q. M. Blackburn quit his girl. Sadler nurses the bombs. Schmultz and Jalinsky are the wood workers. Chapman and Robinson are the electricians. Ehns and Anderson are the orderlies, which is just another name for "Goldbricks," and Edmonson is "Brains." The four remaining are all special duty men. Bracci drives the truck. Randall performs on the motorcycle and Cunliffe helps him take care of it. Tariff drives cows off the field with a paint brush.



Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune, retiring Commandant of the Marine Corps (left), and Maj. Gen. Wendell C. Neville, who will succeed him on March 5. General Lejeune will probably assume command of the Department of the Pacific.—Associated Press Photo.

place from a mud hole and a couple of squad tents to the finest camp in the tropics, not to mention the States. The latest improvements have been the installation of a 10-k.w. generator, with a buffalo motor for its power source (this does away with candles and going to bed at seven); a new garage, large enough for two trucks; the painting of all the buildings, inside and out; a sick bay, finished in white enamel; and water, piped to the field from town (not that it looked as though the rain would fail to keep the tanks full) to give us pressure on the shower heads. The runway is about completed, it is long enough to get off with a large load, that is when the ground is fairly dry.

First Sergeant Clarke has been granted a month's leave to visit his wife and children, who are seriously ill with the "flu." A radio to Managua and a

MARINE SERGEANT BAGS TIGER  
ON PLANTATION IN NICARAGUA

By J. Alfred Walker

The quiet of the Sabbath afternoon was shattered by the frenzied cry: "Tiger! Tiger! Tiger!" The alarm came from Senor Carlos Fornos's plantation in front of Rama, and was directed at the Marines who were quartered on the upper floor of the American Fruit Company's office. A huge, tawny tiger had just killed a hog. A single blow from its terrible paw was all that was needed. But the beast became startled by the alarm, and, in spite of its natural ferocity, retreated to the jungle without its victim.

Sportsman Jorge Sequeria, who is always delighted in hunting, came over to the Marine's quarters and enlisted the service of Sergeant Ernest F. Gore, U. S. Marine Corps. These two, with Senor Fernandez, prepared to pursue the marauder. Mr. Sequeria generously conceded the shot to the Marine in the event that the animal should come within range. The tiger was momentarily expected to return to devour its fat prey, so a council of war was held to formulate a plan of battle. The sergeant surveyed the terrain, looking for a point of vantage for both offense and defense. He decided that he and his reserve, Fernandez, would ambush themselves in the clustering leaves of a nearby orange tree. The Marine, armed with a rifle, and Fernandez with a pistol, climbed a tree and perched themselves on two boughs.

For an hour and a half they waited, tense and eager. Suddenly the head and shoulders of the beast appeared out of the shrubbery. He sniffed tentatively, then began moving stealthily towards the dead hog. The steel sinews rippled beneath the satin coat as the great cat advanced. Suddenly he stopped; he had scented his ambushed foe. For a moment he hesitated, undecided, scanning the field of operation. But the temptation of the feast overcame his fear. He moved forward, gazing around with a fierceness common only to his kind. The Marine sergeant leveled his weapon and aimed carefully at the tiger's head. Gently he pressed the trigger. Bang! A good shot; right to the mark. The jungle lord quivered. Stunned and enraged he crouched to spring, instinctively, at his concealed enemies. The sergeant fired again and the tiger dropped over dead.

He was carried to Rama, where the news of his presence circulated like a fire alarm. It was Sunday, nearly everyone was disengaged, so a huge crowd turned out to see the dead marauder. On the sergeant's brow was evident the halo of justifiable pride generating from a happy heart. With fitting modesty, in the midst of a large gathering, he felt and looked like a hero after a triumphant battle—his first experience in such an adventure. Someone offered him fifty dollars for the skin. The refusal was polite but firm, "Not for sale!"

This tiger had, at different times, on this farm alone, killed fourteen pigs and three calves. His death was a relief to all farmers.

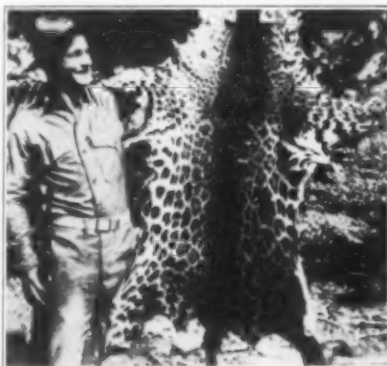
## NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

By Ray Payton

El Hamed, royal scribe of Rex, the Carnival King, has sent his annual message to Orleanians, telling then that Rex has left his palace in Arabia and is on his way to the Carnival City.

And the entire city—not to forget the Leathernecks at the Naval Station, are preparing for one of the gayest and most joyful carnivals ever held here. Thus, inasmuch as Mardi Gras is of paramount importance at the present writing, we are taking this opportunity, and our space in "Broadcast" to tell the rest of you Leathernecks of the origin of Rex and his mighty carnival that has grown until it excels even the carnivals of Nice and of other French cities, and that is attended by people from all over the world.

Mardi Gras today is so essentially a part of New Orleans that it is difficult



Sergeant Gore proudly displaying the skin of the jungle cat which he recently killed on a plantation near Rama, Nicaragua.

for strangers to realize that the pageants and festivities are the work of only a few private clubs and organizations.

The first procession of street masqueraders was held in New Orleans in 1827. Those were the days when the young sons of the wealthy families must needs be sent to France for an education, and several of these young men who had just returned from Paris were instrumental in starting the movement which has come to mean so much to the Crescent City. In 1837 there was another procession still more beautiful and elaborate; and in 1839 another, outshining the former one. The call to this celebration was published in "L'Abelle" (The Bee).

Mobile inaugurated the custom of sending floats moving along the streets—an innovation that started in 1831. However, New Orleans didn't adopt the idea until 1857, and then it was that an organization known as the Mystick

Krewe appeared on the streets at night, presenting various tableaux. The various floats were received with shouts of applause and the success of the affair was so marked that the Mystick Krewe has not failed to celebrate the coming of the carnival season except when war or pestilence forbade.

The second of the carnival organizations, the Twelfth Night Revellers, came into existence in 1870, performing its mystic rites on the evening of January 6, on the twelfth night after Christmas. This organization gives a beautiful ball on "Twelfth Night," but takes no part in the street pageants.

Rex, "King of the Carnival," delayed his appearance until 1872. The organization was effected at first in order to bring all the maskers of the city together for the entertainment of the Grand Duke Alexis, who was the guest of the city that year, and who reviewed the procession from the portico of the City Hall. "Rex" has made his annual visit ever since, having been given the title of "King of the Carnival."

On this same occasion the Knights of Momus arrived for the first time. The Krewe of Proteus was organized in 1882, and not a year has passed without a contribution from this club to the splendor of the carnival. The Krewe of Nereus was added to the growing list in 1895. The Alantians, the Elves of Oberon, the High Priests of Mithras and other organizations all mark the festive season with balls of unusual brilliancy.

In all these organizations it is accounted a great honor to be chosen queen and to hold a place as maid of honor over the mimic court.

From its birth, a small celebration by a few youths of the city in 1827, Mardi Gras has grown until it has attained a place of paramount importance for the city of New Orleans and an event the whole country-side looks forward to.

This year will witness the biggest and best carnival of them all, starting Thursday, January 17, 1929, with the Ball of Nereus, the carnival season is in sway until February 12, 1929, with the parade and ball of Rex, in the Athenaeum, the parade and ball of the Mystick Krewe, and the parade and ball of Comus, held at the Orpheum Theatre, wherein Rex officially closes the season at midnight and Mardi Gras lies dormant until the year 1930. Tuesday, the 12th of February, aside from being Lincoln's Birthday, is Mardi Gras day, when the general public are allowed to mask from six a. m. to six p. m., in all sorts of grotesque costumes and make merry in the streets. This is also the day that Rex, King of Carnival, parades the streets at the head of his magnificent procession of twenty moving floats.

The colored population of the city also have their monarch, King Zulu. The parade of Zulu, although routed differently than those of Rex, is none the less colorful of all the pageants given on Mardi Gras Day.

The merriment goes on all day long as the maskers go from place to place. There are no strangers here on Mardi Gras Day, for the spirit of revelry is in the air, and all are brothers under the masks.

It's the time for all good Leathernecks to be very envious of these New Orleans Marines!

James Dunn, who enlisted in the Corps in the summer of 1910 and served in the Philippines, China, West Indies, Mexico and the United States, being discharged July 7, 1914, would like to hear from some of his old buddies. His address is R. F. D. No. 1, Talmadge, Ohio.

## SECOND MACHINE GUN COMPANY AT SAN RAFAEL DEL NORTE NICARAGUA

By Tam Poco and Tam Bien

Having read the dope about different organizations in Nicaragua for the past year, we will now give you a little dope on U.S.

To begin with the little town which this company calls its home is the home of the wife of the famous bandit Sandino, who calls himself the Father and Liberator of Nicaragua.

Among our company you can find such celebrated persons as Captain John F. McVey, who is, no doubt, known all over the Corps. Second in command we have a very promising young officer, Second Lieutenant John Calvin Munn, who represents a famous metropolis by the name of "Arkadelphia." In addition to his other duties he is mess officer, as well as chief patrol officer.

Chief Marine Gunner John J. Andrews at present is commanding officer of our outpost about seven miles west of San Rafael, by the name of La Concordia. Like our C. O., he has many years to his service in the Corps.

This company boasts of having one of the most efficient first sergeants of the Corps, who answers to the name of Archie A. Moore and hails from the "show me" State. We regret his departure from this organization in the near future, for he has decided to leave the Corps after sixteen years of honorable service. With him goes the best wishes of the entire company and we hope the entire Corps. His retirement will be regretted by many officers and men with whom he has served.

Next in line comes one of our famous Gy. Sgts., Jesse L. Reynolds, who made El Sauce famous to The Leatherneck. He hails from the blue grass region, but for the past twelve years has been receiving his mail in care of Uncle Sam's Marine Corps. He teaches the boys the dope on the machine guns.

Our other Gy. Sgt., George Nelson, is better known throughout the Corps as the "Swede." The duties that he performs are many, mainly interpreter, as he speaks this Nicaraguan language as well as a native. In fact, were it not for his blue eyes and blond hair, one would take him for a Nicaraguanese. From him the boys get all the dope on the 37-mm. gun and the Stokes mortar. He is the running mate of the famous Michael T. Finn of same rank, whom this company once had in its midst.

Having finished with our staff we shall tell you about some others who helped to make this company known in this constant gallop after the elusive bandit Sandino.

Sgt. Irving Fine joined us from the 14th Company. Previous to that he helped to settle the Chinese situation and hailed from the pueblo New York. Sgt. Jagosz, our ex-mess Sgt., who still has a wide assortment of regulation growls, can be found at most any time on the corner of Main Street and Sandino Avenue curling and twisting his "A la Kaiser Wilhelm" mustache. Other sergeants worthy of mention are Warren Goodwin and Russel J. Smith—the latter of El Sauce fame. At La Concordia we have Sgt. Groubkaitis, who is helping out Mr. Andrews in keeping law and order. He

is also to return to the U. S. A. shortly and vouches that he will not re-enlist but we know differently.

The company clerk, Cpl. William A. Young, who is the biggest pile in the company and who broke the scales at 250 pounds, is holding down his job in a manner which is astounding for his size. The first sergeant's main worry is that some time this little lad may tap the typewriter a little hard, thereby causing the QM department to expend another. For some reason or another the mess sergeant is always two rations short each day. Suspicion points towards the company clerk by reason of his small size.

This company as well as others has its quota of "Gallantes"—better known as sheiks in our lingo. Among them you will find such promising men as Cpls. Burton and Deane, Privates Davidson, Greaves, Hoover and our one and only trumpeter, Rosquist. You can find these



Lt. T. C. Perrin (left) of the U. S. S. "Texas" and Lt. H. L. Litzenberg of the U. S. S. "Idaho" make a nice catch of Spanish mackerel in Nicaragua.

select few serenading the señoritas at any time.

"Our Navy" has a worthy representative with us who is holding his own with the company sheiks. He checks out on liberty under the name of F. F. Hicks, HA1c.

We are not casting any reflections on Mess Sgt. Housecamp for we know that he is a good one, but at a glance we can tell that Libby, McNeil and Libby, and a few other canneries are well represented here by their canned foods, which our cooks have no peer in opening. It is very easy to distinguish the caretaker of the mules, for as Lacoste passes the corral all mules' ears are at attention.

This company was organized at Hampton Roads, Virginia, and soon after made a speedy run to Nicaragua aboard the U.

If Jack Loveridge has shipped over in the Marines, Pvt. A. J. Martens would like to hear from him for old time's sake. All the G. I. cans were frozen over, so Martens signed up for another cruise. He writes, "Jack, old boy, if you see this, open up and write to your old buddy and we may meet again in the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C." Martens is at Brigade Headquarters, First Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti.

S. S. "Ogalala," spending a few weeks at such places as Chinandega and Leon, where the company was split, part going to El Sauce where they spent five months. Another platoon went to Boaco. The remaining joined the famous Major Rockey's column at Matagalpa. As the Eleventh Regiment was ordered to the Northern Area, this company was assigned to garrison the little village of San Rafael del Norte. This town is the highest point in Nicaragua in altitude and solitude. We have also been getting more than our share of the Nicaraguan rainy season.

Our patrols are numerous and very hard due to the numerous mountains, swamps and rivers that we have to travel through to accomplish our mission in bandit chasing. As we are situated on top of the Cordillera of Central America, maybe you think we are in the tropics, but we are very cold here.

So far Sandino is still at large but Gy. Sgt. Nelson has still hopes of him paying a nocturnal visit to his wife. We hope that Sandino reads these few lines, for someone is sure trying hard to beat his time. Population of this little city is five hundred and fifty. The occupations of the people are mostly agriculture and the manufacture of cosusa, a drink that is far superior to the old Virginia corn liquor. Influenza or the ordinary cold has no show in this place.

ENUF. San Rafael del Norte now signing off.

## "NEW YORK" DETACHMENT, LEON, NICARAGUA

By Frank Broas

Despite the many rumors that we were to leave, this detachment is still in the now dusty city of Leon. Captain Campbell left last week for the States, where he will be on leave. Although we hated to have him go, our best wishes are with him, and we hope he will be back with us soon.

Lieutenant Floyd A. Stephenson is now our commanding officer.

First Sergeant James J. McCullough and Gunnery Sergeant John F. Fletcher have been with this detachment since November, 1927.

There are many Marines who know Gunnery Sergeant Michael (Mickey) T. Finn, who was once a member of this detachment. "Mickey" came down here for a visit from Managua a couple of weeks ago. Everyone was pleased to see him again and hear him talk of old times. Wish he could have stayed longer. We wish him the best of luck when he goes back into the hills.

All the old timers were pleased to read the article by Clarence C. Kelly, St. Julien's Creek, Va., which appeared in the January issue of "The Leatherneck." We are glad to hear that "Rags" likes his new home since leaving the ship. Kelly failed to tell anything about himself. Sergeant McNeil wants to know if Earl Leiderman's course for changing a man into an enormous mass of muscle is really a success, and Corporal Radtke is still waiting for proof that it is possible to fly by correspondence.

Sergeant Pierce took the volley ball team to Managua, where they won the championship of Nicaragua.

The one outstanding thought in everyone's mind still is, "When do we leave?"

## CAPE HAITIEN MARINES

By Pvt. L. A. Walker

Cape Haitien and Port au Prince Marines staged a baseball and fistic competition on the afternoon and evening of January 29th, the Port crowd journeying overland to our fair city of the North.

Lieut. Col. T. M. Clinton, commanding officer of Cape Haitien MB, declared holiday routine beginning at twelve noon and an hour or so later the two baseball nines started off on what was to be a baseball game. Batteries beginning the game were: Port, Hilton and Schmidt; Cape, McClay and Bugbee. Our score ran up to 2 and then stopped, the opponents' score was—but why bring that up? It is in history now. It was a foregone conclusion that the game would end as it did, as it is a generally admitted fact that all the ball players that come to Haiti usually hang their hats up at Port au Prince and forget there ever existed any other corner lots on this island. The Port boys played a good brand of ball. Their batting was long distance kind and their fielding was good. "Doc" Arbuckle, of Cape's first sack, made some nifty catches and Centerfielder Snedeker snared several high ones from the blue. Pitcher McClay went back to his first sergeant's office after several innings and Bandsman Lew Paul took the mound for Cape, later being relieved by Pvt. Junie Broadus, who moved over from third. A fair-sized audience enjoyed the game and loudly cheered the endeavors of the players.

Cape had more luck in the evening smoker. Out of seven bouts the locals took four decisions. Judges were Captain Riley and Lieutenant Scoville of the Garde d'Haiti and Lieutenant Commander Gendreau, U. S. N. Lt. Ward Dickey was referee and Lieutenant Newhart of Port timekeeper. In the first bout Ph. M. 2el. Hilliard of Cape met Ford of Port at 135 lbs. Ford was awarded the decision at the close of three rounds. In the second bout of the evening Pfc. William Caskie of Cape won the decision from Mayer of Port after an interesting three rounds in which the boys mixed it frequently to the crowd's satisfaction. Nitsen, of Port, and Private Freiburger of Cape's garage gang, fought three rounds with the decision going to Nitsen.

Freiburger experienced difficulty in overcoming the handicap of being short in reach against the taller Nitsen, but managed to get in some good ones in spite of this. Red Schmidt of Port au Prince, who played behind the bat for the Portites in the afternoon and donned gloves in the evening, battled our fighting tailor, "Swede" Carlson, in the next bout. Carlson proved to be the find of the evening for Cape. He has only been out for boxing a short while and says he never boxed before in his life. However, he delivered some rights in Red's direction that caused the lad to watch, watch, watch after the first round. Carlson won the judges' decision. In the fifth bout Ward of Port secured the decision against Snyder of Cape after an extra round had been fought to determine the winner. Sasiedek and Corporal White of Cape engaged in a most sportsmanlike bout—clean and fast, with White's lefts piling up points in his favor to get the decision after three rounds. In the last bout of the evening the Port sent a former Cape man, Sgt. Joe English, to meet one of the best in Cape, Pvt. Nick Celenze. Joe's considerable ring experience was expected to enable him to put it all over young Celenze, who recently came from Parris Island, but the local scrapper displayed a knowledge of ring tactics that surprised his opponent. The three rounds were fast and of an exciting nature. Judges' decision went to Pvt. Celenze at the close. All considered, the Cape boys did well despite the fact that there is a lack of equipment for training boxers at this post. Lieuts. Ward Dickey and E. W. Snedeker have worked hard with the men since boxing training first began. We have no training gloves other than some light mitts that have seen better days. There is no punching bag equipment or sand bag here. We wish Santa Claus would remember us next Christmas in this line. And send us some ball players, too.

In the band we have a lot of modest chaps. Or maybe the few we've tried to get some news from are just strange actors and don't want to see their name in print. At the smoker the other night Bandsmen Greer and Nobles played a saxophone duet with band accompaniment that won the crowd's approval.

Band Director Frank Thomas has been doing some cornet solo work that has won the heart of many a listener. Pieces like "My Old Kentucky Home" do move, y'know. Our sheik with the black moustachio on the upper lip, Pvt. Burgess, is still tooting the trombone with a cleverness that brings the applause. Pres. McDaniels of the Royal Club of the band is running for re-election to that position, we hear. Pvt. Gandolfi, recently admitted to this post, has joined with Rasmussen of the Post Paint & Plumbing shop, to make this place a better place to live in. Leave it to Ras. Pvt. Binker of Headquarters is now Pfc. Binker. Acting Sergeant-Major Zerwis and Sgt. Leonard Black are all "planned up" for the coming dance on Washington's Birthday. If they put it over like the last one it will be a ripper, yes, chappie. Cpl. Crocker wants to get back to the States toot sweet, he says. Pvt. D. A. Fox is now in the Quartermaster fold. Pfc. Martin L. Hill is reported taking "up and down" exercises for waist reduction. We want to see that, though. Pfc. O. G. Miller has a public typewriter now and you should see Tpr. Samuel S. Sarinski looking here and there for o and r and t and z and y. Bandsman W. Boettke is out of sick bay. Pvt. Geo. Fogarty expects to return to the States shortly. And the mail is due to go out in a few hours so here's closing. Best wishes to all.

## GROANS AND GRUNTS FROM THE 78TH COMPANY, 6TH REGT.

By Edward F. Sauer

Hello, everybody! This is the 78th Company broadcasting from Waller Bilet, Tientsin, China. This outfit hasn't been very busy with the "mike" lately, so tune in and get the news. Captain Prentice S. Geer is in command, and the lieutenants are Gordon Hall, Cyril W. Martyr, and Benjamin F. Kaiser, Jr. We also have three horsemen. They are First Sergeant John D. Bellora and Gunner Sergeants Rudolph Huttel and John J. Mauer, our "Bull Montana" Kid. He has a face that even a mother couldn't love, let alone one of these Ruskie dames.

The 3rd Brigade had a sight-seeing trip to Peking and the Great Wall. The old "Kodak as you go" slogan was overworked that day, and quite a few pictures were snapped of the men in various poses on the ancient wall.

We can now boast of having a runner. He is Sergeant McWilliams. He runs to the mess hall and back again.

Well, I feel pretty sure of making the next ship that leaves Taku for the States. When I get there I will ship over and write some more.

## SHOOTING MATCH TO BE HELD AT LA JOLLA RANGE

April 15th has been announced as the date of the Western Division Rifle and Pistol Competition, and the San Diego Trophy Match. This announcement was made at the 11th Naval District Headquarters in a message received by Eli K. Cole, commanding General of the Department of the Pacific. The purpose of the competition and match is to prepare teams for the inter-service rifle and pistol matches to be held this summer. The Marine Corps rifle range at La Jolla will be the scene of much activity from now until the shoot-off.



First Platoon, 78th Company, 2nd Batt., Sixth Regiment, China. Platoon Commander, 1st Lt. Cyril W. Martyr; Platoon Sergeant, Gy. Sgt. John Mauer.

# USS "ASHEVILLE" DETACHMENT, SOUTH CHINA PATROL

Tuning in again from the Asiatic, the so-called land of chop suey and what have you? Did you enjoy our last broadcast? We are still cruising around the Hong-Kong Bay. We have been here for the past three months, and apparently we will be for some time yet. Not such a bad old port at that. But don't let anyone kid you about the lure of the Orient. Where is it?

First Lieutenant Dudley W. Davis is still with us and we sincerely hope he will always be our commander. If you can find a better C. O. any place, you will have to show us; we're from Missouri. Our first sergeant, Albert C. Marts, is very well known by most all the boys who have been around Peking and a few other foreign ports. We heard that he is taking a trip to "Bubbling Wells" for a few days rest and to get his high hat. Just the same, he still drinks soda water.

Our other sergeant is none other than the recent corporal, G. C. Babcock. Yes, sir; we hope to throw water on your bright work if he isn't a brand new sergeant now, and a good one, too. Everyone was glad to see him make it. Corporal "Red" O'Neil is still holding down the good ship, but he has been getting restless lately. We think he will soon take a trip to Europe for a change. Be careful, Red, it's a long swim. Do you think you can make it? On Christmas Day "Red" and our sergeant made a goodwill call on the Royal Marines. They came away with a roast chicken for a present. Of course, we couldn't say what else they had; it would make the boys in the States dry. The Royal Marines certainly treat us O. K. and are staunch friends. Five of them were over to our place for Christmas dinner.

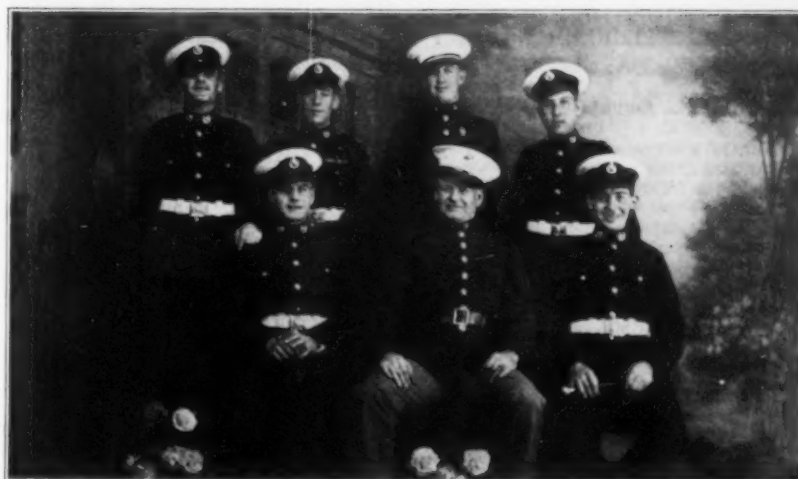
Private Thomas Patrick Neary is making more than his weekly trip "shore-side." Must be another case of true love. But who can ever tell what a red-headed Irishman is up to? Corporal H. D. Thompson (Knuckle Head) jumped up from one to two stripes last month. He likes it fine, for it gives him first chance in the chow line now. Of course, all the boys who could do so went ashore with him to see that he got his chevrons sewed on properly.

Pfc. Swaty is still our mail orderly, but he never brings any mail. We wonder why he extended his Asiatic time. Either he has a pretty good job or is keeping a dark secret. From the way he keeps asking the clerk for liberty we don't think he is after any mail.

Sergeant Babcock received a large package in the mail a few days ago. Of course all hands gathered around to see what it contained. With eager fingers he tore off the wrapping, only to disclose a pork chop and a hot dog. The sergeant has a red-headed corporal and four other Marines under suspicion.

Pfc. Abraham Krantz (Abie) has at last received his travel orders. That's just fine, only there isn't any transportation. He isn't exactly sure what he wants to do about it, but thinks he will send home for a million or two and return commercial. Can you beat it? Where do these Marines get all their money?

Paul Williams is going to learn the fine art of aerial correspondence at the Radio School in Cavite; that is, if he ever gets down there.



Sergeant Babcock, Corporal O'Neil, and five Royal Marines sit for a picture while enjoying a liberty in Hong-Kong, China.

One of the leading questions is why does Knuckle Head get so down-hearted when someone says we are going to sea?

Pfc. McCloud is wondering when his warrant will be confirmed. Has anybody got any dope on it yet?

The largest man in the detachment, Kellogg, is wondering when he will get back to Hoboken, New York. Please let us know where that place is located.

We must get to work now with a chipping hammer so will have to sign off. Best regards to all Marines and we will try to get on the wire every month from now on.

Famous last words: "Who sent that pork chop?"

## PREPARATORY CLASSES FOR NAVAL ACADEMY EXAMINATIONS

By Pvt. B. Lidyard, U. S. M. C.

The United States Navy maintains two schools for the preparation of enlisted men from the Marine Corps and the Navy for entrance examination to the Naval Academy. These schools are located at San Diego, California, and Hampton Roads, Virginia.

A great many of the enlisted men of both the Marine Corps and the Navy have heard of these schools but never fully realized or understood just what they did or what they were.

For entrance to one of these schools a man must be under the age of 20 on April of the year he enters, and he must have enlisted prior to June 1st of the year he enters the class. Along with these qualifications and the recommendation of his commanding officer, he must take the physical and mental examinations. If successful he is then detailed to one of these two schools.

The preparatory school could hardly be likened to a six-month furlough or a raise in pay, for it is far from a primrose path. The truth of the saying: "There is no royal road to knowledge," is brought home forcibly to every candidate. Nevertheless it is a place where a man with a basic education, and an ambition to be an officer in the Marine Corps or the Navy, can prepare himself for the examination that will give him entrance to the Naval Academy if he be

successful; thereby procuring for himself an education and a position in the world, and at no expense to himself.

The course lasts for six months, starting in the fall and ending with the examinations in April. The majority of the time is taken up with studies, but, since all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, a complete athletic schedule is carried out. Every sport from football to horseshoes may be found on the list, and every man has ample opportunity to exhibit his ability, keep in good physical condition, and to prepare himself to wear a Navy block "N."

Each of the six subjects that are taken up has an individual instructor. These men are naval officers, Academy graduates who have gone through the mill and understood the trials that the future midshipmen are preparing to meet. They therefore are in an excellent position to carry out the roles of teachers.

The preparatory class in itself is an education, but it offers more than that. It is an opportunity to get ahead and accomplish a task which sets a man out with an education and a profession.

## ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

By Doughty

Without a doubt this is the first time this station has been represented in our renowned "Leatherneck," so give heed, all you worthy Gyrenes, for this article is well worth reading.

This station was opened January 8th, and up to date is doing fine. Although not many Marines land in Roanoke on leave, the few that have been seen walking the streets have been a credit to the Corps. We all know there is nothing comparable with a neat Marine on liberty. Competition is here in abundance, the Virginia Military Institute produces some fine examples, and they are the pride of Virginia. But it is being passed around town that the school board held a confidential meeting—well, the Marines have landed—and you know how 'tis.

Now, all you nail-chewing sea soldiers, when coming to Roanoke, take warning, wear your regulation shoes or you will be taken for a V. M. I. cadet.

### CAPTAIN LEGETTE IS PRINCIPAL SPEAKER AT LEGION BANQUET

At a banquet sponsored by Legionnaires of Ontario Post No. 112 at Ontario, California, Captain Curtis W. LeGette, U. S. M. C., told of his impressions of China to a large audience. From an Ontario paper, the name of which we do not know, the following is taken: "Those who heard his interesting and masterly address expressed the wish that it could have been transcribed and printed in full. A short notice can give no idea of the speech, and the pride which we all feel towards the U. S. Marines who did such valiant service in Chinese waters, under the flag of the good old U. S. A. When the U. S. gunboat and the Marines left that port, every Chinese that could get anywhere near the leaving point expressed in unmistakable action and speech his love and respect for Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors."

"One of the tasks which brought out universal commendation was the work of the Corps of Engineers with the Marines, who surveyed, planned and did all the direct work of building a most complete highway from Tientsin to Peking. They were placed in command of thousands of Chinese, who, with the crude tools of that country, built one of the finest highways ever constructed in China. That work won the admiration and respect of the inhabitants for the skill and efficiency of the engineers of the U. S. Marines. The Chinese are the most persistent workers in the world and they at once recognized the ability and efficiency of the Americans."

### JERICHO POINT, S. C.

By H. S. Beck

After a long absence, the five orphans of Jericho Point are about to break into print. The work is nearly completed and we have a little time in which to tell the Marine Corps just what this noble crew has been doing at the "Point."

Operations were about at a standstill until rescued by Major Davis and Major Thing, who have recently taken command of this division.

Corporal L. J. Lunger, who extended to operate the steam shovels, has been singing the blues about the hard times on the outside. Still he goes ahead and puts in for a discharge. Can you beat it?

Pfc. J. McNally has just completed a brief sojourn in the Main Station Brig. He says "Never again!" but you can't always tell.

Pvt. J. J. Dunn, who is the mechanic, or at least thinks he is, is still our liberty hound. His two accomplices were transferred and Dunn says it is awfully lonesome going up to Savannah all by himself. But those Georgia Peaches seem to cheer him up.

Pvt. K. K. Fulman arrived here not long ago. He makes the most wonderful slum, and you should see those truck drivers, Perkins, Fuch and Wilson, dig into it. More power to you, Chef.

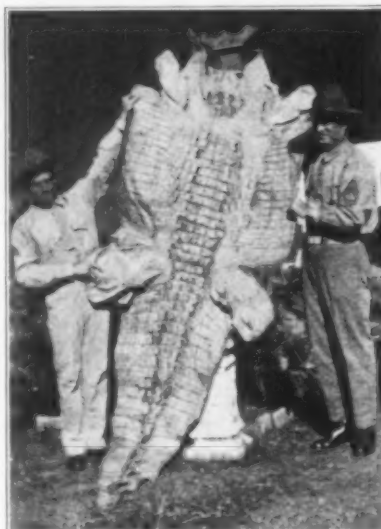
Corporal H. S. Beck, who is in charge of the engineering feat, has been raving about the Air School at Quantico, Va. But we think the only flying he will do is up and down the causeway.

Had better sign off now. Hope the gang likes this little brain storm, because we know lots more.

### TARGET PRACTICE IN NICARAGUA

Although the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "Idaho" has not had an opportunity to fire the range in two years, its personnel, now on detached duty in Nicaragua, has kept in good form. An alligator makes an excellent bobbing target, and there's no chance for some well-meaning friend in the butts to help.

The accompanying photograph shows Gunnery Sergeant William E. Flynn and Sergeant Rufus McKinley, N. C. O.'s in charge of outpost at Quezalguaque, with an eleven-foot alligator shot by Flynn, McKinley and Pfc. John Bowker. Which one of them actually killed the "gator" is one of the mysteries of the Banana war. The alligator crawled to mid-stream and sank in relatively deep water. When it was finally salvaged



Sergeant Rufus McKinley and Gunnery Sergeant William E. Flynn with eleven-foot alligator taken from a stream in Nicaragua.

through the combined efforts of the entire outpost, a yoke of oxen, and a miscellany of block and tackle, the body showed seven bullet holes scattered from head to tail. All three claim they will be able to make "Possibles" with no effort at all when they get back to Camp Lewis to shoot the range.

### DAN DALY RETIRES

By Lieut. H. W. Houck

"Devil Dog Dan" Daly, most famous Marine in the Corps, is a civilian today. After thirty years' service, during which he amassed a chest full of medals, including two Congressional Medals of Honor, Sergeant Major Daly has retired. Born at Glen Cove, L. I., in 1873, on a date which forty-five years thence was to become immortal as Armistice Day, Dan Daly joined the Marines in 1898. Prior to his enlistment he was a newsboy in Park Row, New York City, and a friend of both Mayor Gaynor and John J. McGraw, manager of the Giants. Today his comrades at the New York Recruiting office said, "He was the greatest man the Corps ever had." Sergeant Major Dan is more than that. He is a tradition of the service. As a private Daly saw his first action during the

Boxer Rebellion in China. He emerged with his first Congressional Medal of Honor. His commanding officer said: "I respectfully invite attention to the courage and fidelity of Private Dan Daly, U. S. Marine Corps, at all times, and to his conduct on the night of July 15th, 1900, when he volunteered to remain alone in the bastion under fire of the enemy while I returned to the barracks for laborers." Speaking of this incident, Daly said: "They thought they ought to give somebody a medal, so they handed it to me."

Daly was awarded his second Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry in the presence of the enemy during the attack on Fort Dipitie, Haiti, October 24, 1915. As first sergeant of the 73rd Machine Gun Company, 6th Marines in France, Daly won the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in action. Shortly after the war, he entered the Marine Corps Reserve. In addition to his three major decorations, "Devil Dog Dan" may wear a Medaille Militaire, one Croix de Guerre with a palm, and six campaign medals.

### GRADUATES OF Q. M. SCHOOL

Nineteen enlisted men are soon to complete the course of the school in Quartermaster's Department Administration, and a new class composed of twenty-two students will begin on or about March 1, 1929, members of which class have already been selected and ordered to report. Pursuant to circular letter of the Major General Commandant, thirty-seven requests were received for members of the present class, all of which, obviously, could not be complied with. This office recommended distribution, giving preference to the small posts where no quartermaster sergeant or supply sergeant is detailed, and after supplying requests from these organizations, preference was given to posts with only one quartermaster sergeant or supply sergeant or posts where it was known that clerical assistance was urgently needed. It is regretted that there were not sufficient graduates to supply all requests, but it is hoped that under the present policy of training two classes annually, thereby doubling the previous output, it will soon be possible to provide trained assistance for all activities of the Quartermaster's Department. It is the desire of the Quartermaster, and so ordered by the Major General Commandant, that these enlisted men, upon joining the posts to which assigned, be detailed to duty in the Quartermaster's Department and continue on such duty as long as their services are satisfactory.

This office also wishes to announce, as a matter of policy, that in future enlisted men who will have less than two years service in the Marine Corps at the beginning of the class requested, will not be recommended for detail to the school, as it is believed that students should have sufficient Marine Corps basic experience in order to be of the most value to the Quartermaster's Department upon graduation. Enlisted men serving on the last half of their first enlistment, or during their second or third enlistments, provided they possess sufficient educational qualifications, are considered the best material for the school. Previous clerical and stenographic experience is highly desirable.

# EX-SECRETARY OF NAVY DENBY DIES IN DETROIT HOTEL

Edwin B. Denby, ex-Secretary of the Navy and a former Marine, died suddenly from heart failure at the hotel where he and Mrs. Denby were residing in Detroit, Mich. Dr. A. G. Jennings, who was summoned, stated that Denby had died in his sleep.

For the last nine years he had been associated with a law firm in Detroit, and was apparently in good health when he left the office on the evening previous to his death.

He is survived by his wife; a son, Edwin, Jr., 16, who is preparing to enter the Naval Academy, and a daughter, Marion, 14, who attends a private school in Detroit.

Edwin Denby crowded a picturesque and varied career into his lifetime. A youngster in the service of the Chinese Maritime Customs, a stalwart forward on one of Michigan's crack elevens, a gunner's mate under fire in Cuban waters, member of the Michigan legislature and then of Congress, a pioneer in the automobile industry with large financial interests, a buck private in the Marine Corps at the outbreak of the war with Germany and a major at its close and then Secretary of the Navy in high command over all of his former associates in the Navy and Marines.

Mr. Denby, the son of Honorable Charles Denby, was born in Evansville, Indiana, on February 18, 1870. He was educated in the Evansville High School and the University of Michigan, from which he graduated, with the degree of LL. B., in 1896.

In 1885 he accompanied his father, who was the United States Minister to China, to that country, where he remained until 1894.

In 1896 he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in the city of Detroit. His career as a lawyer, however, was not to remain uninterrupted, for in 1898, when the Spanish-American War broke out, he joined an organization of naval militia in Detroit, which company was soon called into regular service and detailed to the U. S. S. "Yosemite." On board the "Yosemite," under whose convoy the U. S. S. "Panther" landed 900 Marines in Cuba, the first troops to land in that country during the Spanish-American War, Mr. Denby was promoted to the rank of gunner's mate.

After the war he returned to his profession in the city of Detroit, where he remained until 1901, at which time the citizens of his district, considering him too valuable for public interests to permit him to pursue his own, elected him to the Michigan legislature, where he served two terms. In 1905 he was elected a Congressman from the first Michigan District, at which duty he remained until 1911.

In 1917, shortly after the President declared a state of war existed between this country and Germany, Mr. Denby applied for enlistment in the Marine Corps. He was accepted after waivers had been obtained from Washington for overage, overweight and marriage. When Private Denby enlisted he was 47 years of age, and weighed 254 pounds. His height was 72½ inches.

Private Denby was transferred to Parris Island, and began the active work of

learning all the formulas of the rookie's manual. He insisted on going through all the customary drills and practices, and refused to accept any of the lighter duties, on the grounds that he was willing to take "pot luck" with the other Marines in the performance of duty.

At the end of two months he had been promoted to corporal, and had lost 30 pounds in weight, but he was strong and robust and in the best of health. From then on his progress was rapid and he climbed through the non-commissioned and finally through commissioned grades to the rank of major.

Major Denby was selected by the commanding officer at Parris Island to lec-



'Way back in 1894 and 1895 the late Edwin B. Denby played center on the University of Michigan football team. His dash and spirit in the gridiron battles are still remembered as having delighted the crowds along the side lines.

ture to the recruits, who arrived daily on "The Indoctination of the Marine Spirit." In the course of his daily lectures, he led the recruits through the mazes of Marine Corps history and impressed upon them the traditions of the Corps.

While the nature of his duties were such as to prevent his actual participation in the struggle overseas, Major Denby was eager to see service in France and in the fall of 1918 he was ordered by the authorities to go abroad as an observer with the 2nd Division.

He returned from overseas to Parris Island, S. C., where he remained on active duty until December 31, 1918, when he was placed on the inactive list, retaining his rank of major in the Marine Corps Reserve.

The following summer, when being considered for the nomination for governor of Michigan, he resigned his commission.

Mr. Denby was appointed Secretary of the Navy, March 4, 1921, and served until he resigned on March 10, 1924.

After his resignation as Secretary of the Navy he again accepted a commission as major in the Marine Corps Reserve. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in December, 1927, accepting his appointment January 4, 1928, and held this rank at the time of his death.

## THE LATE LT. JOSEPH WATSON, RETIRED—PARIS, FRANCE

By Sgt. Maj. John M. Gauss, Retired.

It seems as if my sole contributions to "The Leatherneck" are the reporting of deaths. My last report concerned the death of "Charlie Schultz" at Peking a year ago; this one is about Lieutenant Joseph Watson, who died in Paris, France, January 3, 1929. Lieutenant Watson, who was retired February 2, 1921, was well known to the men in the Marine Corps. He was appointed second lieutenant July 24, 1917.

I had known the lieutenant was residing in Paris but I had never located him and did not know his address. A small paragraph in the Paris edition of the New York Herald announced his death and gave his address. I immediately visited the number given and found that it was a pension. The landlady was very obliging and told me what she knew of the case. She mentioned that for several weeks prior to his death Lieutenant Watson had been living at her place, and that toward the latter part of his stay he had been in poor health. He had gone to the American Hospital at Neuilly, but remained there only a short time when he became restless and returned to the pension. As he was still in a bad state of health, she had persuaded him, after much opposition on his part, to see a doctor, who at once sent him to a nursing home. This was about a week before the lieutenant's death. The landlady also showed me a letter from the American Consul, introducing a representative of the Consulate who was to take charge of the lieutenant's effects and pay anything he might owe. I then called at the consulate and on Mr. B. J. Lane, an American undertaker who had been designated by the Consulate to take charge of the funeral. At the Consulate I learned that Lieutenant Watson had expressed a desire to be buried in the American cemetery at Suresnes, but owing to existing regulations, whether French or American I don't know, this was found to be impossible, as the cemetery is reserved for the war dead.

I attended the funeral, which was held from the Church of Notre Dame d'Auteuil, and there was thus one Marine, if only a retired one, present. Only a few people were there, the undertaker and his assistants and a number of folks who happened to be in the Lady Chapel of the church where the service was conducted and whom the priest beckoned to join the funeral party. Mr. Lane provided an American flag to cover the coffin. Interment was in the cemetery of Bragneau, just outside Paris.

# COMMUNICATION NOTES, PEKING AMERICAN LEGATION DETACHMENT

During the past month the station force has continued its experiments with high frequency transmitters for use on the Cavite-Peking circuit. We have been doing this in an endeavor to obtain a transmitter giving the best signal to Cavite. Several different transmitters were built and later dismantled, the final one retained for use being a Valaure-Meany. This seemed to give us better results than any of the other circuits.

In connection with the above work, several different antennae have been erected, all with the purpose of finding the best combination for the circuit in question. It has been found that the air is very congested on 8872 kilocycles. With this latter transmitter we are able to work Cavite when the 8872 transmitter was unreadable.

The station borrowed a SCR-109 receiver from Third Brigade, Tientsin, and installed it on the 355-kilocycle circuit. Results were not satisfactory so we returned to our former receiver, the 1420-C. It does not work at its best efficiency on our short receiving antenna, but gives a better signal than the SCR-109. A new Marshall type receiver has been received and installed. This receiver proved to be very noisy. In an effort to remove the noise the five-megohm grid leak in the detector circuit was removed and the noise disappeared. This may be due to the reduced sensitivity of the detectors, but even so the receiver is a very good one.

The personnel of NPP has not changed during this month. At present we are due for a short period of stabilization so far as the personnel is concerned. The first man due to return to the United States, Private Winnett W. Robinson, does not leave until March or April. Robinson says that he is going to ship over in the Navy. If he does this the Navy will gain a good man at the expense of the Marine Corps.

Since moving to our new receiving quarters the reception at this station has known a marked improvement. Cavite signals have greatly increased in reliability. San Francisco and Honolulu are heard every day. We have also heard the flagship of the naval forces in Europe and have heard the U. S. S. "Utah" while

she was in Montevideo, Uruguay. She was working on approximately 8400 kilocycles, signals were strong and easily readable. At the time she was heard she was calling NAA.

Chief Radioman F. D. Dilley is making an analysis of the Peking-Cavite circuit and the Guam-Cavite circuit. Dilley is at Cavite and when his analyses are completed it should help a great deal in clearing some of the difficulties on these circuits.

During the past ten days Major Thacher, assistant adjutant and inspector, from the Third Brigade, Tientsin, has been inspecting our post. He gave the communication and radio departments a thorough inspection and we hope several desirable recommendations will be made.

## ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Sergeant Marion Stone

The Soldiers', Sailors' and Marines' Club, located at 1015 L Street, N. W., had its beginning shortly after the Spanish-American War, and was then located at 317 C Street, N. W., where it continued until 1922, at which time the location had become unsatisfactory and the site was sold. In 1923 the present property was purchased and after extensive alterations and repairs the club was formally opened on March 4th, 1924.

The club is maintained by the Women's Army and Navy League. As in all clubs, the regular receipts are insufficient to pay the regular running expenses. The deficiency is paid by the Women's Army and Navy League.

The object of the club is to provide a home for the enlisted men of the service, while in Washington, at rates in proportion to their pay. The club can accommodate 30 transients a night at 50c each. The accommodations consist of spring cots with clean mattresses, blankets, and linen. The cots are arranged in four large airy dormitories. The meals served are: Breakfasts at 35c, served from 7 a. m. to 8.30 a. m.; lunches at 25c, served from 12 noon to 1 p. m.; dinners at 50c, served from 5.30 p. m. to 6.30 p. m. The club has about sixty steel lockers for the storing of clothing; these rent for \$1.00 a month.

The club has a large reading room in which all the Washington papers and

most of the popular magazines, as well as several hundred books by nearly as many different authors, are available to the men who care to read. Writing material is furnished on request without charge. Showers, tub baths, and washrooms with an abundance of hot and cold running water are available at all times without cost. Clean bath towels may be rented at the office for 5c.

Piano and a Victrola with many records furnish the music.

Many service and veterans' organizations use the club for meetings. These organizations are listed for the guidance and information of all interested: Perry Ship, V. F. W. (all Navy), 2nd Tuesday; Fleet Reserve Association (all Navy), 3rd Monday; Front Line Post, V. F. W., 2nd and 4th Wednesday; Potomac Post, V. F. W., 2nd and 4th Thursday; Lafayette Post, A. L., 3rd Friday.

In addition to the organizations listed above, the Sparrow Post, V. F. W. (all Navy) of Camden, N. J., make use of the club as its headquarters while in Washington on its annual pilgrimage to decorate the grave of Capt. Sparrow in Arlington National Cemetery.

Due to the frequent changes in the personnel of the services in Washington it has been very difficult to keep the club properly advertised. It is hoped that all veterans and service men will help us out in this respect by referring service men to the club whenever the opportunity occurs.

## AIR FIELDS NAMED FOR DEAD MARINE FLYERS

Five landing fields in Nicaragua have been named in honor of United States Marine aviators who have lost their lives in service during the last eighteen months.

Four of the flyers were killed in Nicaragua. The fifth, Capt. Robert James Archibald, was killed last November near Langley Field, Va. Captain Archibald had served fifteen months in the air service at Managua, Nicaragua, and under his direction nearly all of the dozen fields in that country were selected.

The fields which have been officially named by Marine Headquarters follows: Archibald Field, Managua, which is the western base for the twenty planes now in use in Nicaragua.

Byrd Field, Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua, named in honor of Capt. William Carl Byrd, who was killed at Esteli, Nicaragua, when his plane collided with a large turkey buzzard only 250 feet from the ground. The buzzard struck one of the struts, which caused the right wing to collapse.

Thomas Field, Ocotal, Nicaragua, in honor of Lt. Earl Albert Thomas, who lost his life in action against hostile Nicaraguans after a forced landing on Sapotilla Ridge.

Dowdell Field, Apali, Nicaragua, named in memory of Sgt. Frank Edward Dowdell, killed in action against the enemy after a forced landing on Sapotilla Ridge.

Frankforter Field, Esteli, named in honor of Sgt. Rudolph Adolph Frankforter, killed in an airplane accident near Esteli, March 8, 1928.

(Associated Press.)



6th Battery, 10th Artillery, and 80th Company, 10th Regt., about to leave Tientsin for Taku Bar and Home.

# MOTOR TRANSPORT COMPANY, 1ST REGIMENT, QUANTICO

By James E. Macklin

Here we come, Blackburn in the lead. We had to come up for air since Private Burt blew in with the hurricane from St. Thomas.

It is rumored that Private Lutman is in the dog business now, and everyone hopes for his success. Business should be good judging from the many dogs that can be seen roaming the streets of Quantico.

We are sorry to report the transfer of First Lieutenant J. A. Bemis to Nicaragua. He was succeeded by Second Lieutenant C. G. Meints, who is a first-class company officer, and all wish him success in the work he has undertaken.

When the men of our basketball team get out on the floor they look as if they were working on a Mack truck. So far we have won only one game. Captain Harrison heads the team.

Mess Sergeant M. P. Saber holds chow a little later in the evenings for them guys what throw balls toward the basket in the gym. If they got paid according to the points they made they'd starve. As it is the sergeant has to get up enough chow for them to feed a regiment.

Private Arthur L. Smith is our champion motorcycle rider now. He did something the other day that no one else in Quantico will do. Better get a bicycle, Art.

Private Maxwell just returned from a short stay in the hospital, and is now back in the shop. Don't get sick again, Budd.

We see Private Myers and Trumpeter Macklin shove off every night, all dressed up as if they were going to see "The Sweetest One in the World." The news we get is that they go to church.

Jimmie Bridges is home giving the old town girls a treat. We'll have to admit that Jimmie is the best looking bozo in the post.

Private Fisher blew in from a thirty-day leave. He came back in real style, riding a freight train. He said 29 of his thirty days were used in travel, but he sure painted the town red the one day he was there. We came to find out he had to whitewash the fence around the orchard. He didn't lie because the town is always in his orchard, but he must be color blind.

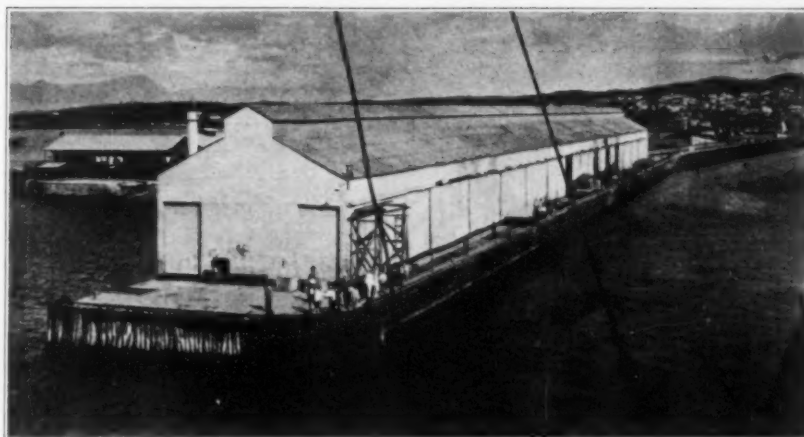
We are ten miles from a gas station and our tank is almost dry, so will have to step on it before we run out of gas. If Private Sowell grinds the valves this week we will run again next month. Let's hear from you fellows in the Virgin Islands.

## HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By the Office Pest

Hello, everybody! Station Brigade Headquarters, Port au Prince, Haiti, is now broadcasting from the lovely tropic scenes.

Things at headquarters are pretty quiet, and as we are back to regular routine again, let's get to work. We have here the following staff officers: Colonel L. M. Gulick, brigade commander; Major P. C. Marmion, AA & I chief of staff; Major E. T. Lloyd, brigade adjutant; and First Lieutenant Thomas, aide to the brigade commander. Try to beat that



Every Marine who has been in Haiti recognizes this dock at Port-au-Prince. The Photo was taken by 1st Sergeant J. T. McGarvey, now at Parris Island.

collection of good officers! Among our enlisted personnel we have Sgt.-Major A. J. Fleiy, brigade sergeant major; Sgt. Newcomb Smith, chief clerk; Sergeant Townsley, chief radio clerk; Corporal Peterson, personnel clerk; Corporal Dyess, head of mimeograph department. Assisting the latter is Pvt. A. L. McTyre, who arrived from the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va. Corporal Jacklin is head of the law office, and his assistant is Private Edwards, recently from Parris Island. Pvt. A. J. Martens, better known as "Freckles," is our mail clerk. Pfc. Rosenthal is file clerk; Leo Morris, correspondence clerk, and, not to be left out in the cold, we have Pfc. Hamilton, our good-looking, red-headed runner, or rather, top-side orderly.

Our sergeant major and the chief clerk are getting to be short-timers down here. Here's hoping they will find happy hunting grounds when they get back to the States. We are wondering who our next sergeant major will be, and we hope he is as good as Sgt. Major Fleiy has been.

We have with us two famous chess players, Sergeant Smith and Sergeant Townsley. They have been playing against each other for the past six months, and can't seem to find out who the better man is. Each one lays claim to the title, and we all hope it will be settled before Smith returns to the States.

Amongst the newest arrivals are Major Lloyd, Lieutenant Thomas, Privates Martens, McTyre, Edwards, and Harbison. They came down on the November "Kittery." May their stay in Haiti be a happy one. Cheer up, boys, the first four years are the hardest.

We recently lost our company commander and Provost Marshal, Captain Canavan. He went back to the old U. S. A. Well, Captain, we wish you all the luck in the world, and hope your stay in the hospital will be a short one. Don't forget the boys in the old Brigade. We take this opportunity to greet our new company commander, Captain McCann. We hope he will enjoy duty with us here.

Some recent promotions were, Sergeant Townsley, from corporal, and Corporal Jacklin, from Pfc. Rosy is wondering when he is going to get his two stripes. Cheer up, Rosy, your turn will come sometime.

Well, folks, someone else may want a little space, so we will sign off and say good-night, or rather Adios, Fellow Leathernecks. We hope this will not be the last time you hear from us.

## GARROBO GROWLS AND GRUMBLES 59TH COMPANY, 11TH REGT.

By W. R. S.

What, you've never heard of Garroba, Nicaragua? Well, we have been holding down this position for five months now, which is equivalent to five years in any other part of the world. We left Bocay on August 26, and a six-day trip by boat brought us here. This place is on one of the main trails leading to the mining district, and was the scene of a large gathering of bandits last May. They had already made one raid on the "mines" and were preparing to advance on the Coco River. Our patrolling covers rather a large area, to the south and west as far as Paso Real de Qua, and east to Cuvali.

Some of the men here are of the "bunch" that left Puerto Cabezas, May 6th, but not many are left now; sickness and expired enlistments have thinned them out. Those who are still with us are: Sergeant Price, who, by the way, is in charge at present; Corporal Ried, Privates First Class Wittway and Switzen. We have thirty men in the detachment, new men being added from time to time as the older ones depart down-river. Our battle cry, "When do we get relieved?" is often heard. Nine months seems to be a long time in the hills.

Captain W. W. Walker was with us until his return to the States in October. We hated to see him go, but wish him the best of luck. He was relieved by Captain J. A. Tebbs of the "Tulsa" Detachment. He in turn was relieved by Captain C. P. Matteson of the 51st Company. But he was transferred to the States this month, so we are now under the command of Sergeant E. A. Price, an able-bodied soldier, well liked by everyone.

Our "pill shooter" is Ph. M. G. E. Smith, formerly of the 60th Company. What? Oh, sure; he's "tropical." The "man of the ether" is W. J. Christie; he knows his aerals, too. The duty of mess sergeant and cook falls upon Pfc. Swit-



Train carrying Marines on a sightseeing trip from Peking to the Great Wall.

zen, assisted by Pfc. R. W. Edwards as messman. Corporal Aldridge performs the duty of police sergeant, and the things he finds for one to do could be thought of only by a second-cruise man. Yes, he shipped over from Nicaragua. The other corporals are Gordon and Ried. The first-class privates are Dixon, Felker, Dubershinski, Edwards, Wittway and Switzen.

The holidays were spent very quietly, and we take this opportunity to offer our belated thanks to the senders of the Red Cross gifts that we received.

We have been wondering if there is such a thing as a "Dry Season" in Nicaragua. We have yet to see one if there is. Does anybody know for sure?

Adios, Amigos.

#### 61ST MACHINE GUN COMPANY

By Jerry Riely

Well, people, we are still here in Nicaragua, and have been on the go since the first of July. Part of the company went to the hills on that date, and now most everyone else is out there with them. You can find 61st Company men in all these places: Apali, San Fernando, San Albino, and Telpaneca.

At Apali we have our company headquarters, with First Lieutenant Marvin Scott in command. Mr. Scott has just rejoined our company and the boys are sure glad to have him with them once more.

You will also find First Sergeant Robert R. Stock, better known to the boys as "Bob." He has with him Corporal Woodhouse, our famous company clerk. Woodhouse is one of the company's newly made corporals, and the boys were glad to see him make it.

Well, just a few words for the boys at Apali. Gy.-Sgt. Fred Taber, who is the only gunnery-sergeant left with the company, is at Apali Flying Field. He is in charge of both the field and the rifle range.

Sergeant Bryson is our police sergeant and, from what I hear, he certainly is cleaning up our new post.

At San Fernando we have thirty-some men, with First Lieutenant Hakala in charge. From what is said the boys out there like their post pretty well. They

have good drinking water and are in the bull-cart road from Ocotal.

At San Fernando you can find our famous fire-fighter, Sergeant Bush. He spent quite a time at the post fire department, Quantico, Virginia.

Private George T. Moore is now at San Fernando. Dinty was our famous cook at El Sauce for a while, and, take it from me, he sure knew his onions.

The next outpost we have is Telpaneca, where Lieutenant C. W. Miegs and R. J. Straub can be found. From what we hear, the boys sure had a wonderful Christmas dinner. Privates Shipman and Jeter arrived at Ocotal a few days ago for treatment, and they have not stopped talking about that dinner yet.

Our boy friends James Rickard and Buck Taylor are now at Telpaneca. Those boys sure know their mules. Jim and Buck, you know, are our mule skinnners there.

#### 23RD COMPANY, 5TH REGIMENT

By Raymond C. Redifer

The 23rd Machine Gun Company was relieved from the hills in December, after almost eighteen months of bandit-chasing. The company headquarters is at Leon, Nicaragua, but most of the company is scattered along the railroad between Corinto and Managua at different outposts. Twenty-five men of this company will leave by the first available transportation, and the rest of us expect to be back in the States not later than April.

The company is commanded by Captain Jacob Lienhard, who is as square a shooter as ever drew a breath. He is also a crack shot with the pistol and can perform such feats as tossing up a handful of coins and neatly drilling each one before it strikes the ground. Another thing the skipper is noted for is this: Wherever he is he sees that his outfit gets the best chow that can be had.

Our Lieutenants Brink and Luckey are also great officers. Lieutenant Brink is leaving for the States on the next boat. He has more than completed his tropical time and, for his own sake, we are glad to see him go, although the company will bitterly regret his departure.

As yet the outfit may not be able to win any prizes for drilling on account of

having been in the hills so long without any drill, but they are as well seasoned and as fine a bunch of men as any company ever had. The top kick has been knocking the rough spots off, and it won't be long before we are able to drill with the best of them.

The first sergeant, Hall C. Cartnell, is a bon soldier, and has soldiered in almost every Marine Corps post that has flown the American flag. He has all the appearances of an excellent soldier, and is an energetic, capable and model Marine.

Company quarters are in the center of the town, and one of the most enjoyable sights is our patio; truly a place of beauty, covering nearly three acres. The detachment that was here before we came planted many flowers, but left before they were able to enjoy the fruit of their labors. The flowers are now in full bloom and the natural tropical foliage and mango trees add to the charm. On first arriving here our first sergeant saw that with a little work the place could be converted into a beautiful little paradise. So he left it up to our efficient police sergeant, Deacon Jones, who did the job well.

In some way the natives had heard about the beauties of our quarters and so many requests to see the patio came to the office that now certain visiting hours are permitted them. They are warm in their praise, and most of them say they are going to do their best to emulate our efforts and beautify their own places. Thus the American Marines have introduced new ideas to the better class of people in Leon.

Leon is quite an interesting town. It is the oldest and largest city in Nicaragua. The breath of old Spain is in the air everywhere, and quaint Spanish customs prevail. The prettiest girls of Nicaragua are said to be in Leon.

Plaza De Espana is a beautiful square. There are marble fountains scattered about, and under magnificent palms gorgeous flowers perfume the air. There is always a fresh, cool ocean breeze evenings, and the aristocracy of the town promenade around the square after sunset. Dark-eyed señoritas in vivid-colored mantillas stroll arm in arm with their Romeos. Romeo! Wherefore are thou, Romeo? Look into their eyes!

The Southern Cross and the milky way are clearly visible every night. Near the center of the town are several Cathedrals having beautiful chimes. These bells in turn sound weird, sad, merry, and gay. They are large and it takes several men to ring them. I am told that the early Spanish settlers here, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, spent thousands of dollars to have these bells imported from Spain. No wonder they are valued so highly now! The soothing, peaceful, silvery peals of the chimes have more than once started the day right for the Marines here. Strange to say, we never tire of hearing these golden chimes that sound so intensely beautiful and peaceful early in the morning that the mind refuses to traffic with the petty squabbles of man.

Sergeant Ayres is the best "ladies' man" we have in this company. He has had so many romances in this country it would make your head swim. And he can be seen most any night at some fair

senorita's casa, snowing her under. He promises to give us a lecture in the near future on the secret of sex appeal.

Sergeant Danford is also leaving for the States by the next boat. He says he would rather stay here a couple of months longer and miss the cold weather. We are losing three of our cooks, Kahlert, Plants and Heater.

That's all this time.

### "ROCHESTER RAMBLINGS"

By James R. Pattison

Latest Skuttle News is that we may return to the "Rockey" soon, which may account for the following:

The Battle of a Century now raging. Scene, U. S. S. "Rochester" Barracks, Matagalpa, Nicaragua; combatants, any two "Rockey" Marines. First round: Flieger comes in with a right to the body by having the stock of his rifle shellacked, Jones counters with a left to the jaw by shining the buckle on his hat strap, the bell saves Flieger who goes to his corner to have his shoes shined. For further news of this great battle, see the next month's "Leatherneck."

Garters were the things we never wore.

But, alas! We aren't collegiate any more, all because of the latest order out which states that we are forbidden to roll our socks. Now all of the fellows are going in for loud colored sock supporters. Next we'll be sporting red suspenders.

Pvts. Ennie Weeks and Joe Rotzel are our "IT" boys. They are always after the village belles. Ennie is a Spanish speaking fool and it is reported that Joe is learning the Tango. "Oily" Huber and Long Fellow Slim Gillespey were having a chat the other evening. All went well until Slim told the following: Scene, Kansas Oil Field. Setting, an oil well in which the drillers have lost a drilling tool.

Camera: All men have left the scene of operations to bring machinery with which to extricate the lost tool, save one who is left on watch at the well. Action: Man dozes off to slumberland, huge snake anywhere from one hundred feet long (or as long as you care to imagine). Close-up of aforesaid snake doing a disappearing act down the well just as the watchman awakens.

More action: Man ties huge hawser to tail of enormous snake and then starts machinery drawing snake from the well. Scene one hour later: Snake's head reappearing holding between its teeth the lost drilling tool. It seems that the snake, becoming enraged at interference from above, had sunk its teeth into the lost tool, thus drawing it from the well. Camera broke. Moral: When in Kansas lay off the Kansas oil. Slim vouches for the veracity of the story. You win, Slender. Until this time Huber was carrying off all honors, but he admits now that Slim has him snowed under.

Singer is still trying to persuade the boys that we will not leave Nicaragua until the new canal goes through so that the U. S. S. "Rochester" can come up after us.

Corporal Allen is getting so short that he claims to have dreamed that the Statue of Liberty was extending both arms toward him, beckoning him to get under way for the States.

Sergeant "Bozo" Greiser just received

a letter from our former 1st Sergeant Newgarde. He tells us that all is well at Norfolk. The boys are wishing you good luck, "Top."

Our patio is beginning to look like a zoo. Pfc. Daye has bought a deer to keep our three parrots company. Pfc. Maschak had a pet squirrel but it took French leave. Guess it was looking for better feeding grounds.

Sergeant Mosier has just joined the outfit. He is quite a veteran, having served with Captain Edson in the eastern area.

Our volley ball teams are coming along fine. The Non-Coms challenged the Privates to a contest the other day and were sadly defeated in three consecutive contests.

Lowery, Dondero and Thomas played a sterling game at the net for the Privates. Better luck next time, Non-Coms.

Our long delayed Christmas mail arrived on Jan. 12. Who said there was no Santa Claus? By the time this appears in print we expect to be once more sailing the bounding main.

### MARINES AT BOACO, NICARAGUA

By Jamie Y. Carlos

Salud, Amigos:

We heard the other day, through a native from Managua, that the Marine Corps was still printing "The Leatherneck," so we decided to give 'em the dope on Boaco.

We're only twenty strong, but we travel along, singing this song, "Bye-Bye, Boaco."

Second Lieutenant O'Neil is our commanding officer and a good one, too.

Life here in Boaco is not so exciting except on special occasions, and those occasions are when visits are paid to the native judge who lives "below the hill" and who serves refreshments. All our pals in Nicaragua know him.

Since the 49th Company's Headquarters left here, there seems to be lots of mourning by "novias" of certain Marines, but we are doing our best to console them with promises that the Gyrenes will one day return to their beloved Nicaragua. Our native friends are still "considerate" and we live accordingly.

Lieutenant Budai of the Guardia Na-

cional is here with us, cleaning up the town in fine shape. Sergeant Anderson is mess sergeant, and there is no kick about the chow. Corporal Barnes helps out with the rations by killing deer. He certainly knows his "venados." Corporal Hooks, in his spare time, endeavors to snow under the local school ma'am. Verdad, Willie?

Privates Grimes, Witkus, Hunt, and Mohr are the company's sheiks. They certainly know their senoritas. We won't mention Riley's name because he is featured in the comic strips back in the States. Purches, Peters, Kellar, and Blair are the detachment's chow-hounds. Long may they eat! Kirchner keeps one foot in the galley and the other in the "Half-way House," and between the two he seems well pleased. Brantley destroys rations and has fed us everything but "mondongo." Gromon is assistant "mulero" and butcher. Osterberg and "Doc" Ricard are continually mixing their French and Spanish. Ready, our ex-Hooligan Gob, is going strong. Jarvis, the "Wop," says "Dago Red" hasn't a thing on "casusa," and is trying to convince Brantley and Kirchner of the fact. We think they are about convinced.

Well, we hope when we read this it will be in the U. S., and that Boaco, "casusa" and senoritas will be only sweet memories.

### A SOLDIER OF FRANCE

By Lieutenant H. W. Houck

Stricken to the heart, Marshal Foch listened to the physicians gathered at his bedside, then growled: "I'm seriously hit, am I not? But I'll resist." The fighting soul of the man spoke out then. Many men faced death laughing, but tried to flounce the last call, because they did not recognize it. They are bravest who recognize danger, realize their own weakness, yet refuse to surrender or admit defeat even to Nature's tremendous forces. They are the men who never know defeat because they never concede it while they are alive. Commander of all the Allied armies in the war, leader of millions of men, Ferdinand Foch has held his banners high through the years of peace and his spirit has never faltered.



Outfit of Marines leaving Peking for Tientsin during the withdrawal last December.

### PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA ENTERTAINS FOR "OLD GOLDS"

One of the most interesting achievements in radio broadcasting thus far this year is the putting on the air of Paul Whiteman and his complete orchestra every Tuesday night from 9 to 10 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, over a nationwide hookup of the Columbia System. The King of Jazz has been given to the vast radio audience by P. Lorillard Company, makers of Old Gold cigarettes, as part of their aggressive policy in putting Old Golds before the world.

The hour, which has been called the Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour, started on Tuesday, February 5th, with Whiteman outdoing even his famous self, and sending over the air sixty minutes of entertainment which has received wide acclaim. Already the Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour has become a favorite radio feature.

The gift of Paul Whiteman to the public's entertainment is the second thing done this year on behalf of Old Golds which has attracted wide public interest. Even persons who do not ordinarily study advertising very closely have been watching with much attention the happy appeal which Old Gold copy has been making when it says "Eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold and enjoy both." Naturally, the spending of large sums of money to promote the sweets industry in advertising, by a company which has no financial interest in that industry, has provoked much curiosity. An explanation was promptly forthcoming. According to P. Lorillard Company it is psychologically sound to make a happy rather than a frightening appeal, and people might just as well be told that they can do two things which they like very much to do, and that neither is going to hurt them, particularly when such happens to be a fact.

### MAJOR CECIL S. BAKER TALKS AT ALBANY UNIVERSITY CLUB

Addressing over three hundred Reserve Officers from Albany, Troy and Schenectady and members of the University Club at the clubrooms of the Albany University Club last evening, Major Cecil S. Baker, U. S. M. C., spoke with slides on "Marine Corps Operations in Nicaragua." Major Baker has just returned from two years' duty with the Marines in that southern republic and is now the Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks, Brooklyn Navy Yard. He has served in nearly every Navy yard in this country, in Guam, on the U. S. S. "Texas," and in France where he was decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor. A light buffet supper was served by the University Club after his address.

"The situation in Nicaragua was complicated," he said, "since we were not at war with that country. Martial law had never been proclaimed, and there were no military commissions or provost courts to punish bandits. There was no army in Nicaragua, and neither was there any bandit army, though there were well organized gangs of bandits under bandit leaders. The bandit gangs were not opposed to the United States but they were opposed to any and every form of government which did not believe in murder, loot, arson and rapine. The task of the

Marines was made particularly hard since the bandits spoke the same language of the people, wore no uniforms and knew every trail, by-path and hiding place. In 1927 the bandits made the very serious mistake of attacking two Marine garrisons in towns. They only did it twice.

"Except for repulsing the attacks on Ocotal and Telpaneca, all the fighting done in Nicaragua has been a series of patrol actions fought in the jungles, in most of which the Marine advance guards did all the fighting and chased the bandits from prepared positions. Despite the great advantage the bandits had as far as knowledge of the terrain, language and trails went, the organiza-



A Chinese monument to the sacred turtle—a symbol of long life.

tion, training and the discipline of the Marines conquered. At no time were the Marines successfully caught in an ambush.

"Aviation was more in use in this campaign than any previous one. Planes were used with great success in combat, supply, communications, security, information and transportation. No one can have any idea of the difficulty of supplying a force like ours until one has gone through a campaign like this one. The terrain, the bad trails and the jungle country made supply problems very difficult to solve," he continued.

"The Marines were so successful in driving out the bandits that the peaceful natives gave them their confidence and the elections of November 2, 1928, were held without disorder of any sort what-

Sergeant Bill Fearon, now in the Reserves, has quite a few pictures taken in the Virgin Islands during 1922 and 1923. He is now in the gas and oil business in Detroit, Michigan, and would like to hear from any of his former buddies about pictures or just to exchange memories of the Grand Old Corps. His address is: Wm. C. Fearon, 8634 Dumbarton Road, Detroit, Michigan.

ever throughout the entire republic."

The officers of the University Club entertained Major Baker over night at the clubhouse.

### IMPRESSIVE RITES AT INTERMENT OF SGT. MJR. WILLIAM L. MCKENZIE

By Sergeant Conrad Krieger

Both military and Masonic honors marked the impressive funeral services of the late Sergeant-Major William L. McKenzie, who died of malaria fever on December 19, while serving in Nicaragua. Besides being mourned by officers and enlisted men of the Corps, McKenzie's death is deeply felt by his many relatives and friends in the State of Washington.

Besides a large number of Marines not less than two hundred and fifty civilians attended the funeral. Among the many floral offerings was a large wreath presented by the 13th Naval District Marines. It was fashioned to represent the emblem of the Marine Corps; the globe was composed of a cluster of deep blue violets, the anchor was represented in roses and white chrysanthemums, the eagle was made of Chinese lilies and rested on a foundation of red carnations. The entire bouquet was trimmed in a field of floral green.

### DIVISIONAL AND MARINE CORPS RIFLE & PISTOL COMPETITIONS

In accordance with a Marine Corps order recently issued by the Major General Commandant, five divisional rifle and pistol competitions will be held during the coming spring at the places and on the dates indicated below. The quota of competitors allotted to each division will be as follows: The first, designated as the Asiatic Division, will be fired at Peking, China, April 8, 1929, with 42 rifle and 21 pistol competitors. The second, Western Division, to be fired at San Diego, Calif., April 15, 1929, with 35 rifle and 18 pistol competitors. The third, West Indies Division, will be fired April 15th at Guantanamo Bay, West Indies, with 25 rifle and 12 pistol competitors. The fourth, Southeastern Division, Parris Island, S. C., May 13, 1929, 20 rifle and 10 pistol competitors. The fifth, Eastern Division, will be fired at Quantico, Va., June 3, 78 rifle and 39 pistol competitors.

The Western Division competitions will be held earlier this year in order to prepare such men as will not be transferred to Quantico to participate in the Marine Corps competitions for inter-service matches along the west coast during the period May to August. It is contemplated to retain such medal winners desired by the Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, for the organization of the team that will compete in the inter-service matches. Upon the completion of such matches the members of the team will be transferred to Wakefield, Mass., to complete the organization of the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Squad.

The Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol competitions will be held June 10, 1929, and will be followed by the Elliott Trophy Team Match. The San Diego Trophy Team Match will be held immediately following the Western Division competitions.

### HISTORIANS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS INVADE NICARAGUA AND HAITI

Major Edwin North McClellan and Pfc. C. L. Palmer have spent the past three months in Nicaragua where they are taking motion pictures and photographs of Marine activities in that country. These pictures will constitute a perpetual record and also be used for publicity purposes and to stimulate interest and recruiting in the Corps. They will be shown at various theatres in the different posts.

Major McClellan has for some time been associated with historical research connected with the Marine Corps and has written a complete history of its service. He has also compiled numerous volumes of data.

Captain Jonas H. Platt and Gunnery Sergeant P. H. Updegraff are now in Haiti where they are engaged in a similar duty. Captain Platt has until recently been officer in charge of publicity, Philadelphia, Pa.

### FAMOUS BANDIT CATCHER GETS ANOTHER VICTIM IN JIRON

Lieutenant Herman Henry Hanneken, U. S. M. C., is still giving excellent lessons in bandit-catching. The latest incident, and the third of its kind for the lieutenant, is reported to have occurred early in February when he returned to his camp leading one "General" Manuel Maria Jiron as captive. With his usual mysterious method he had simply gone out and "got" the rebel, who, incidentally, was Sandino's right bower.

Jiron has given the Marines no little trouble in their effort to rid Nicaragua of banditry. Last April he attacked the Laluz gold mine, blew up the mine, wrecked the mill and destroyed the nearby Bonanza mine. He captured George Marshall of New York, later turning him loose in the jungle to die.

The following month Jiron's bandits attacked a force of Marines on the trail along the Bocay River. They were driven off, both sides having casualties.

Mr. Hanneken, who reported for duty in Nicaragua shortly after Christmas, was not favorably impressed with the activities of General Jiron. He yawned, buckled his pistol on, and disappeared into the jungle, returned with Jiron and handed him over to the Nicaraguan authorities. Just how he accomplished this mission is known only to himself.

Lieutenant Hanneken started his career as a bandit-catcher back in 1919 in Haiti. His victim this time was Charlemagne Peralte, who with some 1200 followers was terrorizing the mountainous Capois region. On this particular occasion Charlemagne was leading a force of 700 bandits against Grande Riviere. Hanneken, who was then a sergeant, took with him Corporal Button and made a personal reconnaissance. After having been gone many weeks they returned and again started out, this time with a detail of 20 men of the Gendarmerie. Disguised as natives they were able to proceed to Charlemagne's headquarters unsuspected. When they were about 30 paces from the rebel chief a general alarm went up. The two Marines, knowing further disguise was useless, began firing. Charlemagne and nine of his followers were killed in the sudden attack. Not quite satisfied with

this, Hanneken insisted in bringing the body back with him. The surprise had been so complete that the bandits failed to recover until it was too late. The Marines had escaped. They were, however, harassed continually in their return by smaller bands. Hanneken received a Congressional Medal of Honor for this feat.

The above incident occurred on Halowe'en, 1919. Six months later—on All Fool's Eve—Mr. Hanneken, probably bored, set forth and annihilated Osiris Joseph, another Haitian outlaw. For this Hanneken was presented with the Navy Cross.

Now that Lieutenant Hanneken is back in practice, General Augusto Calderon



1st Lieut. Herman H. Hanneken, of the U. S. Marines, reported in press dispatches from Nicaragua as having captured General Manuel Maria Jiron, a notorious bandit leader. While on duty in Haiti in 1919 he suppressed the activities of the bandit leader, Charlemagne, winning the Congressional Medal of Honor. For bravery in Haiti he was also awarded the Navy Medal of Honor and the Haitian Medaille Militaire.

Sandino would do well to watch his step and hearken to those who say, "Hanneken will get you if you don't watch out."

### 51ST COMPANY, 5TH REGT., BLUE- FIELDS, NICARAGUA

By William N. McLin

The fellows were well pleased with the last article concerning the 51st Company, so it's up to me to burst forth with a little more smoke and din.

The holidays are now over, and we certainly enjoyed them, but we can't expect to play all the time and must continue work on the new barracks at El Bluff. These are being erected under the management of Capt. Alfred Dickerson and his assistants, Sergeants Hogan and Siva, and we must not forget our beloved Corporal Potter.

We are all proud of the new athletic goods purchased at Bluefields by the Marine Club. Captain H. Rose is club officer, and also commands the southern sector, eastern area, Nicaragua.

Most of the gang are so used to calling our 1st Sergeant Wilson "Top" that they don't seem to realize his rating has been

changed to supply sergeant. He still continues his work as first sergeant, however.

We all regret the departure of "Smokey" Leitzell who spent a couple of weeks in Bluefields. He is returning to his post in Quepi on the Rio Tuma under the command of Lieutenant Ross.

We have recently received word of Gunnery Sergeant Crowe making another one of his famous trips with provisions up to Quepi. He says paddling native pit pans are keeping him in good shape for next season's football.

QM Sergeant Woods and Petie, our provost sergeant, lay claim to the pinochle championship, but this is disputed by Sergeant Bethell and PhM. 1c. L. Meanshel. They say it is still a tie score.

### U. S. NAVAL RADIO STATION, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By Private Layton

Broadcasting from N. S. C. Few eventful happenings have occurred in this neck of the woods since last month's Bla-Bla went to press. However, knowing as we do that some of our command have subscribed for "The Leatherneck," it would hardly be fair for us not to bring mention of these few facts.

The brigade nine, which includes players from Brigade Headquarters and Headquarters Co., Motor Transport Co., Field Hospital and the Radio Station, has made an excellent beginning. So far, we have won four and lost two, and we hold down first place (of course it's a tie). We believe, of course, that we will be able to win the coveted "Howatt Trophy," and are banking on the management of Captain W. M. Radcliffe, who is ably assisted by "Hungry Hudson" of Quantico fame. We also have the services of "Spud" Murphy, the home-run king, recently from China. He sure knows his "Ruth" about sockin' 'em.

Promotions of the new year were handed to Pfc. "Flossie" Archer and "company brains Cholly" Alexander, both being made corporals. Pvt. Paul Red Williams was rushed to Pfc., and Pvt. "Peewee" Knowles went up the ladder and stopped at the fourth rung as specialist fourth class.

During the month our command was honored by the joining of Qm. Sgt. "Becky" Bartley, who, by way of speaking, worked at the Reclamation in Quantico so long that he hates to give out anything but second-hand equipment and used soap. Sgt. Hudson joined us on January 1st from Brigade Headquarters & Headquarters Co., and Pvt. "Spud" Murphy joined the 15th.

We lost the services of an excellent mess sergeant when Cpl. Duffy went to the States on the last "Kittery," but Pfc. Hearn has taken the duties as mess sergeant, and has certainly showed his stuff. We also lost by transfer to the States on the last "Kittery" Pfc. Richards, Pvt. Fulcher and Pvt. Melton.

The plants and shrubs which we planted two months ago have improved our surroundings very much; in fact, from all appearances, our radio station is now classed as one of the most beautiful spots in Haiti.

When "Spud" Murphy gets back to the States the "wolves" from Quantico

(Continued on page 36)



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### Corps Loses Great Friend

THE entire Marine Corps is grieved to learn of the death of Mr. Edwin L. Denby, former Secretary of the Navy, which occurred on February 8, 1929, at Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Denby's career as a volunteer in two wars, as a captain of industry, and as a statesman should be an inspiration to every one of us, combining as it does the highest type of patriotism, great ability, and a lifelong devotion to the Marine Corps.

Throughout the Spanish-American War he served as an enlisted man aboard the gunboat "Yankee," on active service in Cuban waters, participating in the operations that finally culminated in the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago.

After the Spanish War he re-entered civil life and in the ensuing twenty years rose to a position of wealth and importance in the financial world as president of the large Denby Motor Truck Corporation.

That in these years of success he never forgot the Globe and Anchor, is amply demonstrated by the fact that, upon our entry into the World War, Mr. Denby immediately joined the Marine Corps, patriotically giving his services to his country at great financial sacrifice to himself. Furthermore, he enlisted as a private instead of accepting the commissioned rank to which his ability and experience would no doubt have entitled him. He served many months of the war at Parris Island as a sergeant, helping to train the Marines who later distinguished themselves on every battlefield in France. Those who knew him there will have long forgotten the endless "close order" and "bayonet" that was crowded into each busy day, but they will never forget the fine traditions and the pride in the Corps and its long and honorable history that he instilled in all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Denby left the service with the rank of Major, and in 1921 became Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Harding. As Secretary he was ever sympathetic to the needs of the Marine Corps and did a great deal for its welfare.

Upon his retirement from the cabinet in 1923, he was commissioned a Lieutenant Colonel in the reserve and thus retained his contact with the Marine Corps until the day of his untimely death.

The Marine Corps feels keenly the loss of this splendid man, who for over thirty years was its steadfast and sincere friend.

### Marine Corps Association

AS stated in its constitution, the Marine Corps Association "is formed to disseminate knowledge of the military art and science among its members; to provide for the improvement of their professional attachments; to foster the spirit and preserve the traditions of the United States Marine Corps; and to increase the efficiency of its members."

This is a worthy purpose which merits the active interest and support of all officers of the Marine Corps, active and reserve.

The Association employs the Marine Corps Gazette as a medium to carry out its mission.

With a view of promoting a greater interest in the Association and to furthering the acquaintance of non-members, officers of the regular Marine Corps and of the Marine Corps Reserve are invited to subscribe for the next two issues (March and June) of the Marine Corps Gazette at a special rate of \$1.00 for the two issues.

This special price covers the cost of printing and mailing.

Such a subscription will not be considered as an assumption of any obligation of membership.

Communications should be addressed to the Secretary Treasurer, Marine Corps Association, Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

### Fort Mason Hostess House

"THE LEATHERNECK" has been informed that excellent accommodations are now available for officers and enlisted men and their families traveling by Army transport at Fort Mason, San Francisco, Calif.

This Hostess House is known as the Embarkation Casual Center and offers practically the same accommodations as the one at the Army Base, Brooklyn, New York, described in the February issue of this publication. There are about forty-five rooms available and the rates are surprisingly moderate being but fifty cents per day per person. A good cafeteria is operated in connection with the Hostess House and the prices of meals are very reasonable.

Major Lewis, U. S. Army, is in charge of this Hostess House and reservations may be made at the Embarkation Casual Center, Fort Mason, San Francisco, California.

### Vacancies at Marine Corps Institute

THE Academic School of the Marine Corps Institute has several openings for men qualified as instructors in English, Mathematics, and Spanish. Marines interested should send their qualifications and length of service to the Superintendent, Academic School, Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C.

### New Commander in Chief

MARCH 4, 1929, will mark the inauguration of Herbert

C. Hoover as President of the United States. Hundreds of Marines will participate in the inaugural ceremonies, and thousands more will scan the newspapers for news of the event.

Few of us know that Mr. Hoover has had a most interesting personal contact with the Marine Corps. In 1900, Mr. Hoover, then a very young man, was Chief Engineer of the vast Karlan Mining Corporation of North China, which many of our readers who have had China service will remember. Although young in years, he was old in experience, and was engaged with characteristic energy in opening up the unlimited mineral resources of North China and Manchuria.

The Boxer Uprising rose like a thunderstorm in the summer of 1900 and the few white foreigners in the region were forced to take refuge in the Foreign Concession at Tientsin. Conditions grew steadily worse as mid-summer approached and the foreigners and many high-class Chinese were besieged in the British Concession by the fanatical Boxers. Every able-bodied man was called upon to resist the impending massacre, and the man best remembered in Tientsin in connection with those terrible days is Herbert Hoover. He organized the defense of the concession, drafted the Chinese coolie labor gangs to erect the sorely needed barricades and fortifications, quartered the women and children in places of safety, and, above all, saved the hard-pressed little garrison from utter starvation by commandeering all food supplies and insisting upon an effective rationing system. He went everywhere under the constant bombardment of the Chinese artillery and labored indefatigably that the defenders might hold out.

In July the relief columns fought their way from the sea, and the first foreign troops to enter the beleaguered city were the U. S. Marines, led by that determined old soldier, "Tony" Waller. Tientsin was saved and the siege ended.

Twenty-five years later, in Washington, D. C., Mr. Hoover was interviewed on the subject of music and his favorite selection. He said: "The sweetest music I ever heard was 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,' played by a Marine Band at the relief of Tientsin."

## AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

The rifle Range at La-Jolla is in the charge of Captain Mulally, and is situated in a lovely spot in the heart of the hills about half an hour's ride from San Diego. I paid two visits and was delighted to meet with the R. R. detachment, and the fine companies of recruits who were at that time shooting the range. The type of Marine to be found in the West is of the very best, and well able at all times to maintain the high ideals with which the Corps is endowed.

San Diego has been so splendidly portrayed by illustration and printed articles that I can add little beyond saying that it is impossible to give an adequate description of the location and tremendously serviceable group of buildings comprising this wonderful Marine base. The only thing to do is to visit it as I did, and then I feel perfectly sure you will agree with me that "words fail." Brigadier General Williams, the Commanding General, and every other person I met are most enthusiastic about its possibilities, and, when the whole plan of buildings and grounds to complete the Post are carried through, San Diego Marines will have the finest military post in the world.

Commander H. S. Dyer is Chaplain at the Marine Post, and is esteemed by every Marine as a real friend and comrade. San Diego is so beautifully situated on the Pacific Coast that we not only have the Marine base and training station, but the Naval Training Station; the North Island Aviation Fields; the Navy Yard, and a magnificent group of hospital buildings. Captain R. D. Workman is the senior chaplain with offices at the Navy Administration buildings. The chaplain is still as much a Marine as when years ago he served under Captain H. Lay, who is today second in command of the Marine base. It was great to be with him at his meeting with the prisoners, and to witness the same fire and spirit with which he did things in by-gone days. The Naval Training Station is also fortunate in possessing as their spiritual adviser, Chaplain T. L. Kirkpatrick, a man who has always given of his strength and ability to the outside limit in every appointment, and is generally spoken of everywhere as a "real guy." At the aviation, it was a pleasure to run across an old Parris Island friend in the person of Chaplain R. W. Truitt, where, as usual, he runs true to form, and is thought most highly of by every

portion of the command. I was unable to meet Chaplain J. E. McNamamy, but heard a great deal of his splendid work at the Naval Station and elsewhere. His ministrations are welcomed by the men, and they think very highly of his friendship. Chaplain A. N. Park, at the time of my visit, was very sick, and at the time I called at the hospital was unable to receive visitors. Friends of the Chaplain will, I am sure, join in prayer for his ultimate complete recovery.

"Bamboo Breezes," one of the many excellent papers published on ship and shore by the Navy "B. B.," hails from Cavite, and is edited by Chaplain T. P. Riddle. Every issue contains a fine column "With the Devil Dogs," and in one of the last copies states that "out of the hundred and thirty-one men who have just shot the range, there were twenty-two experts; twenty-seven sharpshooters; and sixty-one marksmen, making a record of eighty-five percent qualifications." Gunnery Sergeant George C. Parrett, who has been acting First Sergeant for several months, has now left for Guam, and is succeeded by First Sergeant Mack. Private Naehr accompanied G. S. Parrett to Guam for duty there. At the same time, First Sergeant Cecil C. Paquette, Sergeants James C. Noble, Perry S. Atkins, Privates Gossett and Attabery left on the "Chaumont" for the homeland. The following, also clipped from "B. B.," is certainly worthy of being copied:

"A friend is one that knows all about you, but loves you just the same."  
When we sigh about our trouble,  
It grows double every day;  
When we laugh about a trouble  
It's a bubble blown away.  
It's nice to say, "Good Morning,"  
It's nice to say, "Hello,"  
But better still to grasp the hand  
Of a loyal friend you know.  
A look may be forgotten,  
A word misunderstood,  
But a touch of a human hand  
It's the pledge of brotherhood.

The poem of the month is by Edgar A. Guest, and is a good one, entitled:

## ABOUT RELIGION

If my religion made me a sanctimonious prude,  
Who thinks a jest is sinful and merry laughter rude;  
If faith in God were awful, and robbed my life of play,  
I'd risk eternal torment and fling it all away.  
If my religion soured me or chilled my spirit through,  
And set my tongue to censure all things which others do;  
If it should ever teach me that all delight is wrong,  
I'd toss the whole thing over, and laugh my way along.  
But I can live a lifetime, and share its joys and tears  
And know that God is guiding my footsteps down the years.  
And I can share men's laughter and see the good they do,  
And still have some religion to bring me safely through.

There were no happier men in the service than the Marines and sailors of the U. S. S. "Maryland" when they pulled into San Pedro on their return from their trip with the President-elect. The Marines were especially proud of the fact that they had been able to have so close and intimate acquaintanceship with the man whom our country has delighted to honor. "To meet with and know our next President and his family," said one, "has been the honor of a lifetime," and when an orderly gives such an opinion, it is saying something that every person in the coming years can endorse without any fear that the estimate is overstated. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover will endear themselves to the nation at large as they have done to the men of the "Maryland," and later to those of the "Utah," and will prove to the world that the nation's choice was not a mistake.

You meet Marines everywhere. Go to the East, you never strike a town or city without them; go to the West, they are to be met in every gathering of business men, or groups of influential citizens; to the North their presence is recognized as necessary in projects calling for men of best caliber; and in the South they greet you in any circle into which you may have secured an introduction; while in every place they wear with pride and honor the button which speaks of honorable service in the Corps, and glory in the fact that they are still Marines, for "once a Marine, always." I found them in all classes of gatherings, which I addressed recently in Los Angeles and Alhambra, Calif.; in Tucson, Ariz.; in El Paso, San Antonio and Houston, Texas, and in New Orleans, La. Churches cherish their membership. Clubs depend on their loyalty. Civic groups look to them for assistance, and their cheerful service is relied on by the people everywhere.

"The Marines Tell It to You!" is the title of a new book just off the press by Colonel Frederick M. Wise. Every Marine who served overseas, and the thousands who have, during their term of service been under the Colonel's command, will want a copy of this book. It can be ordered through any book seller, and will, from what I have heard and know of the writer, be a big seller.

Captain Robert Yowell is the Officer in Charge of Recruiting at New Orleans, and has an excellent group of recruiters headed by that veteran recruiter, First Sergeant J. G. "Denny" Moore. Moore has always been of real Marine character, and has a son, Dick, now seventeen years of age, who reckons on following in his father's footsteps. Young Dick has been a great and constant admirer of our one and only Gene Tunney, and just previous to the Captain's last fight with Dempsey, Dick received a photo from the champion. He took it with him to high school where it became necessary for him to defend his friend; and though he returned home with one splendid "black eye," the photo was intact, and the boy was undefeated. Sergeants M. Ebright, W. E. Farmer, D. C. Lyle, J. E. Thompson and J. Whitfield complete the roster of the staff, each of whom are men of real worth.



## ROUSE THE GIANT THAT LIES ASLEEP WITHIN YOU

AWAKE, you men who are half slumbering on small-pay jobs, and rouse the giant that lies asleep within you. Opportunity waits on every hand if you are but equipped to grasp it.

Who are these men who are going ahead of you? Are they not men like you? Have they not two arms—two legs? Do they not eat and sleep and walk as you? Can anyone convince you that they did not once work in a routine job as you are doing?

Training has put them where they are today and it will put you there, too, if you will only make use of the ability to do some one thing well that is born in every man.

Choose now the work you like best in the coupon printed below and master it at home in spare time through the courses of the International Correspondence Schools.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X in the list below:

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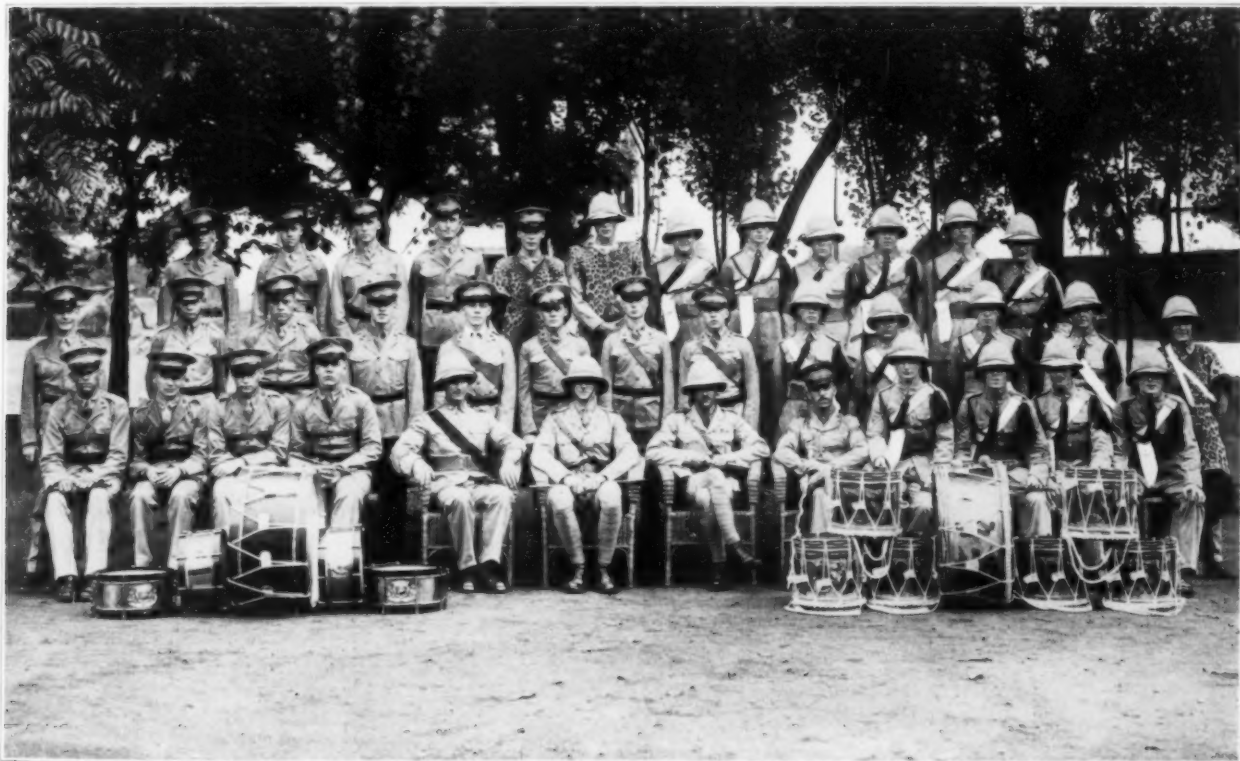
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*Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada*



This team, composed entirely of Marines, garnered the trophy for Keyport, Wash., and will play the soldiers of Fort Warden for the championship of Uncle Sam's forces in the Northwest. Left to right, standing: Paradis, Wall, Quackenbush (captain), Hayes, Whipple, Beck, Graham, Paxton. Seated: Lieut. Lareau, (S. C.), U. S. N., Athletic Officer; 1st Lieut. M. B. Twining, U. S. M. C., coach and manager.




The Fessenden Fifes of the Fourth Regiment, U. S. M. C., with the Fifes and Drums of the North Hamptonshire Regiment in Shanghai, China. The Fourth Regiment fifers and drummers lived in the billets of the North Hamptons for six weeks while learning the art of the fifes and drums. The Fourth Regiment established and maintained a very fine "entente" with the British, French, and other foreign regiments in Shanghai.



Chesterfield

MILD enough for anybody...



## What a cigarette meant there

*Ten seconds to go—*  
and raw nerves fighting wearied muscles,  
driving them on into that fearful unknown  
beyond the wire. What man will *ever* for-  
get the steadying solace of that last sweet  
stolen smoke?

## What a cigarette means *here*

*Two years to go—*  
the slow "ageing" by which tobaccos for Chester-  
field lose all bite and harshness . . .

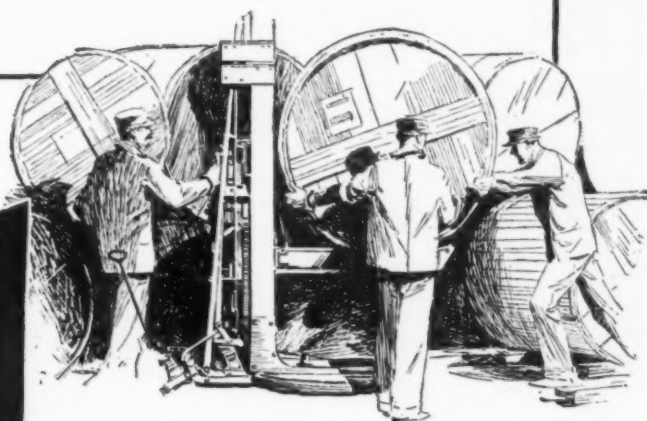
Mysterious, this chemistry of Nature! Endless  
rows of great hogsheads, stored away in darkness;  
choice tobacco, tightly packed . . . just waiting.  
And as if on signal, twice each year the leaf goes  
through a natural "sweat"—steeps in its own es-  
sences, grows mild and sweet and mellow.

Selected leaf, costly patience, endless care —  
that's what a cigarette means *here*. But right  
there is *exactly* the reason why Chesterfield  
means what it does to you!

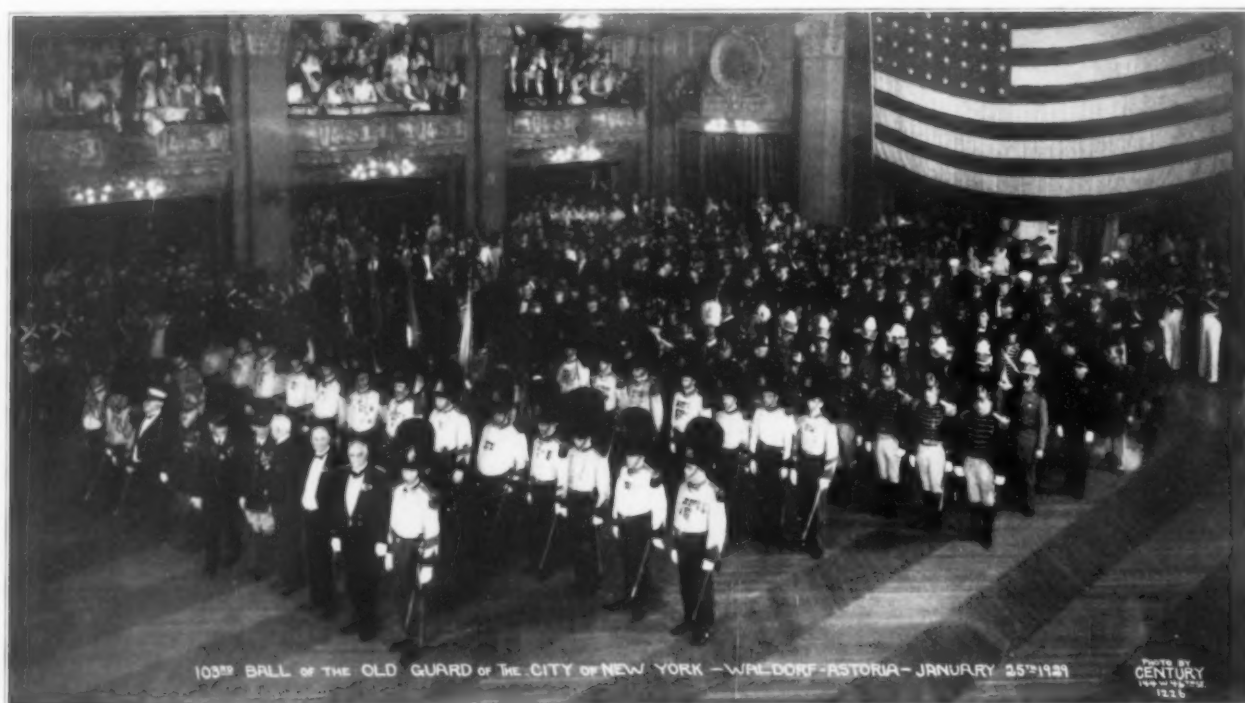
*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# field

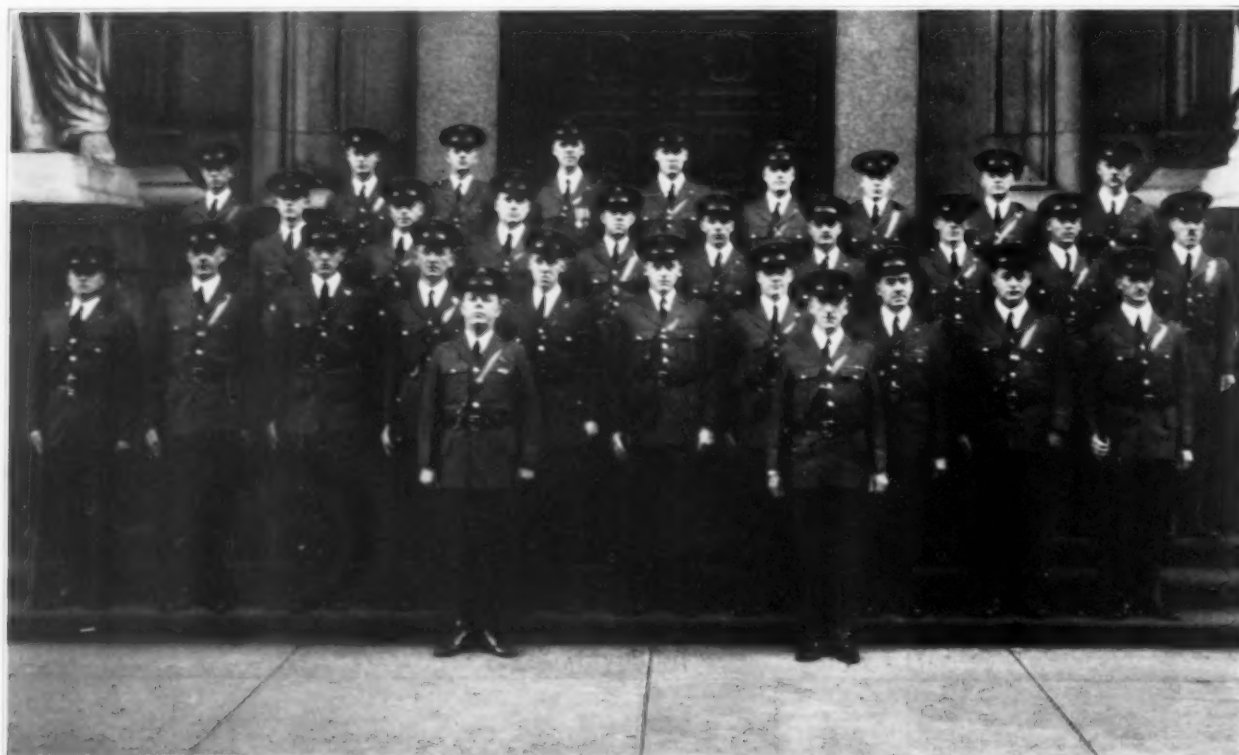
ty.... and yet **THEY SATISFY**



Millions of pounds of  
choice tobacco from each  
crop are stored away in  
great warehouses to "age."



Colorful military parade of the Old Guard in the Grand Ball Room of the Waldorf in New York City. Organizations from all over the United States were represented. Marine officers who attended were Captain B. M. Coffenberg, Captain S. D. Sugar, Lieutenants Mackinless, Johnson, Barron, Kessenech, Krulevitch, Christy, and Houck. (Story on page fifty-three.)



This is what some ex-Marines are doing in civil life—the Military Guard at the Federal Reserve Bank, Cleveland, Ohio, under G. C. Hardesty. Every ex-Marine in the bunch has an excellent discharge, their service ranges from one to five enlistments, and practically all were non-commissioned officers. They are sworn in as State Police in Ohio.

## OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Achilles had his heel, Napoleon had his Waterloo, Caesar had his Brutus, Sandino the Marines, and we have our tonsils. In the words of Mr. H. L. Mencken, "life is like that." There is but one thing to do and that is to call for the Royal Executioner and have 'em chopped out,

which we are going to do tomorrow. In case the chopping-out process entails the chopping-off of our neck and they forget to sew it back, we herewith make our will and testament, Dear Reader, leaving to you all that we have in this world—our interest in one grand and glorious Marine Corps. And if you think it is a small interest, or a poor interest, or even a polite interest you are wrong. It is a selfish interest we heartily admit, for because of OUR interest in the Marine Corps we are vastly proud of the things it has done, and of the things it will do, and the things for which it stands, and the men of which it is composed. Because some millionth particle of all its brilliance finds us in our little corner and gives us the merest reflected fraction of light, we are pleased, selfishly pleased, that this great, brave, valorous, glorious machine of battle, engraved with the wings, the globe and the anchor, that goes marching across the pages of our country's history has deigned to know that we are alive, and to accept our homage. In so doing it permits us to share in our small scale in its past deeds of valor, and in the deeds destiny has laid out for it to consummate while we are still alive. It also permits us to dream, gloriously, of the future victories that it will reach out and grasp for our flag in the years to come.

Because of these things we say that our interest in the U. S. Marine Corps is no small thing, and in bequeathing it to you we are giving you the treasure that lies on the inmost shrine of our heart.

It is quite possible that we would not feel so badly about all this, but ex-Marine Lieutenant Carl Gardner dropped in to see us today, and told how he and four other men gathered up the Lieutenant's brother, who was quite ill, but refused to have his tonsils removed, and took him to the doctor, and calmly sat on his chest, hands and feet while the doctor removed the tonsils. If something like this could be arranged for us we probably would get so very angry at the idea of having treatment handed out to us that we would never even know when the tonsils went over the side, but this idea of having to walk calmly up, like a sheep to the shearer, is too much. At present we have worked ourselves up into the nervous condition of a con-

demned murderer with the date of the execution at eight tomorrow morning. We may go through with it, we had a tooth pulled once. But then the tooth was aching.

## HEARD ON MOST ANY SHIP NOW

"Hey, there, Seamen Guard, what you looking so glum for? Somebody dead?" "No, but we got all our Marines back, now."

Once there were two Marines, and they were walking briskly along Sands Street from the subway, toward the Naval Station. They were very, very snappy Marines. Their full dress blues were pressed to perfection, and all their brass work glittered just like for inspection. The man on the outside wore sergeant's stripes and a pistol swung from his belt and to a close observer it was evident that the men were keeping very near each other as they walked. A sympathetic lady saw them, and, being curious as well as sympathetic, she crossed the street and walked rapidly behind them, but she had to get quite near before she realized that it was not friendship, or the cold (neither wore overcoats) that made them walk so very, very near each other. It was pride. For a pair of glittery handcuffs held the left wrist of the sergeant to the right wrist of the other. At some inconvenience and discomfort to themselves they were doing what they could to shield the Corps.

## THE U. S. MARINE UNIFORM

By Lou Wylie

When you see the royal blue of Heaven In the languor of a calm and tropic night, And a billion stars above you glowing Like a billion emblems, polished bright, And the sky about the moon grows lighter

'Til two blues are very easily seen, Think about the blues so proudly worn By every United States Marine.

Think about the men who served before you

And brought fame and glory to the Corps,

How they proudly wore its sacred emblem

Through our Country's worst and bloodiest war.

And the stars? Their golden glittering To one Gold Star mother means

Just a reflection from the emblems worn By the host of our immortalized Marines.

Marines on the U. S. S. "Lexington" have come by a good deal (speaking in poker terms) from someone up at Headquarters, for they have drawn Capt. Bailey Coffenberg to be their commander. He goes to the "Lexington" from a tour of duty in charge of U. S. Marine recruiting in New York, one of his stunts while serving in New York being the unheard of feat of holding up Manhattan traffic at its morning peak while he rushed the Marine Corps football team from the Grand Central to the Pennsylvania stations, enabling them to make connections and clean up on the Coast Guard at New London. And, he had an escort of motorcycle cops to see that he got through. He is

a bluff, hearty soldier, and while we miss him in New York we have the feeling that he is back where he wants to be, cruising for a desk can mean nothing but restraint to one of his dynamic personality.

Better late than never, but our copy of the Legation Guard just reached us. Congratulations! you Marines for coping off the Annual Championship Athletic Meet. We don't know whether the Brig is ever read in China; if so, nobody ever admits it, but we live in hopes anyhow that this message will get across.

Both the British and Italian Guard did splendid work and finished near enough to merit commendation and their share of congratulations, but U. S. MARINES WON!

While we dodge about between Manhattan traffic and Mr. Whalen's traffic regulations, we cannot generate much sympathy for the Island of Guam as it tries to evolve a solution to a problem the last shipment of 350 bicycles precipitated on that Island.

## ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM"

According to the Indianapolis Star the grave of "Uncle Sam" has been rediscovered in a modest little graveyard in Noble county in the Hoosier State. Few people perhaps know that the name "Uncle Sam," now so fondly used as a term for the United States, has a history dating back to the War of 1812, and that the name was originally the nickname of Samuel Wilson, a government inspector at that time.

Mrs. Louise B. Young, of Kendalville, Ind., is credited with having rediscovered the Wilson grave which is located in a cemetery along the Lincoln highway in Northern Indiana. Wilson, it is said, was born at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1778, and with his brother joined the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1804, accompanying it as far as North Dakota. The subsequent history of the Wilson brothers is given by the Indiana History Bulletin for March as follows:

"Later they returned to Troy-on-the-Hudson, New York, where Samuel secured employment with one Elbert Anderson, who owned and operated a general supply store. When war with Great Britain was declared in 1812, the Anderson store was converted into a government supply headquarters, with Anderson as commissary and Samuel Wilson as his superintendent. It was the duty of Samuel Wilson to examine and designate all packages for government use with the mark 'E. E.—U. S.' Wilson was known by his associates as 'Uncle Sam,' and one day when asked the meaning of these initials he answered by saying, 'For Elbert Anderson, the commissary and Uncle Sam, his superintendent, for he and the United States are all one. He represents the government, too.' Intended as a joke, the idea took hold, and the name, 'Uncle Sam,' since that time has become known to mean the United States the world over.

"Uncle Sam" Wilson died March 7, 1878, in Kosciusko county, Indiana, at the age of 100 years. His body was later removed to Merriam, Noble county, where it now lies with other members of his family."

# THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

## CORPORAL JAMES DWIGHT SNYDER DETACHMENT, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

By K. D. Dutcher

Here we are, ready to tell the world that the James Dwight Snyder Detachment is still up and at 'em. We have been silent for some time, but you know the old saying, "Still water runs deep."

Well, I must tell the rest of the bunch what a whale of a winter season our detachment has had, and is still having, here in Syracuse. On December 22 we held a dance at the Hotel Onondaga, and believe me it sure went over big. On January 9th our annual banquet and installation of officers was held at Urigs Restaurant. The following installations were made: Phillip J. Connell, commandant; Frank Jaroszewicz, senior vice-commandant; Merriall Pynn, junior vice-commandant; Andrew Hallenbeck, adjutant; Harold Breese, chief of staff; Wm. Dennis, judge-advocate; Chas. Thomas, chaplain, and Jacob Barth, paymaster.

After the feed, which was O. K., dancing was enjoyed by the fifty couples present. On January 20th a squad of Marines from our detachment attended the memorial services at St. John's Military Academy at Manlius, N. Y., in memory of Major Denig's (U. S. M. C.) son, C. A. E. Denig, whose untimely death occurred during his senior year at the military school. General Verbeck and Colonel Verbeck greeted our squad upon its arrival, and General Verbeck tendered a hearty invitation for us to review the cadet battalion on some later date.

The following men were present at the ceremony: Lt. Oliver D. Bernier, Marine Commandant P. J. Connell, Junior Vice-Commandant Pynn, Barth, Thomas, Hogle, Moul and Dutcher.

It is not our desire to brag about what we have done, or sound off about what we are going to do, but we must tell the truth. We have just moved to our new club rooms, and are now in the midst of settling house. Overstuffed furniture, comfortable and classy, is being bought, also a piano.

We are hoping for big things this year, and much credit must be given our pal, Marine Carl Case, in whose charge the promotion of all our functions has been placed.

Our next big event will be held on March 18th, which is to be a St. Patrick's dance held in the large ball room of the Hotel Onondaga. So far we have disposed of 500 tickets, and we hope to sell about 1500 more. Sounds big, I know, but we're sure going to put it over.

We ex-Leathernecks in Syracuse would like to hear from all the central New York State boys who are still "Carrying on" in the outfit, and we would be glad to meet any of them when they are home on furloughs. We meet every Wednesday night at 7:30 in our new club rooms, and we would welcome a visit from any of the boys who happen up this way.

## HARRY MARK COPPINGER DETACHMENT OF OKLAHOMA CITY

The following named members were elected as officers for 1929: Commandant, Robert C. Bradford; vice-commandant, Timothy J. Tellegan; junior vice-commandant, Charles W. Moore; adjutant, Fred H. Kelly; judge advocate, Granville E. Scanland; chief of staff, Roy H. Burton; sergeant-at-arms, David E. Ellison; Chaplain, Harold B. Stoll; and paymaster, Bonnie L. Briggs.

Mr. H. G. Metcalf, league representative from Washington, was with us for a few weeks and he put on a membership drive, and gave a ball January 3, 1929. The music furnished was reported to be the best in the city. There were several members present in their uniforms which made it appear a real Leatherneck affair; in fact, you should have heard them "batting them out" about different buddies, etc.

To date we have forty-two members and eleven on the pending list. Before this article reaches the editor, the National Paymaster will have our check for 1929 dues. Please notice that our judge-advocate is Mr. Granville E. Scanland (attorney), and we are now ready to face court procedure. Another very prominent member is Mr. Robert C. Graham, Oklahoma county representative in the legislature; he was a sergeant under our next Major General Commandant during the fighting at Belleau Woods.

We have what we call the "Out-of-work and Labor" committee in this detachment, and they placed and found work for three of its members in the last six weeks, one of these positions paying \$150.00 per month to start. Before the close of our meetings we always interrogate the members in regard to employment.

Sergeant Major Benjamin J. McFarland, who was retired June 30, 1926, paid us a visit this week. McFarland now lives in San Diego, and is in the real estate business; he looks to be in the best of health and is enjoying life. "Mack," as he is known, is a Marine of the old school, and I am sure several of the old timers will be glad to know of his whereabouts.

Our detachment was named in memory of Second Lieutenant Harry Mark Copping, U. S. M. C., who died in action in France. We were very fortunate in securing the following letter addressed to the lieutenant's brother, which was written by one of his own men who was with him the moment he was killed:

1509-10 Ave., So.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.,  
July 22, 1920.

Mr. Charles H. Copping,  
Globe Clothing Company,  
Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Dear Friend:

I read your notice published in the American Legion Magazine, desiring information as regards the death of Lieut. Harry M. Copping.

Lieutenant Copping was in charge, that was the final one, of a series of attacks on Hill 142 in Belleau Woods. A unit of the Seventh Infantry, U. S. Regu-

lars, had made an attempt to drive the Germans out on about June 20, 1918. On the night of June 23, 1918, the 20th Company alone attempted to take the hill, but was unsuccessful. The final and what proved to be the successful attempt was made about 5:00 p. m., on the day of June 25th. The Third Battalion, Fifth Regiment Marines, of which the 20th Company and 47th Company are a part, captured the hill.

It was a clear, beautiful, June day. Your brother, who had been with the 20th Company, was assigned to the 47th Company. This was due undoubtedly to the fact that the 47th Company was short of officers. His position was not altered much by this fact, as both companies went over the top side by side.

Hill 142, though not so very large, was strongly machine-gunned by the Germans. It was heavily wooded and also covered with underbrush. The top of the hill was imbedded at places, with a rock formation. The natural fortifications were used by the Germans to the utmost. The attack was unsuccessful. The casualties, however, were heavy. The 20th and 47th Companies, having gained their positions, intrenched immediately.

They had hardly begun this when word came down the line that one of the companies had not advanced fast enough, and that part of the hill to our left was held by the Germans. Measures were taken immediately to remedy this.

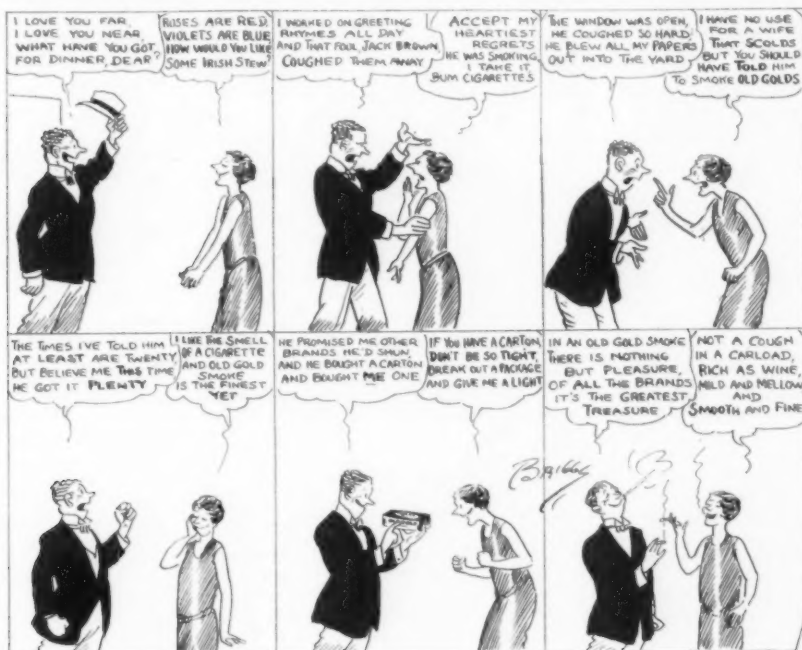
Lieutenant Copping was placed in charge of a platoon of men, taken from both the 47th and 20th Companies. There could not have been over forty men in this group. One thin skirmish line was formed, and the advance was taken up. As soon as the Germans got wind of us they opened up with a strong machine gun fire. Their fire was not very accurate, as our line was probably 500 yards from their position, and the trees and heavy underbrush hid us from their view. The line advanced until it was about 50 yards from the Germans. The stop was made along a narrow cow-path. All this time Lieutenant Copping was leading the advance, giving the commands when to halt and when to advance, and encouraging the men now and then. The machine gun fire was much heavier now, but as yet we could not see the German position.

It was while the line stopped on this line that the man on my right was wounded in the calf of the leg. The man on the right of him stopped the flow of blood by making a tourniquet out of the wounded lad's bayonet and legging. The Marine who had tended the wound then went to the rear for reinforcements.

Owing to the nature of the ground, one could not see a man on his right or left who was over fifteen feet away. At this moment Lieutenant Copping came down the line from the left. He was walking in the cow-path. When he arrived within six paces, he inquired in his usual firm, quiet manner, "What's the matter?" Before I had time to answer, I heard the whirr of something coming through the air. It had the same sound as the missile that had hit the lad in the

## Real Folks at Home (The Greeting Card Writer)

By BRIGGS



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

... not a cough in a carload



## Before You Sail, Write for Our Booklet "Banking-by-Mail"

You have already made up your mind to save a portion of your pay. The trouble is you have not started yet. Why put it off any longer? Our booklet—yours for the asking—makes it very simple, and, when your enlistment expires, what a great thing it will be to have a good, fat bank account ready for you!

*Write for it today.*

### THE WASHINGTON LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE  
F STREET AT NINTH

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WEST END OFFICE  
SEVENTEENTH STREET AT G

Resources over Nineteen Millions

calf of the leg. I dropped to the ground and lay there a few seconds. Your brother was killed instantly. The bullet or piece of grenade had struck him in the neck. The force of the blow had thrown him on his back. On his face there was not the slightest sign of pain. His death had been instantaneous, and his features were calm with just the touch of a smile upon them. The thought entered my mind immediately that it was a sniper that had shot him and wounded the lad. I scanned the bushes and trees directly in front of our position, but was unable to detect anything.

At this time three or four Marines came up the path from the right of the line. We began to prepare two stretchers from the boughs of trees. As we were doing this five Germans came out of the

woods in front of us, with arms upraised, shouting, "Kamerade." They were apparently unarmed, so we took them prisoners. However, they had no more than surrendered when the Germans began to stream out of the woods, offering themselves up as prisoners. At first we became very much alarmed, fearing they might overpower us by pure numbers.

Four more Marines had assembled on the spot, so there were eight Marines in charge of eighty-five prisoners. We marched them to the rear, carrying your brother and the wounded Marines on improvised stretchers.

That night the body of your brother lay on a stretcher in the front lines. The next morning Gunnery Sergeant Mack ordered me to take two men and bring the body to Battalion P. C., where a bet-

ter grave would be made. The Battalion P. C., at that time, was situated in Belleau Woods, a short distance behind Hill 142. Here amidst a group of trees the body of your brother was buried. There was no chaplain present at that time, but services have undoubtedly been held over his grave since.

The remains of all soldiers who died in Belleau Woods have been reinterred in the Belleau Wood Cemetery.

Lieutenant Coppinger was one of the finest officers I ever served under. He was loved and respected by all men of the company. His quiet, firm, fair and brave manner won the heart of every man. He was a man, clean through, even unto death.

Sincerely,  
(s) VICTOR E. JOHNSON.

must ask him to show them that little piece of poetry entitled, "The Mighty Murphy." It was written in a paper in China, and it beats "Casey at the Bat" a million ways. Here's a sample: "The stands resounded with cheers as the mighty Murphy went to bat." Hot, is no name.

Well, folks, I guess I had better sign off before I say too much. Hope you have less trouble reading this than I've had knocking it off.

#### HEADQUARTERS DOPE

By TaBob.

Well, we had a wonderful Mardi Gras Masquerade Ball in the beautiful Band Room at the Marine Barracks on February 12th. When we say beautiful we mean it, as, thanks to one "Patty" Doyle, it was beautifully decorated with flags from the U. S. S. "Mayflower" hanging from the balcony.

This was a first attempt of the A&I gang to stage a masquerade and it was certainly a success. We had a big crowd, limited by invitations, and the costumes worn indicated much thought, and perhaps expense, in some instances.

At intermission Mardi Gras novelties were dished out and it was not long before the floor of the hall looked like "Fifth Avenue when New York was welcoming Lindbergh."

Charlotte Bacot, the little Spanish Boy with the trick hat, was chairman of the affair, and when presented to the crowd as such, it seemed to be the consensus of opinion that "she had seen her duty and done it well." We offer her our congratulations.

A very competent and unbiased committee awarded the prizes for costumes; the committee consisted of Brigadier General Lane, Major Ostermann, Major Clarke, Arthur Glakeney and George H. Stiles. We tender them thanks for their capable assistance.

The prize for original costume, lady, was awarded to our own Margaret McGoldrick, who made a most charming "queen of hearts"; original costume for men went to Chas. Mackey, the hamburger man. His costume was a mighty good one.

The ladies' prize for comical costume was taken by a lady who looked far from comical when she raised her mask, but we regret we have not her name. Tom Atkinson copped the similar prize for men, largely, we think, because he had the strength of purpose as well as of physique to lug around a two-gallon crockery jug on his hip all evening.

Mrs. George Benson carried away the lucky number prize, a five-pound box of candy.

We are indebted to Major Fegan and to Mr. Barr of Barr brothers, jewelers, for our prizes, which were well worth winning.

Thanks also must be given to Colonel Backstrom, commanding officer of the barracks, who permitted us to use the hall and to Musician 1st class Wilken and his orchestra; we admit we did not think the boys could put out the wonderful jazz which they issued to us in generous gobs. Everybody was tickled pink with the music.

To return to Mr. Doyle, he was here, there and everywhere; without him the

committee could not have functioned as they did.

Bob O'Toole, who was the first one, although aided and abetted by "Kid Bacot" to think of the masquerade stunt, was missed very much by all. While we envy him his trip to the tropics just at this time, we also were sorry he could not share the delightful evening with us. Mrs. Bob was there, however, and pirouetted around in an attractive costume with a group of their friends.

Chris Bartley looked mighty cute in her costume and her partner looked familiar to us all; he was an ex-Marine, used to work at Headquarters; two guesses as to who he is.

Les Leer held down the door job until he got weary and did it in his usual efficient manner and during the last part of the evening had as much fun as the rest of the crowd.

How many recognized in that great big, handsome, he-man of the desert Landreville Ledoux; some sheik.

Bill Keller was even better looking than usual in his cute little mask, although it probably was a good substitute for a Turkish bath, we noticed that he ducked it as soon as he could.

The size of the crowd called for a double circle in the Paul Jones, which in turn called for leather lungs to educate the crowd; this in turn called for Bud Fisher who did the calling in jig shape and all was jake.

That little sailor boy in white uniform usually is known by the name of Ann McGoldrick, but she managed to keep her identity a secret very successfully.

Wee Winnie Winkle Brannon made such a useful looking nurse girl that a little first aid would have been a pleasure.

Valentino Ford did some classy hoofing with a partner who could match steps with him. As a tennis player he sure can dance.

Ed McCabe looked like Peck's Bad Boy; his costume was really funny and we don't see why the judges didn't give him another look. We were afraid, however, that he would take a deep breath in which case Patty Doyle would have been called upon to furnish a barrel in short order.

Jane Blakeney told a good story, yes, we believe it, about why Arthur and she didn't mask; well, keep those two outfits handy for another occasion, and you'll have our vote.

Sharpnack had a nifty make-up and could have qualified readily for a job as one of Captain Kidd's crew. He and Tom Atkinson made a mean looking pair.

Edith Brown finally picked out a costume to suit her and it sure did; as a genuine Sheba she looked 100 per cent.

Foley of the Pay Department was a real black-faced "gemmen" and looked like professional material for a minstrel show.

Elmer Barde was dolled up in his tux. and was busy everywhere helping to keep the ball rolling.

The novelty committee, Ledoux and Ann McGoldrick did their duty, as was evidenced by the ballroom floor within five minutes after they put out the confetti, serpentine, and other fun makers.

Wasn't Edna Bradley some sweet looking kid?

Lest we forget, and this is really headline news; Noble Wilson was present.

Charlie Browne had his family with him. He also demonstrated his usual preference for the waltz.

Every dance we have brings out Bob Finucane, and he looks younger all the time.

Of course, Mort Howell was there, and, of course, he looked handsome.

Mary Edenton had the time of her life and friend hubby who is an ex-Gyrene, made a handsome Spanish Don, or what have you.

What chance did Bud Fisher have to disguise himself?

We thought Irene Scott was merely a good bowler, but the muster roll for February bears a notation "dances A-One."

In concluding we extend the thanks of the chairman, Miss Bacot, and the entire committee, which actually and really was the personnel of the A&I Department, to all who helped put over an enjoyable affair.

To return to business of moment, TaBob reports a pleasurable duty performed; to the Mobile Marinette we tender the greeting of the season from "Most Bashful Bill McKelden," to whom was delivered the pretty valentine fresh from the Sunny South. We have his permission to send this greeting which may be an indication that his resistance is weakening. His address is room 3330, Navy Building.

Speaking of cigarettes, Chesterfields aren't good enough any more for Bill Ramberg. He prefers the Raleigh "Pill" now; the cigarette is so much more easily removed from the package; some people are particular.

Headquarters has three more ex-Marines now in the Civil Service class, Marcus Duffy, Samuel W. Ford and Guy C. Williams.

Which reminds us that Duffy is now entitled to the rank "Papa"; it weighed nine and one-half pounds, and he is a boy. After the recent snow storm Duffy and Howard thought they would play in the snow like they did in their kid days, all they each got for their efforts was a good case of sniffles.

As we write this Edith Brown is gallivanting around New York and we can assume she will have a swell time to report on her return.

Briggs is throwing out his chest these days for two reasons, first he shot a 339 set the other night which resulted in a stretching of his hat-band and now he bobs up with a new Ford. And can you beat it for hard luck, he only had it ten days when he got the tires all muddy.

Which reminds us that Sgt. Hermon Bell, U. S. M. C. R., is sporting a classy looking Whippet and has ambitions of easing by the Police Department and landing a permit. So far Charlie Browne has declined the privilege of becoming a passenger in the previously mentioned good looking boat. With 30 years of service behind him Charlie feels that one can't be too careful.

Bob O'Toole is with Colonel Creecy on an inspection trip of the tropical posts; we all hope the trip will be beneficial to the Colonel's health.

Notice Burns Goodwin's name on the roster of the "Henderson" coming back

from China. Reckon he can write his own laundry ticket now.

Chris Bartley has been ailing quite a bit lately; she comes in for a few days, is home for a while, and so on; can she be in love?

Freddy Moore is conducting hourly inspection trips, upon invitation only, to see his new Pontiac. He will explain in a highly scientific way just why the orange striping makes his car much more powerful than an Essex.

The Marine Corps Bowling League of Headquarters is having a very close and keen contest, there being but one game difference between each successive team in the league. Each week of bowling is apt to change the entire standings of the teams.

The Commandant team is handicapped during the absence of Bob O'Toole. However, they were successful in attaining first place last week and are giving the other teams plenty of opposition.

### MY EXPERIENCE IN NICARAGUA

By Robert Eubank

On May 17, 1927, the Eleventh Regiment arrived at Corinto from Haiti. The same day we proceeded to Leon, staying at the old university that night. The next day we were broken up, the first platoon of the Forty-sixth Company went to Quazaquaque. The second started for Esteli. I was in the first platoon, remaining at Quazaquaque. During the three weeks we stayed there we had three alarms of "Call to Arms!" Of course, we expected to be attacked, but never were.

I went from there back to Leon to do M. P. duty. I stayed in Leon until July 19, and was then transferred to Nagarote, a little town outside Leon, near the railroad. I did guard duty there, which didn't amount to much. Any time we wanted to go to Lake Managua we could get a horse and ride over. I remained in Nagarote two months and was then transferred to La Paz Centro, duty there being the same. On November 28, four hundred more Marines came to Leon from the States. Men who had seen some time in the Corps were needed in the hills, so I was sent from La Paz Centro to Managua.

I stayed in Managua for six days. While there, Captain Livingston was picking out a company to take to El Chipote, in Nueva Segovia. I was one of the men picked, so on the 5th of December our convoy left for Matagalpa, arriving the same day. We stayed in Matagalpa fourteen days, picking up more men and getting used to the machine guns, automatic rifles, 37-millimeter guns, and one Stokes Mortar. I was on the Stokes Mortar squad. There were only seven men on the crew, and we had a hard job taking care of the gun with so few.

We had to get mules and draw aparejos on which to carry the weapons; also for the transportation of food and clothing. The captain issued orders that we would have two rolls, one of clothing and the other a night roll. We were all set to go, so on December 19, we left for Jinotega, arriving there the twenty-first. Here we picked up more men and two officers. The next day we started for Nueva Segovia, or El Chipote and Sandino. It was in the rainy season,

the going was slow, and we encountered much mud. We rested one night at Pasa Real, about six miles outside of Jinotega.

We didn't have much trouble until we hit Guali Pass on the night before Christmas. I will never forget that Christmas. It was nothing but a mountain of mud, and it took us three days to get over it. I lost one of my rolls there, but I wasn't the only one; about sixty rolls were lost, and food, too.

We hadn't been hit, as yet, so two days later we started for El Chipote. The trails were a little better and we didn't have any trouble for a week.

On December 30, our column was suddenly hit by the Sandinistas. Five Marines were killed, one Guardia Nacional, and one civilian. We were in sight of Quilali when we were attacked. We returned the fire, but don't know how many bandits were killed; the brush was so thick we couldn't see them. After the battle was over, we looked around but couldn't find any. We did discover some hats with red handkerchiefs on them, and some blood near barricades against the trees, but that was all. Our captain was among our wounded.

After the battle, two planes flew about and bombed the vicinity. We cut out panels and signaled that we needed help for the wounded. The planes answered, and shoved off. We then proceeded to Quilali and barricaded the town.

(To be continued)

### MUELLE DE LOS BUEYS, NIC.

By Rickerson, O'Conner and Smith.

We are just a handful of Marines in the hills of Nicaragua who want to have an outpost in "The Leatherneck." We are located on the banks of the Mico River, surrounded by jungle everywhere.

Lieutenant M. S. Crawford is in command of Sgt. Pat Connelly, Corporal Booth, and sixteen privates. Believe me, we are all tropical. At the present time the lieutenant and all but three of the boys are out chasing bandits, and what I mean, they're hot on their heels. The first patrol that went out has been gone fourteen days or more, and the last went out February 1.

Lots of Gyrenes have the idea that it's easy to soldier down here in Nicaragua, but it's not, let me tell you! When you go out on the trail of bandits you've got a job on your hands; but you have to go out after them to get any kick out of this country. The men start out with one change of clothing and rations for two meals a day. They wade through mud up to their knees and water to the neck, sometimes being compelled to swim. The halt at night is usually made beside some stream. Then the men take a bath, change clothing, and drop down to sleep. Next morning at 5 o'clock they breakfast on either "corn Willie" or sardines, and perhaps coffee, and take the trail again.

The last patrol went out on horseback, and we had quite a time getting them started off. Boy, it was good to see some of them. No wonder they write funny songs about "The Horse Marines." Some of them had never been "mounted" before, and a great many of them had no idea as to the way a saddle was supposed to go on. You should have seen Doc Bronson when he swung up on his noble

steed. The animal was rigged up like a circus pony, only Doc wasn't such a good rider. Dupont, our cook, picked out his horse and I helped him saddle up. Of course, he had his spurs on upside down, but you have to expect that from a cook. He sat up there as if he were driving a 1928 Ford. It sure was good. Private Sisk looked like some big league catcher doing Nicaragua on a sight-seeing trip. Sergeant Connelly pulled off some of his drug store cowboy stuff. They got away with it all right, but, after all, there's only one Paul Revere. They've been gone two days now, and we wish them all the luck.

### SERGEANT THOMAS E. D. NICKLE DIES IN PLANE CRASH

Sgt. Thomas E. D. Nickle, U. S. M. C., was instantly killed at 3:20 p. m., February 11, 1929, in an airplane crash near Santee, California. He was buried with military honors in the Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C., February 19.

Sergeant Nickle maintained an excellent record throughout his active service of more than four years in the Marine Corps. His interest centered in aeronautics and he first qualified as an expert parachute rigger and jumper. This attainment, however, did not satisfy his ambition and it was only natural that he pursued a course in the fundamentals of piloting airplanes. He was appointed a naval aviation pilot on November 8, 1928.

During Sergeant Nickle's first enlistment in the Marine Corps he was highly recommended by his superior officers as excellent material for the class of candidates for commission, but due to his youthfulness his designation to attend this class could not be approved.

Sergeant Nickle first enlisted in the Corps on August 26, 1922, and was discharged August 25, 1925. He re-enlisted on July 5, 1927, for a period of four years. He was born in Madoc, Ontario, Canada, March 13, 1905, where his parents still reside.

### FROM THE LOST BATTALION

By David E. Fromest

Mastawas is only a small post, but we have some very interesting characters. We expect to be here for some time yet, so I think it would be a good idea to give the "outside" some inside dope on said characters, rubber socks and what nots.

Mastawas consists of one native shack, situated about sixty miles from Bocay, on the Coco River. It is the stop-over station for boats going to and from Poteca. It is also a hotel.

Our host, Sergeant J. C. Stafford, is always on hand to welcome all incoming guests. He makes it a point to see that they are made perfectly comfortable; there is nothing the sergeant won't do for his guests. He even goes so far as to put out corn bill or salmon. Such hospitality should be deserved.

Then we have W. A. Wingard, PhM. 3c. (or is it second class?) Doc is trying to establish his correct rate. That man has an argument complex. He feels it his duty to dissect every statement made by we lesser mortals and find its salient points or qualities (if any). It usually comes down to the well-worn statement,

"You can't prove it." And we let it go at that. Doc is still looking for his relief. He has written to his congressman asking for a transfer, and he has applied numerous times for a furlough. Too bad Doc has no drag, for he is a real nice fellow and knows his stuff.

Among other things we have a Pfc. by the name of Harry Hammever. He is a real source of knowledge. Harry knows all the ins and outs of the Marine personnel, fore and aft. In fact, there isn't anything that he can't tell you about Philly and Parris Island—he has all the dope at his finger tips.

Next is our cook, Sylvester Hoover. Besides being able to boil coffee and open cans, he can do other things, such as mix fruit salad, bake hardtacks (he calls them biscuits), and heat corn bill.

Our messman, "Chelsea Kid" Krasce, still hopes his dad doesn't find out that he is drawing five dollars extra. Anyway we have hot water for our mess gear whenever the sun shines. And, together with his other proficiencies, we manage to get along.

Then we have Myron B. Muller, ex-corporal. He has long since given up hope of being surveyed to Port. He tries to convince "Frenchy" Lahombard that he is not a rubber sock, but it looks hopeless. Frenchy says that Boston to Nicaragua via the "Cleveland" does not constitute a tropical cruise. Muller still has the rubber sock hanging on his bunk.

And on our right we have C. Maye, who still harps on his extended trip over the mule trail. On our left is D. R. "Cruiser" Brantley. For reasons best known to himself he is our working factor. He works so hard in his dreams that he wakes up tired.

Then there is O. R. "Red" Edwards, the Kansas Cyclone, and a budding poet. Also J. J. "Bull" Andrews, the champion acey-ducey player this side of Pilgrim Rock.

There is only yours truly left to account for, but, suffice to say, that is inconsequential.

### WHAT PRICE PACIFISM?

(Continued from page 11)

protectors, both civilian and military at one and the same time—of a nation which ever will need adequate protection and sane administration. Furthermore, in training men to be well-disciplined and healthy, your instructor of reservists is fulfilling another excellent mission, that of increasing the respect for law and order and the natural laws of health, which this nation needs to stress.

This is a nation of extremes. The sloganer can run the Government if his slogans happen to catch public fancy. That is why both pacifist and militarist (and the latter are fortunately in the minority, although both are dangerous types) have the chance to obtain such support as they do in this country. Add to their activities, the quiet and highly efficient machinations of radical workers, and there are thousands of them, and there confronts this nation a situation which must be corrected, but which cannot be corrected by loud and hysterical shouts or movements. Correction given

quietly is most effective—and eliminates the opportunity for "martyrdom" which such agitators seek to aid their own cause.

Thus the commanding officers of reserve units should—and doubtless do—consider the urgent necessity of thorough instruction in general principles of good governmental support. Drills, instruction in arms, combat and all of the regular routine, are of vital importance, but the intelligent officer who can supplement such routine instruction with frequent and enlightening reasons for service will get much farther in a practical way. Men should be told why they are Marines, why they serve, and why they are being trained. Otherwise we lay ourselves open to the half-true charge of the professional pacifist and reformer, of being "war-makers." If those of us who have known war intimately simply and quietly tell our younger men exactly what war is, they will be imbued with the practical desire to avoid subsequent conflicts, and by preparing themselves to do service in a practical manner, effectively announce to the world and the nation that while we are ready, we do not seek conflict.

The fact that reservists retain civilian status is an advantage of no small importance. There are certain limitations placed upon the regular officer and man, in the matter of his participation in political or governmental affairs. We of the reserve can provide the proper civilian support to those constructive legislators who are broad enough in vision to insist upon their conferees the necessity of adequate protection and proper legislation for our service men and officers. We are not so strongly restricted as the man whose whole life is wrapped up in military service—and we can view questions of national importance through the double-visioned glasses of soldier and civilian. That is another, and an equally important duty of a reservist.

The reservist of the Corps is usually a man of some standing in his community or profession. His word carries some weight, coupled with the traditions of his Corps. He can and should be an agent of protection, a sane one, however, for the nation. By this I do not mean that he should be an outspoken, ill-advised propagandist, an unbearable bore to his social associates—but I do mean that our reservist should undertake his reserve service with a thorough and complete understanding of the responsibilities attached thereto. Unfortunately a few officers and men regard the service in the Reserve as a "hobby," as a means of recreation, subjugated to anything which may take their fancy. They bring to the Corps and its reserve only a superficial desire to trade upon the achievements of other men who soldiered with the outfit, rather than a desire to so serve as to perpetuate the traditions and distinguished record of the Corps and its men. A summer vacation at Quantico, the wearing of a uniform, and the incidental prestige of being a Marine, often constitute the complete amount of understanding and responsibility that these men bring to the reserve. Fortunately they are in the decided minority.

Nor is the ill-advised reservist who subjugates his civilian duties to mere routine service in reserve any better citi-

zen. There are domestic and civilian obligations which must of necessity frequently take precedence over more military service. That is a part of good citizenship, and the reservist must learn to distinguish between the two, and give the proper valuation to service, either military or civilian. But no enlisted man nor officer in the reserve ever will lose anything by assimilating the principles of good discipline, service and healthy physical development offered by the reserve. The reserve and the Corps owe us nothing—we owe them both undying allegiance and gratitude for the opportunity given us, for the placing of "special trust and confidence in the Patriotism, Valor, Fidelity and Abilities" of each of us as set forth by the Government upon our commission.

This article is no attempt at preaching—it is merely the setting forth of the personal opinions, beliefs and ideas of one who has tried to serve the Corps both as a regular and reservist. They are written that some officer or man of the reserve may find some new or additional inspiration in his service—that he may get a new angle upon this question of "pacifism and war makers" which frequently crops out in circles of discussion. In such cases every true Marine should be able to state just why he serves—just why he is a Marine, and just why he is a practical pacifist eager to protect for all time the health, safety and prosperity of his own great nation. He should make it plain that we do not look with suspicion upon other nations—we do not look covetously upon their territorial possessions, but that we do insist upon a sane administration of our own nation, and the proper protection without which we are merely a golden temple upon the brink of a crumbling precipice.

One of the men whom some call a statesman, and now deceased, made one of the most immortally ridiculous statements ever written into our history when he claimed there was no need for military training and preparedness because if war were to come in the morning "a million men would be under arms by nightfall." Only a half-truth and proved by the recent war more dangerous than an outright lie—for a million men who are not equipped, trained, or disciplined, would constitute merely a rabble to be routed at the first thrust of the trained enemy. We did have the "million men under arms by nightfall" only to find we had to house, feed, train and discipline them before we were able to ship them to France. And while that was being done, men were dying in France because they came so slowly. There would have been fewer graves in France had that statesman been a Rooseveltian and insisted upon preparedness at the proper time.

Let the reserve officer and enlisted man think over a few of these random and possibly ill-expressed thoughts and beliefs—then let your parlor-pacifist beware! The immortal slogan of "Carry on!" placed no limitation on the length of time of such "carrying on." Can we who follow in the footsteps of the heroic dead and equally heroic veterans who live, can we say how long we shall "Carry on!" Or shall we all simply and with understanding and faith do just what those heroic dead charged us to do—"Carry on!"

# Here and There

BY  
Jeff Daniels,  
Sports Editor

A Navy publication takes issue with this column's statement that for the President's Cup game the Navy had 50,000 bluejackets to pick from, and to prove us in error declares that the members of the Navy team came from:

Scouting Fleet Destroyers..... 3  
Train Scouting Fleet ..... 3  
Control Force ..... 1  
Scouting Fleet Battleships ..... 4  
Special Service Squadron ..... 1

That's only twelve men, about half an average football squad, but even at that it seems fairly representative of the Navy. Five different units are represented, admittedly a small proportion. However, the impression this column meant to convey was that 50,000 bluejackets were available if called upon. That they were not does not change the condition.

We Leathernecks have a very vivid memory of a two-legged tornado named Mr. Hamilton, and we venture to guess that if he and some of his teammates, especially one musician who should have had a concert engagement on the day of the game, should be at the other end of the world, and in any one of the Navy's various branches next season they will be promptly recalled for duty on the gridiron. And, rightly so. Fifty thousand it is and I (we) refuse to budge. (The circulation department extends proper thanks to the writer who questioned our statement. Says he, nothing like a good polemic set-to in boosting sales.)

Major J. C. Fegan, Athletic Officer, U. S. Marine Corps, has been selected as a member of the tournament committee for the N. A. A. F. Basketball championship, which will be held in Richmond, Va., early in March. The Quantico Marine cage team will represent the Corps in the tournament.

# SPORTS

## BASEBALL CANDIDATES CALLED

General assembly has been sounded for baseball candidates and approximately forty hopefuls will be on hand for the opening talk by Head Coach Tom Keady at Hampton Roads, Va., March 4th. The prospects this spring come from all over the world, making the Corps diamond team a truly representative one which will travel thousands of miles from the well-known four corners.

All roads lead to Hampton Roads, players coming from China (Tientsin, Peking, etc.), Virgin Islands, San Diego, recruiting stations, Haiti, Charleston, Quantico, New Orleans, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Parris Island, Pearl Harbor and Nicaragua. Some ambitious statistician might figure up the number of miles and find the total to be several trips around the world.

Assisting Head Coach Keady this season will be none other than Lieutenant "Zeke" Baily, who is officially booked as team manager. "Zeke" is one of the best backstops the Marine Corps ever placed behind the bat, and he would probably as soon play again this season, but "rules is rules" and he has played his allotted time. Eddie Derr, now a veteran baseballer in the Corps, will probably head the list of catchers.

Many new faces will be seen when the team gathers at the Roads, where the regular special mess and training quarters have been arranged for by Major J. C. Fegan, Athletic Officer of the Marine Corps. They come from far and near, some with experience in Corps baseball, some to play their first season.

Complete list of candidates and results of last season's games will be found on page 45.

### SCHEDULE FOR 1929

#### MARCH

- 24 DREXEL INSTITUTE.
- NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.
- 30 NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

#### APRIL

- 1 UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
- 2 UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
- 4 CORNELL UNIVERSITY
- 8 HOLY CROSS COLLEGE
- 10 HARVARD UNIVERSITY
- 13 JUNIATA COLLEGE
- 15 CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY
- 16 ST. BONAVENTURE COL.
- 17 ST. BONAVENTURE COL.
- 20 CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY  
(at Washington, D. C.)
- 29 WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

#### MAY

- 2 MANHATTAN COLLEGE
- 3 MANHATTAN COLLEGE
- 7 TEMPLE UNIVERSITY
- 8 TEMPLE UNIVERSITY
- 10 W. VA. UNIVERSITY
- 11 W. VA. UNIVERSITY
- 14 VA. MILITARY INST.
- 17 WASHINGTON COLLEGE
- 18 WASHINGTON COLLEGE
- 25 UNIVERSITY OF N. H.  
(at Durham, N. H.)
- 28 DARTMOUTH COLLEGE  
(at Hanover, N. H.)

The Marine Corps Baseball Team's home base for 1929 is Quantico, Virginia, and all games listed above except those specified for other places, will be played in Quantico.

Jesse L. Kidd is one of the outstanding veterans who will again hurl for the Leathernecks, after training with San Diego during the "short" season. Kidd's baseball record is a long and outstanding one. He was Parris Island's big bet for several seasons, has bolstered the hopes of several smaller posts, and played with the Corps championship teams.

Among other veterans to return are Bill Scarlett, another outstanding moundsman; Jimmy Levey, who needs no introduction whatsoever; Bishop, also well known; and, ghosts of the past, Sanford N. "Cy" Young, the old master himself in person. The latter has been browsing in the sun at Pearl Harbor for the last couple of years, where "Swede" Larson holds court, and should be in condition to take over almost any position from

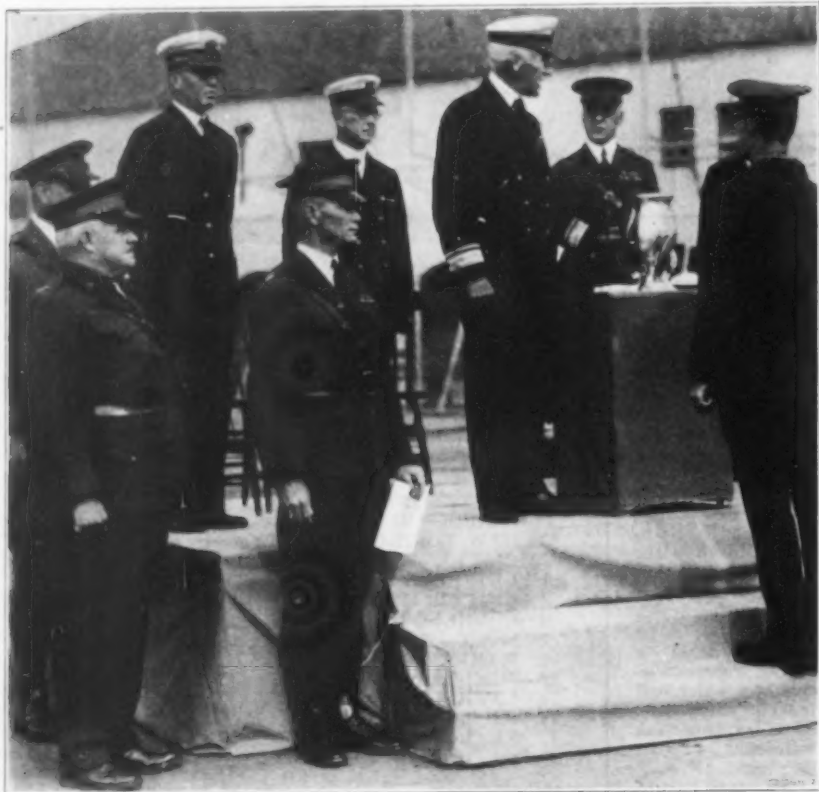
mound to outfield. Many first cruise veterans will remember him as the hard-boiled bayonet and boxing instructor at Parris Island in '25.

Two outstanding football men are coming out this year also. Lieut. David F. "Peggy" O'Neil will be found in the vicinity of second base, and has been elected captain. Raymond F. "Bobby" Kotko, another of those athletes who may be passed without an introduction, has been spending the interim in Brooklyn. He will try to make the grade at shortstop.

After the weeding and training period at the Roads, the successful candidates will entrain for Quantico on March 22,

(Continued on page 45)

# SAN DIEGO WINS DISTRICT TITLE



## JOHN BLEWETT'S MARINES WIN COVETED SILVER CUP

Quintette Wins Nine Out of Ten in the Tournament for Honors in Eleventh Naval District; Score 342 Points.

## JESSE BREWER LEADS SCORERS

Athletic Officer and Coach Had Many Obstacles to Overcome at Beginning of Season But Came Through on Top; Stephens Stars.

By Anthony

With the approach of the 1929 basketball season at San Diego it was revealed that all of last season's players had been transferred or discharged, with but one exception. That exception was Corporal Donnelly, a guard. The problem that confronted Captain Nicholas, base athletic officer, and Coach Johnny Blewett was to find a quintet upon which to pin hopes of successfully defending our hard won 1928 championship. The ability of the prospective candidates that were paraded in front of Blewett did not impress him very favorably, and the outlook was anything but encouraging. But, one morning when things looked blacker than black the good transport "Henderson" arrived in San Diego bringing a bunch of North China League veterans, along with a lot of other Marines. With the arrival of these old timers the task of putting a winning team in the race looked brighter. After a few weeks of hard practice Coach Blewett was able to pick out a combination that looked good enough to represent the Marine Base.

In the first round, which comprised five games, the Marines came through undefeated. In the second round against the Naval Air and Destroyer Base quintets the Marines made it six and seven straight. In these games the entire team saw action and the substitutes showed up so well that the men in the first string were never sure of their berths.

The first important game in deciding the championship was against the much improved Naval Hospital quintet. This team was ably coached by Morris Gross who led us to our last year's championship, and it was the team that provided us with the best competition of the entire series. The game was packed with thrills and kept the fans on their feet



| FINAL STANDINGS    |   |    |      |
|--------------------|---|----|------|
| TEAM               | W | L  | Pct. |
| MARINES            | 9 | 1  | .900 |
| NAVAL TRAINING ST. | 8 | 2  | .800 |
| NAVAL HOSPITAL     | 6 | 4  | .600 |
| MARINE AVIATION    | 4 | 6  | .400 |
| NAVAL AIR          | 3 | 7  | .300 |
| DESTROYER BASE     | 0 | 10 | .000 |

### RESULTS

| First Round |    |                    |    |
|-------------|----|--------------------|----|
| Marines     | 28 | Naval Air Station  | 26 |
| Marines     | 51 | Destroyer Base     | 6  |
| Marines     | 30 | Naval Hospital     | 21 |
| Marines     | 33 | Marine Aviation    | 23 |
| Marines     | 26 | Naval Training St. | 19 |

| Second Round |    |                    |    |
|--------------|----|--------------------|----|
| Marines      | 32 | Naval Air Station  | 20 |
| Marines      | 48 | Destroyer Base     | 19 |
| Marines      | 38 | Naval Hospital     | 34 |
| Marines      | 33 | Marine Aviation    | 12 |
| Marines      | 23 | Naval Training St. | 26 |

| Total Scores |     |           |     |
|--------------|-----|-----------|-----|
| Marines      | 342 | Opponents | 216 |

| Individual Scoring |  |  |     |
|--------------------|--|--|-----|
| BREWER             |  |  | 106 |
| STEPHENS           |  |  | 67  |
| TREES              |  |  | 58  |
| DONNELLY           |  |  | 28  |
| PHILLIPS           |  |  | 25  |
| JACKSON            |  |  | 20  |
| LEWIS, M.          |  |  | 10  |
| PEARSON            |  |  | 7   |
| LEWIS, G. C.       |  |  | 7   |
| HAMM               |  |  | 6   |
| BOTHFUR            |  |  | 5   |
| CROSS              |  |  | 2   |
| LUDTKE             |  |  | 1   |

THE PICTURES—Above: Admiral A. H. Robertson, U. S. N., Commandant of the Eleventh Naval District, presents the silver trophy to Corp. Jack Donnelly, captain of the victorious cagemen. General Williams is seen just behind the cup, while Colonel Lay and Capt. Nicholas, athletic officer, are in the foreground. Below: Brigadier General Dion Williams, Commanding General of the U. S. Marine Base, extends his congratulations to Head Coach Johnny Blewett, the Marines' mentor in football and basketball.

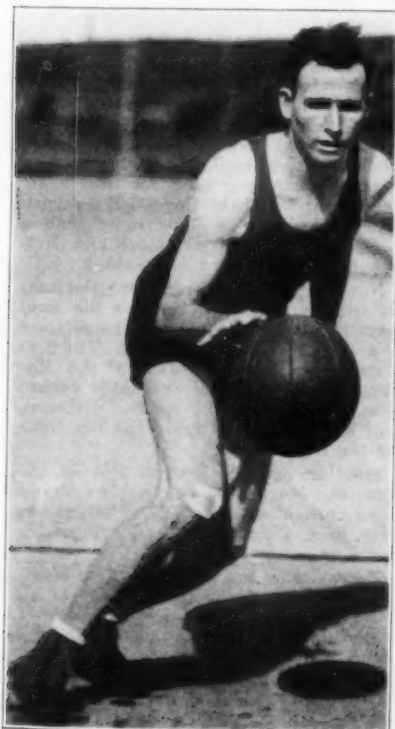


from start to finish. At the end of the first half the score was 19 to 19. The second half was neck and neck all the way until there was only two minutes left when the "pill-rollers" came through with a goal that put them two points ahead. But, Corporal Trees, forward, tied it again with a sizzling field goal making the count 32 all. In the extra five minutes the Hospitalmen were the first to score with another field goal, but

**THE WINNAHS** (left to right): Stephens, Phillips, Lewis, Donnelly (Capt.), Dailey, Trees, Ludtke, Pearson, Brewer, Bothfur, Jackson.

**BELOW: THE HIGH SCORER**—Jesse Brewer scored 106 points, being high man in the whole district.

**AT RIGHT**—Stephens is not reaching for the moon. He's the elongated center who usually got the tip-off in San Diego's great games. He was "above" everybody, and placed second in the scoring with 67 points.



again Trees sunk another basket, and with only a minute to go the same Trees made two perfect free throws which put the Marines in the lead 36 to 34. When the game ended the Marines enjoyed a 4-point lead, making the final score 38 to 34. The court at the Army and Navy "Y" in San Diego was filled with excited rooters. Close to 300 Marines were on hand to cheer their team to a well-earned victory.

The next game was with the Marine Aviators from North Island, and while they furnished us with plenty of competition, they were hardly a match for our efficiently working machine. This victory gave us nine straight games, and also the 11th Naval District championship.

In the final game against the Naval Training Station we had a chance to taste our first defeat of the season. However, the game was not a "walk-away" as the final score was 26 to 23, and the winning points were made after two of our best men had been taken out via the personal foul route. This defeat did not alter in any way our position with regards to the District title, but it did prevent us from making it ten straight, and setting a 11th Naval District Basketball League record.

(Continued on page 45)

WHEW!



# LEAGUE ISLAND MARINES SEEK DISTRICT LAURELS

Third Consecutive Championship  
Within Grasp of Philadelphians;  
Lt. "Peggy" O'Neil, Crack Back  
of 1928 Football and Captain-  
elect of 1929 Baseball, is  
Coach of Leaders

## CAPTAIN JACKSON IN CHARGE

Anacostians Fly to Philly For Games,  
But Lose, 23-20; Veterans McBee  
and Wells Making Record in City  
of Brotherly Love.

With its third straight championship almost within reach the Marine Barracks basketball team at Philadelphia seemed likely to win topmost honors in the 4th Naval District League when the team was well advanced in its February schedule. The sea soldiers from the Marine Barracks have won the league championship for the last two years, and should they land on top this year the league basketball trophy will be retained by them permanently.

Early in February the Marine quintette had won ten games and lost only one, while playing teams from the Receiving Ship, the U. S. S. "Oklahoma," U. S. S. "Annapolis" and Recreation center. The Receiving Ship team was the only league team to score a victory over them.

The team completed the first part of its schedule with six straight wins. Their closest rival during the last half of the schedule was the U. S. S. "Oklahoma," but the Marines looked like probable winners at the close of the season.

In addition to their regular league contests, the team has been meeting all comers in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and early in February had played a total of 36 games, winning 32. A team from the Naval Air Station, Anacostia, came by airplane to meet the Philadelphians, January 26, but the air visitors lost the game, 23-20.

The team is coached by Lt. D. F. O'Neil, who played in the backfield with the Marine football team last fall. J. R. McBee, captain and forward, is a veteran of last year's team, and A. J. Wells was also with the 1927-28 quintette. Headed by these two veterans the team is making a noteworthy record in the City of Brotherly Love.

Captain Gilder D. Jackson is athletic officer at the League Island Barracks, and he has managed to book several games for his players outside the league. Altogether, it looks as though the Quaker City Marines could hold their own with any outfit playing the cage pastime.

From: Comndt. 16th.  
action to: marcorps

8611. For Athletic Officer Cavite Marines. Won two of ten Army-Navy championship boxing bouts, Manila, on seventh. Marine Barracks only unit Army-Navy to win more than one title. Winners, Hiram W. Lewman, Portsmouth, Ohio, light heavyweight, and Arnold M. Lombard, Sonoma, California, featherweight. Co. Mar. Bks., 1055.



LEAGUE ISLANDERS—Front row (left to right): Ames, guard; Yeager, center; McBee, captain and forward; Dean, forward; Hoskins, guard. Rear: Lt. D. F. O'Neil, coach; Winstead, guard; Wells, center; Baker, forward; Pierce, guard; Thomas, forward; Captain G. Jackson, athletic officer. Jiggs II is shown in center.

## PARRIS ISLAND MARINES HAVE 20 STRAIGHT WINS

Southerners Have Not Lost One  
Game This Season; Grissom,  
Levi, Lock and Bishop Run  
Wild Against Soldiers

### COACH DONNELLY'S "BIG PARADE"

Now On the Road Meeting Colleges,  
Schools and Service Teams in the  
Southeast; Team May Establish  
Record.

The Parris Island "Big Parade" continued to take the opposition into camp by laying down a heavy barrage against the Fort Bragg soldiers. Two games were played, the Devil Dogs winning by scores of 74-33 and 57-36. In the first game, Grissom, Levi, Lock and Bishop all ran wild, the latter being high scorer of the evening. The second game was practically a repetition of the first with Levi and Lock accounting for 39 points between them. Levi and Lock resemble a well oiled piece of machinery when in action and can always be depended upon for plenty of points.

The Fort Moultrie soldiers were the next victims of Coach Donnelly's squad and both games were won by overwhelming scores, 91-25 and 93-45. Again Bishop led in hitting the cords accounting for 27 points in the first game with Grissom and Lock close seconds. In the second game Coach Donnelly let the entire squad play, and Grissom, Lock and Levi hit the meshes consistently from all corners of the court.

Playing the fast Presbyterian College five in the thirteenth game of the season, the "Big Parade" emerged with a clean slate by the close score of 37-32. Both teams played fast ball and close guarding held the score to 6-4 in the Marines' favor with twelve minutes of

the first half gone. The pace was too fast and both fives settled down to cool and deliberate basketball for the balance of the half. With "Silent" Grissom, Lock and Peters making clever one-hand stabs, the Devil Dogs were in the lead at half time by the score of 19-15. The opening of the second half saw Coach Donnelly's Big Parade stretch the lead to 14 points, but the Collegians, by taking long shots, quickly dropped four twin pointers through the meshes to reduce the lead to six points. The pace was getting faster as the battle drew to a close and as the gun went off the Marines were leading by five points.

Continuing their winning streak, the Big Parade trounced the fast little Richmond Academy team both games by the scores of 24-12 and 41-18. Close guarding kept the score down in the first game but the Devil Dogs by fast pass work and clever cutting for the basket clearly outplayed the Cadets. The second game proved to be little more than a workout for the Marines, Lock and Grissom hitting the cords consistently.

Newberry College, presenting the fastest college five to be seen on the local court this season, played the home team to a standstill in both games. The first game ended 56-51 in favor of the Marines and the second was also tucked away to the tune of 40-29. Grissom, Levi and Lock were again the Big Guns for the Big Parade.

Starting out on the first tour of the year, the Marines trounced Fort Bragg two games, 53-42 and 29-27. Both games were hard fought, the lead continually changing.

Traveling on to Charleston, Fort Moultrie was taken in by the score of 41-24. Gorman and Carrington laid down a heavy line of fire on the meshes and accounted for 28 points between them.

The Big Parade has now won 20 consecutive victories and are yet to taste defeat. This is undoubtedly an all-service record.

## "Here and There"

(Continued)

We note that officials of one of the big leagues are contemplating an "important innovation" in the way of baseball uniforms, specifically, numerals on the back of shirts to enable spectators to determine more readily players on the field. Modestly, we admit that the Marine Corps adopted this welcomed help to the fan two years ago. Like the gridmen, our baseball players have been numbered for the past two seasons. "First to Fight" means more than first to "fight"; wait'll you see the new football gear for 1929.

The quickness with which Marine sport fans notice and report errors in other publications is amazing. One reader sends a copy of the ship's paper, "U. S. S. Utah," and underlines a sentence, "The Scouting Fleet Team in 1925, under Admiral McCully, beat the Marines in the Yankee Stadium to the score of 6-0." His query: "Is this not an error?" is answered readily in the affirmative, for on November 11th, 1925, the Marine Corps team played the Scouting Fleet at Hampton Roads, Va., and won the game 44-0. Geottge was the star.

At Campo De Marte, Managua, Nicaragua, "Pvt. Pete" Petterson, welterweight of the Scouting Fleet Marine Regiment, won the welterweight championship of the 2nd Brigade of Marines by defeating Pvt. Pinnion of the 8th Machine Gun Co., 5th Regt. "Pvt. Pete" is a member of the Marine Guards, U. S. S. "Arkansas."

At Vallejo, Calif., two Leathernecks are in the race for honors to be won in the 133 and 140-pound class. Contests are being held under the supervision of the Pacific Coast Amateur Athletic Union. These two boys are the winners of many cups and medals. Marine Ed. Hooper of Mare Island won the decision from Ignacio Del Gado of the Imperial Athletic Club. Marine Rabbe of Mare Island won from Lou Rodgers of the Park Athletic Club. Next bouts are to be held at San Francisco; the winners to meet the best boys in their class of the northwest country, Seattle, Wash.

Billy Vidabeck, New Jersey's light-heavyweight, former Marine and sparring partner for Gene Tunney, has hung up the gloves and gone into business. The former Marine lost a close decision lately to Jimmy Slattery in Jimmy's home town, Buffalo, N. Y.

Albert Nelson, middleweight and formerly of the 10th Regiment, Marine Artillery, is now at Mare Island also. Nelson fought soldiers, sailors, and Marines of various nations while stationed in China, and should be classed as middleweight champ of the 3rd Brigade, U. S. Marines. He won the decision from Groggy Pollack by a wide margin at Tientsin. Nelson's "artillery" pounded too hard and fast for the lanky infantry man from the famous 6th Regiment.

## BASEBALL—IN NICARAGUA

### CHINANDEGA AND MARINES TIE IN NINE INNINGS

Before a crowd of five hundred shouting natives and Marines the Chinandega and Marine baseball clubs played nine innings of exciting baseball with the game ending nine all. The Marines wanted to play until the tie was broken but the natives didn't care for mas, therefore the "Leathernecks" annexed another game to their column of wins. It is not known if this be a custom in Nicaragua to not play off tie scores or whether it was the bet of three cases of Cerveza that kept the natives from finishing the setto. The Chinandega club is said to have the champion aggregation of Nicaragua and from the way they performed Sunday it looks like they are at least formidable contenders for that title.

The game started with the Leathernecks scoring three runs in the first inning, then in the second frame Chinandega scored one and again in the third they put three more across the platter, then the homefolks started seeking for bets and a few of the loyal Marines called them. In the fifth the Chinandegans chalked another up making the score read Marines three, Chinandega five. But to the natives' sorrow the Marines scored two in the sixth when Lesch poled out a two-bagger with two on, tying the score; from that point on both teams went begging. Henry again performed in a most creditable manner, whiffing fourteen of the fence-busting Nicaraguans. Martinez, pitching for Chinandega, showed that he possessed plenty of speed and stuff on the ball. Lesch brought the fans to their feet when he robbed Castillo of a triple; in doing so he made one of those catches that you seldom see in the major leagues.

Cowboy Moore, heavyweight boxer (224 lbs.), is now at Marine Barracks, Mare Island. The cowboy just returned from China, and will soon be seen in the rings around San Francisco and the bay towns.

Nelson, middleweight, stationed at Marine Barracks, Mare Island, lost a hard-fought decision to Joe Hughes of San Francisco after four slashing rounds. Nelson substituted for another Leatherneck named Spiker, who injured his hand while in training.

"Pvt. Pete" Peterson, welterweight of the Mare Island Marines, was knocked out in the second round of a four-round bout by Bobby Lentz of Benicia, Calif.

At the Vallejo Boxing Arena, Vallejo, Calif., Roy Alexander, one of the Marines' promising lightweights from Mare Island, fought a speedy four-round draw with Frankie Lozano of Sacramento.

The following week he battled to another draw with Irish Eddie Flynn, San Francisco. The Leatherneck had the better of the argument for the first three rounds, but Irish Eddie rallied in the last round and was awarded a draw for his game exhibition.

### CALIFORNIA DETACHMENT LOSES TO CHINANDEGA

The California Marine Detachment baseball nine journeyed to Chinandega for a return game with the Chinandega nine which is composed of players from the "Pennsylvania" and "New Mexico" detachments. Before a crowd of some two hundred spectators the Chinandega club trounced the Managua nine to the tune of four to three, the game going twelve innings. The California Leathernecks played a bang-up game, but were completely baffled by the offerings of Henry. Much credit is due Henry as twenty strikeouts were credited to him. He also scored the winning run in the last half of the twelfth when Brauer singled over short with the bases intoxicated.

Brown pitched a good game for the "California" but his mates didn't have the punch to put over that needed one run.

Lt. R. G. Hunt of football fame called the balls and strikes and Lt. E. H. Phillips took charge of the bases.

Box score:

| CHINANDEGA   |    |   |   |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|--------------|----|---|---|---|--|--|--|--|--|
|              | AB | R | H | E |  |  |  |  |  |
| LESCH, c     | 6  | 0 | 2 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| PAYNE, cf,ss | 6  | 1 | 2 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| BRAUER, 1b   | 6  | 1 | 2 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| PHILLIPS, rf | 5  | 1 | 1 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| SITTON, 2b   | 5  | 0 | 1 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| ELKINS, lf   | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| MASHEK, 3b   | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| HILTON, ss   | 4  | 0 | 0 | 1 |  |  |  |  |  |
| HENRY, p     | 5  | 1 | 1 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| FRANCIS, rf  | 0  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| HOWARD, 2b   | 0  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| MOOSE, cf    | 0  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
|              | 45 | 4 | 9 | 1 |  |  |  |  |  |

| MANAGUA       |    |   |   |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|---------------|----|---|---|---|--|--|--|--|--|
|               | AB | R | H | E |  |  |  |  |  |
| DURANT, ss    | 6  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| McCLOSKEY, 2b | 5  | 1 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| TAYLOR, c     | 5  | 2 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| HAGGARTY, 1b  | 5  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| WIRDNER, lf   | 4  | 0 | 1 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| MYERS, cf     | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| HOWARTH, 3b   | 4  | 0 | 0 | 1 |  |  |  |  |  |
| GARE, rf      | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
| BROWN, p      | 4  | 0 | 2 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |
|               | 41 | 3 | 3 | 1 |  |  |  |  |  |

R H E  
Chinandega... 000003000001-4 9 1  
Managua... 200001000000-3 3 1

Summary: Two-base hits—Wirdner, Brauer, Phillips, Lesch. Stolen bases—Lesch (2), Wirdner, Sitton. Errors—Hilton, Howarth. Hit by pitched ball—By Henry (2), by Brown (1). First base on balls—Off Henry (1), off Brown (1). Struck out—By Henry (20), by Brown (8). Wild pitch—Henry. Left on bases—Chinandega (4), Managua (8). Double plays—Managua (1), Chinandega (1). Umpires—Lt. Phillips (Penn. Det.), Lt. Hunt (N. Mex. Det.).

Marine Rabbe, lightweight of Mare Island, turned pro and lost his first bout to Lyle Wilkie of Vallejo by a very narrow margin after three fast hard rounds. Rabbe won honors from the amateurs on this coast.

## "WYOMING" MARINE WHALEBOATERS WIN

Throughout the world's history, one reads stories of battles fought, and conquests won, in which the participants battled to a finish and of the struggle involved in the attempt. One thrills at reading such heroic stuff, and wonders why men of that caliber don't live in this present day Golf Shooting, Tiddly-wink Playing, Marcelled, Manicured age. But they do live, and a race took place yesterday which made the midnight ride of Paul Revere, or the scrap between the "Merrimac" and "Monitor," or the fiesta Napoleon staged at Waterloo, look like a game of croquet between two sisters.

It was an elimination race of all-Marine crews, the winner to represent the Scouting Fleet in a crack at the all-Navy Cup. The story dates back a year ago. The scene, Guantanamo Bay. The Marines aboard the "Wyoming" receive a challenge from the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Texas," for an unofficial race. It is accepted. Previous to that time the "Wyoming" had been in dry-dock in the Philadelphia Navy Yard for eighteen months, and only four members of her whale boat crew were old hands; the others had never pulled a race before. That race was over a mile course, and although at the time I was right on the finish line, the "Texas" was announced the winner, but if they won, as far as I could see, it was simply by a coat of paint.

Anyway, that same year the "Wyoming" Marines won the Dunlap Cup and the Major General Barnett Cup. The same day that we won the latter cup, the Scouting Fleet Battalion was ordered to Nicaragua, and there we remained until a little over a week ago.

In Nicaragua whale boats are scarce, so in order to keep our crew in shape, it was decided to construct a weight-pulling machine. In our detachment at Masaya, Nicaragua, were several Marines from the U. S. S. "Florida," primarily, Senior Haley, "Man The Pump Bouma," and Private Dahl. These three men very kindly volunteered their services in constructing the weight machine. Of course, as they were from the "Florida," we accepted, and the thing was completed in a few weeks. Our men trained regularly after that and the result was that when we rejoined our ship the whale boat crew was in good condition. We will always appreciate and extend our thanks to the "Florida" Marines for the cooperation they gave to us to make our crew of champ calibre.

Promptly at eight bells yester' noon, the Marine whale boats of the "Arkansas," "Florida," "Texas," "Wyoming," and "Utah" were all on the starting line as the one-pounder was fired, and they were off! The "Texas" shot away ahead followed closely by the "Wyoming" and "Arkansas." The "Arkansas" dropped back and was superseded by the "Florida." The "Texas" and "Wyoming" are neck and neck. The "Texas" forges a quarter boat length ahead; the "Wyoming" eases up and goes ahead; suddenly about three hundred yards from the starting point, the "Wyoming" suffers a catastrophe; Westbrook snaps an oar. Coxswain Mike Welsz leaps down into



"BUDDY"  
ROBERTS

After a "cruise" in the Army, Roberts, a middle-weight from the blue grass country, signed in the Marine Corps to further his boxing ability. Sandino has upset his plans somewhat, but he promises trouble to all Corps middle-weights as soon as he returns to the States. His early experience was in the vicinity of Fort Thomas, down in old Kentucky.

the boat, grabs the spare oar and heaves it to Westbrook who puts it into the lock in such an incredibly short space of time that only one stroke was lost! For two long and bloody miles the "Texas" and "Wyoming" battle down the course, at times the "Texas" and then the "Wyoming" ahead by inches. To see twelve men pull a boat that weighs over three thousand pounds down a course two miles in length, under a glaring tropical sun, and each one exposed to the highest nerve strain, knowing that the eyes of both the Battle and Scouting Fleets are on him, and that if he misses or feathers an oar his crew will lose—and to see two boats doing that down a two-mile course, neck and neck, bow and bow, it is indeed a worthy sight to see. The finish was so close that if the bow of the "Wyoming" whale boat had a little less dust on her it would have been a draw! The "Florida" took third place followed by the "Utah" and "Arkansas."

And so, the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Wyoming," has won another race, and now have a chance at the ALL-Navy Cup.

ROSIE.

## CHANGE IN FOOTBALL RULES; NO MORE "BONERS"

Roy Riegels, the California center who leaped into the headlines New Year's Day with a 70-yard run toward his own goal line, won't have to worry for fear he'll repeat his stunt next season as captain of the Golden Bears.

The Football Rules Committee took that load off his mind recently in changing the rules to provide that all fumbled balls recovered by the opposing side are dead at point of recovery. Blocked

## KEYPORT WINS DISTRICT CAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

The Keyport Marines have long professed to be the "furthest north" Marines in the service, but this year they claim in addition, an unusually good station basketball team. The team was formed in October as a unit representing the station to compete for the 13th Naval District Basketball Championship in a league with teams representing the various naval activities in the district. To make up for our small numbers, we had a world of spirit and all around cooperation, from the Inspector of Ordnance on down to "Bonzo," the prize pup of the barracks. The Welfare Council furnished us with the best of suits and equipment, and we soon got underway, practicing on an improvised court in the Keyport Town Hall. We missed our first game when the boat which was taking us to Bremerton broke an oil line. A bad start, however, makes for a strong ending.

Our first game was with the Receiving Barracks at Bremerton, and we almost lost it because of stage fright. We trailed by seven or eight points until the last five minutes, when a fighting rally earned us twelve quick points for a win.

We won the next few games by good margins, but the last game of the series nearly proved our undoing. The Bremerton Marines led us by one point until the final thirty seconds of play, but just as the whistle blew Paxton looped a long and lucky one through the hoop from the center of the court.

This win gave us the cup without a defeat, although we lost a few post season games with the battleships. The first team, composed entirely of Marines, would be a credit to a big barracks, not to mention a little one of only twenty-seven men, for we played teams that had hundreds of men to draw from. Of our players Quackerbush was easily outstanding scorer, but he was ably supported by Hays, a player of long experience, and by Wall, who played a steadily improving game as running guard. Beck, six feet of muscle, and fast as lightning, was a "dark horse" guard that proved the undoing of several teams in the latter part of the season.

kicks, forward passes or backward passes are not affected by the change.

Riegels pulled his famous boner after recovering a Georgia Tech fumble in the Tournament of Roses game at Pasadena. The mistake cost his team the game, for the Southerners turned it into two points with a safety and their margin of victory was only one point.

The change in the fumble rule, one of four important alterations announced by the committee, was made at the suggestion of Knute Rockne of Notre Dame and other leading coaches. They contended that loss of the ball at point of recovery was sufficient penalty inasmuch as it was equivalent to the loss of about 40 yards, the average distance of a punt. They also pointed out that the old ruling often aided inferior teams to win, particularly in bad weather when the ball was slippery and hard to handle.

The committee also took into consideration the fact that in the great majority

(Continued on next page)

## CANDIDATES CALLED

(Continued from page 39)

where they will prepare for the opening game with Drexel Institute on the 24th. From then on Quantico will be the home port, the whole schedule of 25 games, excepting three, being played there. Washington, D. C., will have the game with Catholic University; Durham, N. H., will be the scene of the innings with the University of New Hampshire, and the Marines will engage the famous Dartmouth nine at Hanover, N. H.

Although there is a scarcity of veterans, past records in baseball point to another successful season for the Marines. All teams played last season and which appear again on this year's schedule, were defeated. The University of Vermont was trimmed two games, 7-1 and 5-3; the great Harvard outfit lost, 2-1; Catholic University was snowed under, 12-0; Temple University, 13-12; Virginia Military Institute lost two games, 8-0 and 3-2; Washington College lost two games, 6-5 and 3-2; and Dartmouth was defeated two games, 8-0 and 5-4.

The 1928 team won seventeen, lost none, and scored 130 runs to the opponents' 48. But, for "doping" possible results, this is not the best. Seven teams play the Marines this year which were not played last season, and most of them are known to have consistently good ball clubs. They are: Cornell, Holy Cross, Juniata, St. Bonaventure, Manhattan, West Virginia and the U. of New Hampshire. This season also has eight more games to play. Everything considered, the schedule will be no "push over," and the full support of the Corps will be necessary. As it happens, the schedule will be played where there is the greatest concentration of Marines, and those stationed at Quantico should turn out 100 per cent. Washington Marines at the M. C. I. and Navy Yard should make every effort to attend as many as possible.

## SAN DIEGO WINS TITLE

(Continued from page 41)

The high point man for the Marines was Corporal Brewer, forward, who rang up 106 points, and incidentally Brewer was the high point man in the league. Next in line came Stephens, our elongated center, and Corporal Trees, who made 67 and 58, respectively. Although Donnelly and Jackson only made 28 and 20, respectively, they were the means of preventing the opposing teams making very many points by their clever guarding.

At the present time the Marine cage men are busy preparing for the annual Amateur Athletic Union tournament which is to be held in San Diego. The team has been strengthened for this tournament by the addition of Lt. Frank P. Dailey, who, being an officer, was unable to participate in the service league games. Also, it is expected that for this tournament we will have the services of Sergeant Raymond J. Poppleman, Pfc. John D. Dashiell and Pfc. Max W. Craig, well-known Marine Corps athletes.

## BASEBALL TRYOUTS

## PITCHERS

ACKLIN, Christopher P. .... Sgt. .... St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.  
KIDD, Jesse L. .... Cpl. .... MCB San Diego, Calif.  
PODRIES, Michael J. .... Pfc. .... 4th Regt., China.  
PRESTON, James F. .... Pvt. .... 39th Co., Peking, China.  
SCARLETT, William A. .... Cpl. .... NOB Hampton Roads, Va.  
SEATON, Luther O. .... Pfc. .... 4th Regt., China.  
SMITH, Harold E. .... Sgt. .... Recruiting Dist. of Chicago.  
TALLIAFERRO, Cecil A. .... Pvt. .... Tientsin, China.  
STARKEN, Valerius P. .... Pvt. .... Bks. Det., Philadelphia, Pa.

## CATCHERS

DERR, William C. .... Cpl. .... NOB Hampton Roads, Va.  
ALMAND, Zachary M. .... Pvt. .... 4th Regt., China.  
CATHER, Leonard P. .... Pfc. .... MB Quantico, Va.  
LUSIGNAN, Joseph E. .... Pvt. .... Bks. Det., Charleston, S. C.

## FIRST BASE

AUBY, Leo S. .... Pvt. .... 6th Regt., China.  
HART, Louis B. .... Pvt. .... 4th Regt., China.  
OLSEN, Harry C. .... Pvt. .... Casual Co., Peking, China.  
SADLER, Raymond J. .... Pvt. .... Bks. Det., Charleston, S. C.

## SECOND BASE

O'NEIL, David F. .... 2nd Lt. .... MB Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
SURRETT, James P. .... Pvt. .... 4th Regt., China.  
MUNARI, Herman J. .... Cpl. .... 1st Brig., Haiti.  
FREEMAN, Arthur A. .... Pfc. .... 6th Regt., China.

## THIRD BASE

SOKIRA, Birt .... Sgt. .... 1st Brig., Haiti.  
MORRISON, Harry J. .... Cpl. .... Rec. Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.  
WATTS, Kenneth St. Clair. .... Pvt. .... Rect. Depot, San Diego, Calif.  
WERNER, Walter W. .... Cpl. .... 4th Regt., China.

## SHORTSTOP

GOTKO, Raymond F. .... Sgt. .... MB NYd, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
LEVEY, James J. .... Sgt. .... MB NYd, New Orleans, La.  
BEATTY, Arthur F., Jr. .... Cpl. .... 30th Co., Peking, China.

## OUTFIELDERS

ADAMS, Clyde A. .... Pfc. .... 4th Regt., China.  
BISHOP, James R. .... Pvt. .... NOB Hampton Roads, Va.  
FOGLEMAN, Eliphlet B. .... Pvt. .... 6th Regt., China.  
GATEWOOD, Gray .... Cpl. .... 2nd Brig., Nicaragua.  
GORMAN, Edwin M. .... Sgt. .... MB Parris Island, S. C.  
SEIFERT, S. A. .... Pvt. .... 4th Regt., China.  
YOUNG, Sanford N. .... Sgt. .... Pearl Harbor.  
WATSON, Alva C. .... Cpl. .... Bks. Det. Philadelphia, Pa.  
HOWELL, Ralph S. .... Cpl. .... Bks. Det. Boston, Mass.

FOOTBALL RULES CHANGED;  
NO MORE "BONERS"

(Continued from page 44)

of cases the actual fumble of the ball is the error of a single player and not the fault of the team as a whole.

The other rule changes follow:

All kicks legally recovered by the kicking side may be advanced in accordance with the uniform rules. The rule now applies to free kicks and kick-offs, whereas it formerly applied only to kicks from scrimmage.

No player of the offensive side, who has crossed the line of scrimmage, shall interfere with an opponent until the ball has been touched except in an actual attempt to catch the ball.

The try-for-point after touchdown has been moved from the three to the two-yard line.

The committee also adopted a provision by which secondary schools may avail themselves of a more liberal practice in the matter of substitutions than that allowed under the standard rules.

The changes were agreed on during a three-day conference at the Seaview Country Club, Absecon, N. J.

LAST SEASON'S  
BASEBALL RESULTS

| April  | Marines | Opp. |
|--|---------|------|
| 2 University of Vermont                          | 7       | 1    |
| 3 University of Vermont                          | 5       | 3    |
| 5 Dartmouth College...                           | 4       | 2    |
| 6 Dartmouth College...                           | 8       | 0    |
| 7 Lafayette College....                          | 5       | 4    |
| 12 Howard University ...                         | 2       | 1    |
| 17 Randolph-Macon Col...                         | 8       | 3    |
| 18 Catholic University at Washington             | 12      | 0    |
| 26 Guilford College ....                         | 8       | 3    |
| 27 Wake Forest College..                         | RAIN    |      |
| May  |         |      |
| 2 University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va. | 9       | 6    |
| 3 Virginia Military Inst., at Lexington, Va....  | 3       | 2    |
| 4 Washington & Lee U., at Lexington, Va....      | 3       | 2    |
| 8 Temple University ...                          | 13      | 12   |
| 9 Temple University ...                          | RAIN    |      |
| 12 Western Md. College..                         | 26      | 2    |
| 14 Virginia Military Inst.                       | 8       | 0    |
| 16 Washington College...                         | 6       | 5    |
| 17 Washington College...                         | 3       | 2    |
| Games won .....                                  | 17      |      |
| Games lost .....                                 | 6       |      |
| Points for Marines .....                         | 139     |      |
| Points for opponents .....                       | 48      |      |



## GRANDPAP CRABS

Go it, maiden, while you can;  
Kid yourself that you're a man;  
Vote and fight,  
Stay out all night,  
Shimmy and Charleston—that's all right.

Ole Bill Todd, when on a jag,  
Does them things, but he don't brag.  
When he wakes at last from his silly fit,  
Ole Bill Todd is ashamed of it.  
Never you mind what people think;  
Reach for your hip and take a drink;  
Cut your hair,  
Smoke and swear  
And molt plumb down to your underwear.

It grinds a lot, but we must say  
You're gettin' manlier every day.  
In fact, no man could look so cute  
Goin' round in a bathin' suit,  
One-tenth, half-way hid inside,  
Nine-tenths simply sunburned hide.  
Rip and snort and paw the air,  
Man-like maiden, I don't care;  
Smoke and cuss  
Say "Durn!" or wuss,  
And put on pants the same as us.  
But one thing's left that you can't do—  
Spit at a crack and hit it, too.  
That gift of ours has traveled hence  
Through a thousand years of experience.  
—Lowell Otus Reese.

## JUST A RESTIN'

I wish I was a rock,  
A sittin' on a hill,  
A doin' nothin' all day long,  
'Cept only sittin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,  
I wouldn't even wash;  
I'd just sit still a million years  
And rest myself, b'gosh.

(Printed by request.)

## FORTUNE

If a guy has love, he can get along  
Though all of the rest of his luck goes wrong,  
He can keep his cheer and his courage, too,  
Till somehow or other he struggles through;  
For there's someone whispering, "Kid, I'm here,  
And you know I'll stick to you always, dear."  
Why, there's nothing on earth to be frightened of,  
If a guy has love.  
Success—what is it? It's getting what  
You think you wanted. But when it's got,  
It's only a kind of a hollow sham,  
That ain't worth even a tinker's damn,  
Unless you share it with one who cares;  
Why, that's the best of it, everywhere,  
You and misfortune are hand in glove,  
If you ain't got love.  
If a guy has love he can stand the gaff,  
He can take the ups and the downs, and laugh;  
He can face his troubles, unknown and known  
With a buoyant heart—for he ain't alone;  
His pains are tempered, his wounds are salved,  
His joys are doubled, his woes are halved,  
He's got a gift from the Heavens above,  
If a guy has love!

—Braley.

## THE HOUR OF PARTING

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Love, the day has come for parting,  
Here our ways divide,  
Dry those tears I know are starting;  
Soon the waves I'll ride.

Yes, we've been the closest buddies,  
Closer than a shirt,  
In a land where only mud is—  
Mud and dirt.

Oft when aching ennui sank its  
Fangs into my heart,  
Then you shared my lonely blankets,  
Swearing ne'er to part.

But another 'cross the water  
Patient, waits for me;  
Though you cheered me through the slaughter,  
So, ma chere, did she.

True the words the poet saith, full,  
Full of bitter gall and blight;  
"Man is seldom ever faithful  
When he's out of sight."

Should you sail across the ocean,  
Pillowed on my breast,  
You would wake an old emotion  
And disturb my rest.

Should you reach my native city,  
'Twould but cause another pain,  
I'd be sent (with language pretty)  
Back to France again!

Yes, new hopes old thoughts are rousing,  
Though 'tis hard to tell,  
Comes the day of my delousing—  
Cootie, fare thee well!

## SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE

By Lacy Richardson, U. S. M. C.

Yea, the Northland's tough with its blizzards rough,  
And the West with its two-gun fame,  
And the East may boast of its solvent host  
Where a dollar bill rates keen;  
But the far South rim, where a chance is slim  
If you fall by the heathen's lair,  
And you find no peace from the jungle's beast,  
Is a hard, hard land to fare!

In the back-woods crowd of the Tropics proud,  
Where the cold steel rules supreme  
(For a bullet's boss till you've won or lost,  
And there's no kind words between);  
Where you find no snow, and the winds don't blow,  
Save a soft sea breeze come nights;  
And a man to live doesn't beg nor give—  
Just stands his ground and fights!

Fights to the end with a canine grin  
And eyes of a he-man tread;  
Cares nil for pain in the bloody game  
Till one of the fray stops dead—  
And the victor leaves, and there's none who grieves  
For the poor soul's last remains  
Till the buzzards come, and his bones are strewn  
O'er the singeing, heartless plains.

There went Marines with their grudge for beans  
And eyes of a dead-bead shot,  
And the Tropics calmed, and the song-birds hummed  
As the days dragged slow and hot.  
Now bet your loot—and the wife's to boot—  
Fast stemmed the crimson flood,  
For a Gyrene's thrill is the task to still  
This fearful thing called Blood.

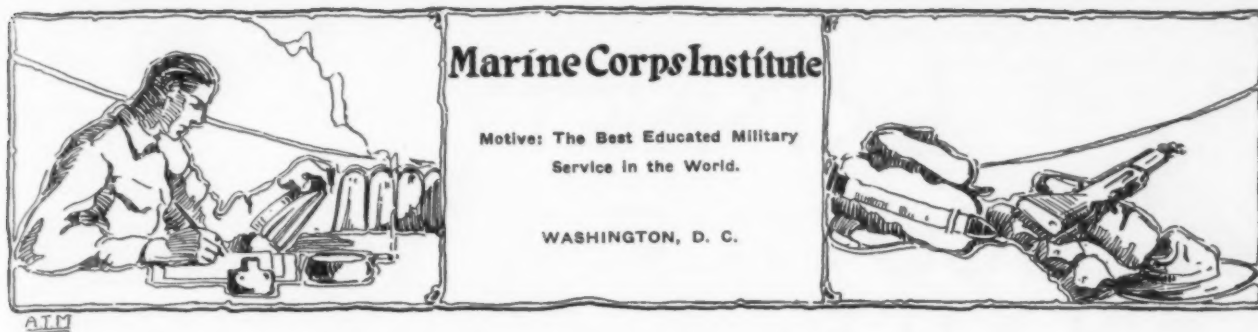
They braved the kris in the morning mist  
When you least expect to die—  
But you know that day there's hell to pay  
As the black "spicks" gather nigh.  
There's just one fate for the man who's late  
In the sudden ambush fire—  
And on they dared till the hills were cleared,  
And deep in the jungle mire.

Nor aught in vain: today 'tis plain  
Peace reigns in the Sunswept Land.  
They're cheering loud to the khaki crowd  
Far south of the Rio Grand'.  
How the angels shout when the word leaks out  
Of the devil's last long run;  
And, gasping air, says: "Have a care—  
The damn Marines may come!"  
(Written in Nicaragua, Dec., 1928.)

## A VALVE TWISTER'S SONG

Each morn the rosy-fingered dawn  
Comes up, so poets say,  
And robins chirp along the lawn  
To greet the newborn day;  
From bough to bough the bluebirds flit;  
The leaves with dew are pearly;  
I'll take the poets' word for it;  
I don't get up that early.

—U. S. S. "New Mexico."



## February 10, 1929—Monthly Report

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Total number individuals enrolled .....                | 6,230 |
| Total number enrolled since last report .....          | 400   |
| Total number disenrolled since last report .....       | 926   |
| Number examination papers received during period ..... | 3,363 |
| Total number graduates to date .....                   | 4,067 |

## Correspondence School Courses for Forest Ranger Examinations

The Marine Corps Institute has, in the past, received numerous requests for a course in the duties of a Forest Ranger. The Civil Service Commission has made a survey of the situation, and reporting on a recent examination states: "... that 337 did receive correspondence school instructions . . . and only 18 passed the Civil Service Examination . . ." This statement alone is sufficient to prove that it is almost impossible to prepare a correspondence course which sufficiently qualifies students for the Forest Ranger examinations.

There seems to be a popular belief that Forest Ranger work is playtime employment. This is very far from the real facts as a Forest Ranger must be prepared to care for himself and his horse for long periods of time far from any civilization. His daily routine is one of hard, exacting labor in his care of the forests and the fighting of forest fires.

In the Civil Service examinations for appointment as a Forest Ranger, previous experience of a general and practical nature comprises sixty per cent of the examination.

For the reasons briefly outlined above, the Marine Corps Institute **does not** offer a course in the duties of a Forest Ranger, but does offer, **free of charge** to any Marine, a large variety of professional, academic, and industrial courses.

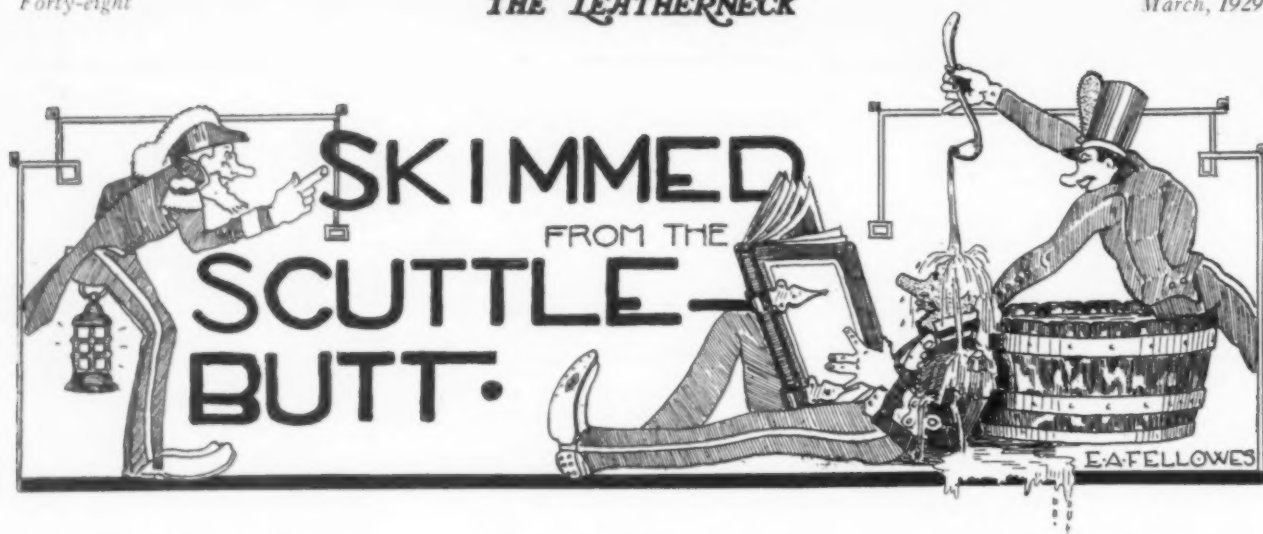
*The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.*

*Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.*

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE..... COURSE.

| Rank  | Name  | Organization | Place |
|-------|-------|--------------|-------|
| ..... | ..... | .....        | ..... |

**HOLD THAT LINE!**

Recruiting Officer (to pretty flapper): Oh, yes, the Navy has greatly improved. We're getting more college men than ever.

Pretty Flapper (eagerly credulous): How wonderful! I actually mean, how cute they must look in their raccoon coats scrubbing the deck.

—Foreign Service.

Extra Baggage—Conductor (after stumbling over obstacle in the aisle)—“Madam, you must not leave your valise in the aisle.”

Colored Lady—“Fo' de lan' sakes, dat ain't no valise; dat's mah foot.”

—Muskogee Daily Phoenix.

The bargaining for a cow had been going on leisurely for an hour. Finally the prospective purchaser came flatly to the point.

“How much milk does she give?”

“I don't rightly know,” answered the farmer who owned her, “but she's a darn good-natured critter and she'll give all she can.”—San Diego Union.

Conductor—“Madam, you'll have to pay for that boy.”

Old Lady—“But I never have before.”

Conductor (hotly)—“That don't matter to me. He's over twelve years old, and you'll have to pay his fare or I'll put him off the car.”

Old Lady—“Put him off. What do I care? I never saw him before.”

—Muskogee (Okla.) Daily Phoenix.

DOT (on phone)—“Is this the Cigar Store at the corner?”

Clerk—“Yes, Miss.”

DOT—“Have YOU got 'PRINCE ALBERT' in a can?”

Clerk—“We have.”

DOT—“Well, you should let the poor little fellow OUT.”—T. S. News.

Literary Triumph.—“Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story.”

“Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money?”

“From the express company. They lost it.”—Lowell Citizen.

Some girls use dumb-bells to get color on their cheeks; others use color on their cheeks to get the dumb-bells.

**DISTINGUISHED RELATIVE**

A Beverly Hills man we know yearns to fill his house with comforts, while his wife yearns to fill it with antiques. Her pet theory is that in pawnshops one may find many treasured heirlooms.

“I suppose this was handed down to you by some great-great-grandfather,” said a visitor, tapping a snuff-box.

“No,” replied the brutal husband. “It was second-handed down to us by an ‘uncle’.”—Los Angeles Times.

A patient in a hospital awoke after an operation and found the blinds of his room drawn.

“Why are those blinds down, doctor?” he asked.

“Well,” said the physician, “there's a fire burning across the alley and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure.”—Exchange.

Lt. A. (on S. S. “Haleakala”). “Waiter, bring me my dinner.”

Waiter (expecting large tip). “Yassuh, Major.”

Lt. A. “And make it snappy.”

Waiter. “Yassuh, Colonel.”

A little later.

Lt. A. “Waiter, bring some cigars.”

Waiter (eyeing ten cent tip). “Yassuh, Corporal.”—H. N. G.

“Got anything snappy in rubber bands?” asked the boy from the big town.

“No,” said the salesgirl, sweetly, “but we've got something awfully catchy in fly paper.”—Capper's Weekly.

Oppenborn: “Do you know the difference between a parlor and a bath room?”

Dyer (thinking O. is trying to pull something over on him): “No.”

Oppenborn: “Well, then you can't come to my house.”—Leg. Gd. News.

Kop: No fishing allowed here.

Krook: Not fishing. Bathing this worm.

K: Lemme see worm.

K: Here.

K: Yer pinched for allowing it to bathe without swimming costume.

—Bulletin.

**ASTRONOMY OR ANATOMY?**

Smith: I understand young Whoozis has made quite a study of the stars.

Smythe: Isn't astronomy an expensive course?

Smith: It's cost him from \$6.60 up for front row seats all season on Broadway.

—Foreign Service.

Like Angels' Robes.—Boy (reading aloud)—“John appeared in immaculate evening dress.” What does ‘immaculate’ mean?”

Elder Sister—“No gravy stains on it.”

—Punch.

Rastus (after a visit to the doctor)—“Dat doctah sure am a funny man.”

Wife—“How come?”

Rastus—“Made me swallah two cartridges filled with powder, and then tell me not to smoke. As if Ah would!”

—Recruit.

Man overboard: “Hey, throw me that life buoy!”

Q.M. on bridge: “Nothing doin', I'm signed up for that on a custody receipt.”

—Rambler.

Instructor: “Now is there any question in your mind that you wish to ask?—any question at all.”

M. D. S. S. (nonchalantly): “Hey, Chief, what time is it?”

“I'm certainly lucky,” reflected the Old-timer. “In my time I've been loaded on a transport, packed in a train, stowed in a hammock, locked in the brig, roasted in the tropics, frozen in the Antarctic, soaked in sea water, inoculated, vaccinated and pickled. Still I consider myself very well preserved.”

—P. H. Weekly.

Dried at the Source.—District Visitor—“What are the morals of this village like?”

Resident—“Excellent! So good, in fact, that several of our sewing-parties have failed for want of scandal.”

—London Passing Show.

Those men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

## A MORMON WEDDING

Some people wonder what the Mormon wedding ceremony is like. It's something like this:

Preacher (to groom): "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

Groom: "I do."

Preacher (to brides): "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides: "We do."

Preacher: "Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."

—New York Times.



Drill Sergeant: Say, don't you know how to execute squads right?

Boot: Certainly. Line 'em up against a wall and shoot 'em.

"Oh, what a strange looking cow!" exclaimed a sweet young thing from Detroit. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"Well, you see," explained the farmer, "some cows is born without horns and never has any, and others shed theirs, and some we dehorn, and some breeds ain't supposed to have horns at all. There's lots of reasons why some cows ain't got horns, but the big reason why that cow ain't got horns is because she ain't a cow—she's a horse."

—P. H. Weekly.

Proud Pop—I want to tell you, my boy, that the man who gets my daughter, gets a prize!

Mid.—Really? May I see it?

—A. & N. Journal.

Hot Air.—"How is your room heated?"

"By hollering down and cussing at the janitor."—Drexler.

Walter Sichel in his new book, "The Sands of Time," tells of an occasion when he was present at a gathering at which Modjeska was to recite. The famous Polish actress, then at the zenith of her fame, stepped forward and declaimed passionately in a strange language. Nobody knew in the least what it was all about, but everybody felt bound to pretend otherwise. His hostess came up to Mr. Sichel in ecstasies of admiration. "Wasn't it wonderful!" she exclaimed.

The author confessed his mystification. "Oh, couldn't you understand it? Though it was delivered in Polish, of course, Modjeska's gestures were so interpretative that at once you could perceive her subject was the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham."

By chance, Mr. Sichel happened to sit next to Modjeska at dinner afterward and overheard her confide to a friend that what she had delivered was mere gibberish and spoken moreover neither in Polish nor any other known tongue.

—5th Corps News.

## AFTER DINNER JOKE

Gunn was an Army Lt., Deckman held the same rank in the Navy. Each knew the other only by sight, but each somehow felt an aversion for the other, and both knew it.

Came a "soup-and-fish" occasion, at which only civilian garb was in form. Gunn, seeing Deckman in his resplendent formal dress, approached the Naval officer and, pretending not to recognize him, said: "Er—pardon me, aren't you the—er—head waiter?"

Deckman, not the least fazed, coolly replied: "No, sport, but you haven't a show. I heard him say he wasn't hiring any more bus boys."—A. & N. Journal.

Up in Russia, during the war, an American officer had a bunch of Limeys cutting down trees. They were pecking away like a couple of woodpeckers and a beaver and he asked:

"Corporal, which way are you going to fall that tree?"

The corporal, to whom the axe was a mysterious engine, replied courteously: "Ow the bloody 'ell do I know. Do I look like a bloody prophet?"

—Chi. Tribune.



"—and, besides yez 'ave no place in the Mar-r-rine Corps. Wid yer big feet yez ought to be in the Depar-r-ment of the Interior; yez cud git a job stampin' out forest fires."

He was a sewing machine agent of the most aggressive type, and he seemed determined to sell a model to the housewife at Acacia Villa.

"Our machines are the finest on the market," he persisted. "Of course, you may say that you are unable to use a machine. I will remove that objection in two lessons. I will call upon you tomorrow."

When the agent called the next day the door was opened by a burly man, who remarked: "You are the sewing machine man?"

"Yes," said the agent. "I—"

"Well, I'm Bury, the undertaker. Our coffins are the finest on the market. Of course, you may say that you are scarcely qualified for a coffin, but I will remove that objection in less than ten seconds."

But the agent had fled.

—5th Corps News.

## SURVEY THE CHALK!

Salty: "So I has this dream that I died and went to Heaven and St. Peter tells me that I'll have to climb a long ladder and write one of my sins on each rung of the ladder."

The Boot: "Yes, go on."

Salty: "So I gets up 3,672 rungs and a guy steps on my fingers."

The Boot: "Who was that?"

Salty: "A quartermaster from the 'Arkansas'."

The Boot: "Why'd he step on your fingers?"

Salty: "He was coming down for more chalk."—P. H. Weekly.

Laugh and the skipper laughs with you; Laugh and you laugh alone.

The first was a joke of the skipper's, The last was a joke of your own.

—Yarn.

A doctor who had a great dislike for tobacco in any form, in his hurry at the station, got into a smoking car by mistake.

A young man sat opposite puffing away at a cigar.

After eying him for some minutes, the doctor at last addressed him. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "as a medical man, let me warn you against smoking. Experience has proved to me that of every ten men suffering from paralysis of the tongue, nine of these have been caused by tobacco."

"Sir," exclaimed the youth, "experience has proved to me that of every ten men suffering from black eyes, nine of them have been caused by people neglecting to mind their own business."

—Base Weekly.

Customer: "What! Fifteen cents a pound for sulphur! It's outrageous! I can go across the street and get it for 10."

Druggist: "Yes—and I know where you can go and get it for nothing."

—Recruit.

It was midnight. In the smoking room of a club a young man sat huddled in a chair. A friend entered.

"Hallo, Smith!" he asked, cheerfully. "Not going home yet?"

"No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and—" his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said."

—Tit-Bits.



Officer: "Young man, you must accompany me."

Inebriate: "All right, officer, what'll you sing?"

Mother: "Why were you whipped at school today, Sammy?"

Sammy: "Teacher told us to write an essay on the 'Result of Laziness' and I sent up a blank sheet of paper."

—Recruit.

## THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,  
CommandantOfficers last commissioned in the  
grades indicated:

Col. Edw. A. Greene.  
Lt. Col. Samuel W. Bogan.  
Maj. DeWitt Peck.  
Capt. Albert W. Paul.  
1st Lt. Robt. J. Straub.  
Officers last to make number in the  
grades indicated:  
Col. E. A. Greene.  
Lt. Col. S. W. Bogan.  
Maj. DeWitt Peck.  
Capt. Jos. C. Grayson.  
1st Lt. John D. Muncie.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

January 17, 1929

No changes were announced.

January 18, 1929

Major Tom D. Barber, AQM, detached 2nd  
Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va.,  
via first available Government conveyance.  
1st Lt. Merrill B. Twining, detached MB,  
Pacific Coast Torpedo Station, Keyport,  
Washington, to MB, Quantico, Va., via USAT  
"Somme," scheduled to sail from San Francisco,  
Calif., January 25, 1929.

Chf. Pm. Clk. Fred S. Parsons, detached  
2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico,  
Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Pm. Clk. Frenleigh R. Powers, detached  
2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to MCB, NOB, San  
Diego, Calif., via first available Government  
conveyance.

January 19, 1929

Major Archibald Young, detached Nicaragua  
National Guard Detachment to MB, Parris  
Island, S. C., upon expiration present  
leave about March 1, 1929.

January 21, 1929

No changes were announced.

January 22, 1929

No changes were announced.

January 23, 1929

No changes were announced.

January 24, 1929

No changes were announced.

January 25, 1929

No changes were announced.

January 26, 1929

No changes were announced.

January 28, 1929

Captain William P. T. Hill, AQM, detached  
Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D.  
C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Frank D. Creamer, detached MCB,  
NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade,  
Nicaragua, via the USAT "St. Mihiel,"  
scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif.,  
on or about February 13, 1929.

1st Lieut. David A. Stafford, detached MB,  
NYd, New York, N. Y., to Second Brigade,  
Nicaragua, via the USAT "Cambrai," scheduled  
to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about  
February 21, 1929.

2nd Lieut. Thomas D. Marks, detached  
Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, ECEF,  
MB, Quantico, Va., for duty and for preliminary  
aviation instruction.

January 29, 1929

1st Lieut. John R. Streett, detached MD,  
U. S. S. "Sacramento," to MB, NS, Olongapo,  
P. I.

Chf. Mar. Gun. Elmo Reagan, about March  
20th detached First Brigade, Haiti, to AS,  
ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., via first available  
Government conveyance.

The following named officers have been  
promoted to the grades indicated:

Lt. Colonel Franklin B. Garrett, Major De-  
Witt Peck, Lt. Colonel Samuel W. Bogan,  
Captain Merton A. Richal.

January 30, 1929

Chf. Qm. Clk. John T. Baugh, upon the  
reporting of his relief detached MB, NYd,  
Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Charles F. Burrall, upon the  
reporting of his relief detached Second Brigade,  
Nicaragua, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia,  
Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

Upon the arrival on the West Coast the  
following named officers are ordered to duty  
at the stations indicated, via the USAT "St.  
Mihiel," scheduled to sail from San Francisco,  
California, on or about February 13,  
1929:

Captain James E. Betts, MB, Quantico, Va.  
1st Lieut. Leo Healey, MB, Quantico, Va.  
1st Lieut. Lyman G. Miller, MB, Parris  
Island, S. C.

1st Lieut. Lucian C. Whitaker, MB, Parris  
Island, S. C.

2nd Lieut. John D. Blanchard, MB, NYd,  
New York, N. Y.

2nd Lieut. James H. N. Hudnall, MB, NYd,  
Portsmouth, N. H.

January 31, 1929

Colonel William B. Lemly, AQM, upon arrival  
on the West Coast ordered to duty at MB,  
Quantico, Va.

Captain Lemuel C. Shepherd, upon arrival  
on the West Coast ordered to duty at MB,  
Quantico, Va.

Captain Leland S. Swindler, upon arrival  
on the West Coast ordered to duty at MB,  
Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Charles W. Pohl, detached MB,  
NYd, Puget Sound, Washington, to Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Sirius,"  
scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on  
or about February 11th.

February 1, 1929

No changes were announced.

February 2, 1929

Colonel Edward A. Greene, promoted to  
Colonel on January 29, 1929.

Major Earl C. Long, detailed as an Assistant  
Adjutant and Inspector.

February 4, 1929

No changes were announced.

February 5, 1929

No changes were announced.

February 6, 1929

Captain William F. Brown, detached MCB,  
NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade,  
Nicaragua, via the USAT "St. Mihiel,"  
scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif.,  
on or about February 13th.

Captain Harry V. Shurtleff, AQM, detailed  
as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective  
February 4th.

February 7, 1929

Captain Benjamin F. Fogg, retired as of  
February 11, 1929.

Captain Jacob Lienhard, detached Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va.,  
via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Augustus W. Cockrell, detached  
Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MD, RS, NYd,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. Richard M. Cutts, detached First  
Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., via  
first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Shelton C. Zern, on February 14th  
detached MD, RS, San Francisco, Calif., to  
MD, U. S. S. "Tulsa," and to special temporary  
duty beyond the seas with the Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, via first available commercial  
conveyance to Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua,  
from New Orleans, La.

1st Lt. William J. Whaling, detached Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico,  
Va., via first available Government conveyance  
which will permit him to report about  
May 25th.

February 8, 1929

The following named officers have been relieved  
from special temporary duty beyond  
the seas with the Second Brigade, Marine  
Corps, Nicaragua, and have been ordered to  
return to duty aboard the ships indicated:  
Lt. Col. Kincaide, Gerald M., U. S. S. "California."  
Captain Bone, Bert A., U. S. S. "Tennessee."  
Captain Bourke, Thomas E., U. S. S. "West  
Virginia."  
Captain Brown, Dudley S., U. S. S. "Wyoming."  
Captain Brown, Lyle H., U. S. S. "Pennsylvania."  
Captain Campbell, Daniel E., U. S. S. "New  
York."  
Captain Colomy, James D., U. S. S. "Idaho."  
Captain Dessez, Lester A., U. S. S. "Maryland."  
Captain Fellowes, Edward A., U. S. S. "Colorado."  
Captain Fellows, Joseph H., U. S. S. "Procyon."  
Captain Hicks, Chaplain G., U. S. S. "Arkansas."  
Captain Kendrick, Thomas E., U. S. S. "Texas."  
Captain Kilmartin, Robert C., Jr., U. S. S. "Florida."  
Captain Knapp, Raymond E., U. S. S. "Utah."  
Captain Muldrow, Charles N., U. S. S. "Mississippi."  
Captain Noble, Alfred H., U. S. S. "California."  
Captain Perkins, Jesse L., U. S. S. "Arizona."  
Captain Rea, Leonard E., U. S. S. "New Mexico."  
1st Lieut. Zea, Sherman L., U. S. S. "Antares."  
2nd Lieut. Perrin, Thomas C., U. S. S. "Texas."  
2nd Lieut. Claude, David K., U. S. S. "Wyoming."  
2nd Lieut. Hunt, Robert G., U. S. S. "New Mexico."  
2nd Lieut. Orrison, Robert C., U. S. S. "Colorado."  
2nd Lieut. Devereux, James P. S., U. S. S. "Utah."

2nd Lieut. Cloud, David L., Jr., U. S. S. "West Virginia."

2nd Lieut. Ballentine, Samuel S., U. S. S. "Maryland."

2nd Lieut. Rahiser, Martin S., U. S. S. "Arkansas."

2nd Lieut. Stephenson, Floyd A., U. S. S. "New York."

2nd Lieut. Hough, John F., U. S. S. "Florida."

2nd Lieut. Horner, Matthew C., U. S. S. "Mississippi."

2nd Lieut. Phillips, Earl H., U. S. S. "Pennsylvania."

2nd Lieut. Griffith, William E., U. S. S. "Arizona."

2nd Lieut. Frisbie, Granville K., U. S. S. "Tennessee."

February 9, 1929

Captain Samuel A. Woods, upon arrival on  
the West Coast ordered to duty at MB,  
Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Donald G. Oglesby, upon arrival on  
the West Coast ordered to MB, Parris Island,  
S. C., via USAT "St. Mihiel," scheduled to  
sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about  
February 13th.

2nd Lt. Arthur W. Ellis, assigned to duty  
at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Homer L. Litzenberg, assigned to  
duty at MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Washington.

February 11, 1929

No changes were announced.

February 12, 1929

Colonel Douglas C. McDougal, on February  
23rd detached Headquarters Marine Corps,  
Washington, D. C., to duty as Commanding  
Officer, Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment,  
and Chief of the Guardia Nacional de  
Nicaragua.

1st Lt. Frank S. Flack, detached MB, NS,  
Olongapo, P. I., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth,  
N. H.

2nd Lt. Robert J. Mumford, detached Department  
of the Pacific to MB, NAS, Lakehurst,  
N. J.

February 13, 1929

Major Keller E. Rockey, detached Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, to Naval Hospital, Norfolk,  
Va., for treatment, and to MB, NYd,  
Norfolk, Va., for duty.

Captain Francis S. Kieren, detached Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Parris Island, S.  
C., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain John H. Parker, detached Guardia  
Nacional de Nicaragua to Naval Hospital,  
Washington, D. C., for treatment, and to  
Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D.  
C., for duty.

2nd Lt. William W. Benson, on February  
15th detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to  
Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via first available  
commercial conveyance from New Orleans,  
La., to Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua.

2nd Lt. Gerald H. Steenberg, detached MB,  
NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico,  
Va.

The following named have been appointed  
second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and  
assigned to duty at the Marine Barracks,  
Washington, D. C.:

Lester S. Hamel, Saville T. Clark, Joseph  
J. Taverner, Joe A. Smoak, John V. Rosewaine,  
Hewin O. Hammond, Harvey E. Dahlgren,  
William I. Phipps.

## QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS

Ollie Blisset—Haiti to Annapolis.  
Lee Brendt—Pearl Harbor to Mare Island.

Paul G. Chandler—3rd Brigade to Cavite.

Charles D. Clayton—3rd Brigade to Peking.

Alexander N. Entringer—Mare Island to  
Pearl Harbor.

Edward L. Goessler—Peking to U. S.

August A. Hey—3rd Brigade to U. S.

James H. McDonald—Cavite to U. S.

Patrick J. McDonough—Promoted 1 January.

Barnett Neldie—Quantico to Haiti.

Garlin J. Price—3rd Brigade to U. S.

George N. Speer—Mare Island to Guam.

John F. Smith—Hampton Roads to Parris  
Island.

Andrew J. Stokes—3rd Brigade to Mare  
Island.

## SUPPLY SERGEANTS

Robert C. Hoffman—Promoted 31 December  
and transferred to M. B., Philadelphia, Pa.,  
for duty.

Rupert E. Stone—Promoted 19 January and  
transferred to Haiti for duty with Garde.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE  
CORPS INSTITUTE

Graduates During Month of January.  
Captain Robert Blake—Spanish.

Captain Francis S. Kieren—Spanish.

1st Lieut. William N. McKelvy, Jr.—  
Spanish.

2nd Lieut. Milo R. Carroll—Bookkeeping,  
Accounting and Auditing.

2nd Lieut. Howard W. Houck, USMCR—High School Mathematics.  
 C. Mo. M. M. Ralph A. Green, USCG—Marine Internal Combustion Engines.  
 C. Mo. M. M. Harry A. Oest, USCG—Marine Internal Combustion Engines.  
 Gunnery-Sergeant Ralph McCallum—Accountancy.  
 Staff Sergeant John R. Coulter—Motor Boat Running.  
 R. M. 1c Henry C. Aspinall, USCG—Motor Boat Running.  
 Yeo. 1c Willard Potter, USCG—Motor Boat Running.  
 Ph. M. 1c William Schultheis, USCG—Pharmacy.  
 Sergeant Lynwood J. Nay—High School Mathematics.  
 Sergeant Jack H. Vincent—Warrant Officers' Preparatory.  
 Corporal John J. Angel—Industrial Chemistry.  
 Private 1cl. Vincent C. Kelly—Coastwise Navigation.  
 Private 1cl. John P. Valencia—Railway Postal Clerk.  
 Private 1cl. John P. Valencia—Civil Service General-Clerical.  
 Private 1cl. John P. Valencia—Civil Service Clerk-Carrier.  
 Private 1cl. John C. Szymczak—Salesmanship.  
 Private John S. McVay—Good English.  
 Private Walter A. Penrson—Railway Postal Clerk.  
 Private James R. Stephens—Civil Service General-Clerical.

#### NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Sailed Honolulu 5 February for Guam. Due Guam 15 February, leave 16 February, arrive Manila 21 February.  
 HENDERSON—Sailed Manila 7 February for the United States on the following itinerary: Due Guam 11 Feb., leave 13 Feb.; arrive Honolulu 25 Feb., leave 27 Feb.; arrive San Diego 7 March, leave 9 March; arrive San Francisco 12 March.  
 KITTEERY—Arrived Norfolk Yard 18 January for overhaul period. Will leave Hampton Roads 2 March for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 7 March, leave 9 March; arrive Port au Prince 10 March, leave 11 March; arrive Cape Haitien 12 March, leave 13 March; arrive San Juan 15 March, leave 16 March; arrive St. Thomas 17 March, leave 19 March; arrive Hampton Roads 24 March.  
 NITRO—Arrived Navy Yard Norfolk for overhaul period. Date of completion of repairs 23 March.  
 FATOKA—Sailed Hampton Roads 11 February for Port Arthur on the following itinerary: Arrive Port Arthur 18 February, leave 20 February; arrive Hampton Roads 27 February.  
 RAMAPO—Sailed Manila 9 February for San Pedro. Due San Pedro 8 March.  
 SALINAS—Operating temporarily with Fleet Base Force. Arrived Cristobal 5 February.  
 SAPELO—Sailed Colon 12 February for Port Arthur. Due Port Arthur 17 Feb., leave 19 Feb.; arrive Hampton Roads 27 February.  
 SIRIUS—Sailed San Diego 11 February for the East Coast on the following itinerary: Due Corinto 19 Feb., leave 19 Feb.; arrive Canal Zone 22 Feb., leave 23 Feb.; arrive Hampton Roads 3 March, leave 13 March; arrive Navy Yard Boston 15 March.  
 VEGA—Sailed Hampton Roads 11 February for South Brooklyn. Due Brooklyn 12 Feb., leave 16 Feb.; arrive Boston 18 February.  
 BRAZOS—Arrived Balboa 24 January. Will leave Panama about 12 Feb.; arrive Port Arthur 18 Feb., leave 20 Feb.; arrive Panama 26 February.  
 BRIDGE—Arrived Hampton Roads 11 February. Will leave Hampton Roads 17 Feb.; arrive Panama 23 Feb., leave 4 March for Hampton Roads via Guantanamo and Pensacola, leaving Guantanamo 9 March, Pensacola 15 March, arrive Hampton Roads 20 March. Will leave Hampton Roads 27 March, arrive Guantanamo 1 April.  
 ARCTIC—Arrive Balboa 28 January.  
 CUYAMA—Arrived Balboa 27 January. Will leave Panama 21 February, arrive San Pedro 5 March.  
 KANAWHA—Arrived Balboa 4 February.  
 NECHES—Arrived Gatun Lake 2 February.  
 PECOS—Arrived Manila 18 January.

#### DEATHS

WATSON, Joseph, 2nd Lieut., retired, died January 3, 1929, at Paris, France. Next of kin: None.  
 BAHN, Claude, Gy.-Sgt., died January 6, 1929, of disease, at Petit Goave, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna McQuillen, mother, Ashland, Ohio.

MORRISSEY, John Bernard, Cpl., died December 31, 1928, of accidental asphyxiation, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mr. Jerry G. Morrissey, father, 721 Wilson Ave., Ames, Iowa.  
 RECTOR, Everett Alonzo, Pvt. 1cl., killed January 21, 1929, in engagement against outlaws near San Antonio, Nic. Next of kin: Mrs. Laura J. Rector, mother, Windsor Hotel, Saco, Montana.  
 CHESSEY, David Harold, Tpr., died January 27, 1929, at Tititapa, Nic. Next of kin: Mrs. Minnie B. Chessier, mother, 1770 East 88th Place, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 COLLINS, Rastus, Pvt., killed January 21, 1929, in engagement against outlaws near San Antonio, Nic. Next of kin: Mrs. Mittie Collins, mother, R. F. D. No. A, Lyons, Ga.  
 LAKIN, Raymond Nathan, Pvt., died January 14, 1929, of disease, at Managua, Nic. Next of kin: Mr. Ray C. Lakin, uncle, R. R. "A," Box 437, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
 OSWILL, George Thomas, Pvt., killed January 21, 1929, in engagement against outlaws near San Antonio, Nic. Next of kin: Mrs. Alice Oswill, mother, 220 S. W. 14th Ave., Miami, Fla.  
 SWARTHOUT, George Ralph, Pvt., drowned January 17, 1929, at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Next of kin: Mrs. Elizabeth Swarthout, mother, 2005 Scott Street, Covington, Ky.  
 BAGAN, Michael, 1st Sgt., retired, died December 18, 1928, of disease, at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Miss Anna Bagan, sister, No. 7 Willard Place, Hudson, N. Y.  
 COOK, George Alexander, 1st Sgt., retired, died January 17, 1929, of disease, at San Diego, California. Next of kin: None.  
 HARRIS, Ellsworth Isaac, QM-Sgt., FMCR (inactive), died January 8, 1929, of disease, at Chelsea, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Ida Vandrosoff, friend, 1367 Salem Street, Malden, Mass.  
 HARTLEY, Morton Simms, 1st Sgt., FMCR (inactive), died January 2, 1929, of disease, at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Miss Florence Bair, niece, 7247 Constant Ave., Chicago, Illinois.  
 IRWIN, William, 1st Sgt., FMCR (inactive), died January 3, 1929, of injuries received in collision of motorcycle and automobile, near Miami, Fla. Next of kin: Mrs. Jeanette M. Irwin, wife, c/o Southwest Mounted Police, Everglades, Fla.  
 CHASE, Edwin Raymond, Pvt., FMCR (inactive), died May 25, 1928, of disease, at Bridgeport, Conn. Next of kin: Mrs. Helen Chase, wife, 11 N. 5th Street, Newark, N. J.

#### THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 10)

pany commander and company officer, respectively. Major S. P. Budd, U. S. M. C., officer in charge, Recruiting District of Boston, was detailed as the inspector-instructor of the 312th Company, and recruiting of enlisted personnel was started.

The organization of this company attracted a large number of applicants and a great deal of interest has been shown in and around Portland. Due to strict requirements, many prospective members were turned down; only 58 out of 200 applicants having been accepted to December 15, 1928. However, after overcoming minor difficulties incident to recruiting, organizing and equipping the company, the minimum strength necessary to be placed on a drill pay status was reached on November 30, 1928.

Drill and storage space has been obtained in the armory of the Third Battalion, First Naval District, United States Fleet Naval Reserve. This armory is located on the end of Portland Pier and is centrally situated on the city's waterfront. It is a wooden structure with two main floors and a flat, planked roof. The first floor is used for drill purposes, and is entirely open except for a four-inch gun emplacement and a small walled-in boiler room at one end, and a storeroom, galley and wash rooms at

the other end. The floor space available for drill purposes is eighty feet long, with a width of thirty feet at one end and a width of forty feet at the other end. The upper floor contains two locker rooms about thirty by forty feet each; a general assembly room and several offices. With the exception of four of the office rooms, the entire armory is available to the 312th Company on Friday evenings. The State armory, with a very large drill floor, is only one block away from the Naval armory, and efforts are being made to secure space for the company in that building.

In order to carry on company administration and instruction, provisional appointments have been made among the enlisted men. However, these appointments are subject to subsequent examination, and a qualification period of sixty days has been given to provide opportunity for preparation for examination and to establish a satisfactory "Figure of Merit."

"The Figure of Merit" is a system of promotion and appointment established by the 312th Company, and should work out very well. Six basic factors are taken into consideration in determining a man's figure of merit. These factors are: 1, professional qualifications; 2, proficiency as a soldier; 3, attendance, 4, discipline and military deportment; 5, previous service and experience, and 6, uniform and equipment.

Standings in each basic factor will be determined in the following manner:

Professional qualifications: All applicants will be examined orally and in writing in all professional subjects pertaining to the grade. For a rating of 100 per cent in this factor, 25 points will be credited on the figure of merit.

Proficiency as a Soldier: This factor includes practical ability, thoroughness, and manner of execution of military duties and functions. Twenty points will be credited on the figure of merit for 100 per cent in this factor.

Attendance: This factor includes attendance at all scheduled drills, parades, and the annual tour of active duty. Credit for each parade will be pro-rated as attendance at two drills; and the annual tour of duty as fifteen drills. Twenty points will be credited for 100 per cent in this factor.

Discipline and Military Deportment: Fifteen points will be given on the figure of merit for 100 per cent in this factor.

Previous Service and Experience: Previous satisfactory service and experience, as compared among applicants, will be given a credit of 10 per cent.

Uniform and Equipment: This factor includes care, condition and correctness of uniform and equipment. Ten points will be given on the figure of merit for 100 per cent in this factor.

Factors 2, 4 and 6 will be determined through observation of personnel by commissioned officers, and ratings so credited will be averaged; the resulting figure being credited to the individual. Factors 3 and 5 will be determined from company records, and, when vacancies occur an examination will be held to determine standings in Factor 1.

#### 305th and 309th Companies Change Drill Nights.

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Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., necessitated a change in drill nights of the 305th and 309th Companies in order to give each organization ample floor space for drill and instruction.

Both companies formerly drilled on Wednesday nights. With the new schedule in effect, the 309th Company drills on Monday nights and the 305th Company on Friday nights. The change was effected before the companies reached the new maximum strength so as to avoid loss of personnel through inability to attend on the designated night.

The change in schedule was accomplished without loss of personnel in either company and provides double the space for drills. As a result, instruction and training can now be carried out on a larger scale and in a more efficient manner.

Both companies are striving for new members, and many young men have applied for enlistment; but only those of a high type, who are willing to attend all drills and annual training, are being accepted.

### Trophy for Small Bore Rifle Competition

At an early date it is desired to offer for individual competition with target rifle a trophy to be competed for annually by the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve companies. Several companies have already contributed toward the purchase of this trophy and it is believed that sufficient funds will be raised within a short time to permit its purchase.

### Correspondence Courses

Extracts from the Major General Commandant's Circular Letter No. 62, of December 26, 1928:

The following Army correspondence courses (listed in paragraph 2), modified to meet Marine Corps conditions, have been adopted for the instruction and training of those officers of the Marine Corps and of the Marine Corps Reserve who may desire to enroll in them. They are also available to enlisted men of the Marine Corps, and to a maximum of forty (40) enlisted men of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, Class 4, who are attached to regularly organized companies. Applications for enrollment by officers should be made direct to the Director, Correspondence Courses, Marine Corps Schools, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia. Applications for enrollment by enlisted men of the Marine Corps should be made direct to the Director, Correspondence Courses, Marine Corps Schools, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, and the application should be accompanied by a statement of educational qualifications. The number of this class of students is controlled by the Director of the Correspondence Courses as the capacity of the schools is limited. Applications for enrollment by enlisted men of the Marine Corps Reserve should be made through their organization commanders and Reserve Area commanders.

Air Corps: Basic; Squadron and Company Officers'; Advanced.

Corps of Engineers: Basic; Company Officers'; Advanced.

Field Artillery: Basic; Battery Officers'; Advanced.

Infantry: Basic; Company Officers'; Advanced.

Signal Corps: Basic; Company Officers'; Advanced.

Quartermaster's Department: Basic; Company Officers'; Advanced.

Paymaster's Department: Basic; Company Officers'.

Command and General Staff.

It is to be noted that each branch (except the Command and General Staff) has more than one course. In general, it may be stated that the courses in each branch are progressive and a student should not undertake a Company Officers' Course unless he has recently completed the basic correspondence course or has studied systematically the texts covered in the basic course. Similarly a student should not undertake an advanced course in any branch unless he has completed the Company Officers' Correspondence course in that branch, or the Company Officers' course—Marine Corps or Army schools; or has studied systematically the texts covered in the Company Officers' course. The Command and General Staff course should not be undertaken by any student who has not completed the advanced correspondence course, or the Field Officers' course, Marine Corps or Army schools.

Students who have kept up with the new texts in a general way but who have not studied them systematically should be able to cover the basic and company officers' sub-courses in the minimum time; but it is desirable that they should cover these courses in order to obtain the most benefit from the higher courses.

Each of the courses enumerated above is broken into a number of sub-courses, each of which deals with one subject. Enrollment is by courses, to reduce paper work and the annoyance which would result from requiring an officer to enroll by sub-courses. Certificates are given for the completion of courses.

Each sub-course is further divided into several assignments or lessons, each of which contains a portion of text for study, and an exercise or problem to be solved, and in some cases, reference text for reading. Most of the exercises are assigned no weight in determining the student's final rating for the sub-course. A few are assigned weight; these have the weight indicated on their face. Most sub-courses have final examinations. Some map problems are classed as examinations and some as exercises. Exercises or lessons which are not assigned weight are essential to the courses. They are forwarded to the schools where they are examined and returned to the student with comments applicable. They provide the instructor an opportunity to detect errors being made by the student, and the student an opportunity to correct those errors before arriving at an examination or exercise which has weight.

Working time is allotted each course. In the lesson assignments sent to the students this is further subdivided among the sub-courses and lessons. This allotment of time is approximately only and is intended to indicate the relative weight of the various lessons expressed in terms of hours. If the student requires more than the allotted time to complete a lesson there is no reason for discouragement. If less time is required more leisure remains for a careful check of the work.

On the basis of the time so allotted each student is required to complete sub-

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courses requiring approximately 39 hours during each school year, i. e., September-May; and each student is further required to submit at least one lesson during each three months of the school year, i. e., September-November, December-February, March-May. These are the minimum requirements necessary to retain enrollment in the correspondence courses. Any student may progress as rapidly as his time and interests dictate.

Officers of the Marine Corps and of the Marine Corps Reserve desiring to avail themselves of these courses should communicate with the Commanding Officer, Marine Corps Schools, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, stating the branch and course which they desire. Officers who initially request a course other than basic should state in their request the professional education they have had, which they consider the equivalent of the lower courses they desire to omit.

If the number of applicants for courses in a particular branch are not sufficient to justify the detail on the school staff of an instructor with the special knowledge necessary to conduct instruction in that branch, the school reserves the right to so inform the applicant and give him an opportunity to choose some other branch.

#### Reserve Aviation

In addition to aviation training in the regular service, the Marine Corps is building up an Aviation Reserve. A Marine Corps Reserve Aviation Unit is on active duty at each of the four (4) Naval Reserve Aviation Stations, viz: Seattle, Washington; Great Lakes, Ill.; Boston, Mass., and Rockaway Beach, L. I., N. Y., and also at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida.

Students for flight training are selected from applicants who are college graduates and who have successfully completed the ground school training for student aviators as given by the squadrons or division commanders of the Naval Reserve Aviation Squadrons of the First, Third, Fourth, Ninth, Twelfth and Thirteenth Naval districts, and the District of Columbia, or have completed the aviation ground school course in an accredited university, viz: Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.; Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.; George Washington University, Washington, D. C.; University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill.; University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.; University of Washington, Seattle, Wash., and have been selected by the Commanding Officer of one of the various Naval Reserve Aviation Squadrons or Marine Corps Reserve Aviation Units, for flight training.

Men selected for flight training are enlisted as privates and promoted to private first class, Marine Corps Reserve, and transferred to one of the Naval Reserve Stations for a period of thirty (30) days primary flight instruction which takes the student through the dual instruction stage and starts solo.

Upon successful completion of primary training, the student will be designated a Marine Corps Reserve flying cadet with pay, approximately \$125 per month, and transferred to Pensacola, Fla., for a complete aviation course, covering a period

of about eight (8) months, and 200 hours flying.

Upon successful completion of this advanced training course the student is appointed a second lieutenant, if otherwise qualified, and designated a Naval aviator in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Having completed the Marine Corps Reserve aviation training course the following named privates first class have been commissioned second lieutenants in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve, as Naval aviators in the Marine Corps Reserve.

The following commissions have been issued in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Capt. C. Eugen Fogg, 35 Deering Street, Portland, Maine.

1st Lt. Andre V. Cherbonnier, 2310 Ashmeade Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. John F. Adams, 3303 Rosedale Street, Dallas, Texas.

2nd Lt. Frank L. Davis, 5318 Paseo Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

2nd Lt. James J. Dugan, 66 Monroe Road, Quincy, Mass.

2nd Lt. Arthur B. Maas, 736 Goodrich Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

2nd Lt. Harry A. Mullarky, 2103 Commonwealth Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

First Sergeant Frank R. Worthington, FMCR, 310th Company, FMCR, New Orleans, La., was appointed a Marine gunner, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

#### THE OLD GUARD'S BALL

By Lieut. Howard W. Houck

The Old Guard held its annual ball at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, on January 25th, when members, in colorful array, met, exchanged military greetings and danced under the soft lights of this famous hostelry, which is to be razed in the summer. Many prominent officers of the naval units were guests of the Old Guard and also its commander, Major E. Havemeyer Snyder. In fact, all the New York and Brooklyn organizations were represented, and not a few of them took part in the picturesque grand march. While the Old Guard ball was not without its touch of pathos, it offered a chance to meet old friends and make new ones. The Old Guard was organized by the consolidation of the veterans of the Light Guard, formerly the Tomkins Blues, organized in 1833. The original rolls of these organizations are in the possession of the battalion. A charter was regularly granted to the Old Guard by the State of New York in 1866, at which time a battalion of two companies was formed. The officers receive their commissions from the Governor of the State and are elected annually. The Old Guard is a natural home of the veterans. Here are gathered those who served in the Civil War, Spanish War, wars of all foreign campaigns, and many who served with distinction in the World War, in all ranks. The Old Guard's ball, given annually, is the leading social and military event of the season, and is attended by military and naval officers from all parts of the United States. A few of the visiting organizations are as follows:

Grand Army of the Republic; the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts; First Company Governor's Foot Guards of Connecticut;



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| 20.00 for 12 Months.....  | 244.40                            |
| 25.00 for 12 Months.....  | 305.50                            |
| 30.00 for 12 Months.....  | 366.60                            |
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The Marine officers who attended were Captain B. Coffenberg, Captain S. D. Sugar, Lieutenants Mackinless, Johnson, Barron, Kessenech, Krulevitch, Christy, and Houck.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was rendered by Mme. Frieda Hempel, the famous grand opera star.

When the Waldorf-Astoria is demolished next summer to make way for a fifty-story office building, the register of this famous hotel will be moved eight blocks up Fifth Avenue to a new home in the New York Public Library. The move will mark the transition of the volumes from a business record into something of an historical document, an original source for future students of American life during the last thirty years. When complete, the register will afford a record of travel in this country during the last thirty years and suggest something of the pageantry of the city's life. Presidents of the United States, kings and princes who later ascended European thrones stopped at this hotel, although as a courtesy to foreign visitors royalty was not always asked to sign the register. President Wilson stopped there on several occasions during the war when he came to New York to make addresses, and President Harding also visited the Waldorf. One of the most recent notables to visit the hotel was President-elect Hoover. (See photograph on page 32.)

## THE COMMANDANT'S HOUSE

(Continued from page 3)

white, which conformed more nearly to the present-day fashion and also added considerably to the attractiveness of the interior.

General Barnett instituted a new and splendid custom, but only after several years of struggle and research. He succeeded in obtaining permission to use appropriations for the purpose of pur-

chasing paintings of all Commandants of the Corps; so there are today hanging on the walls of the house oil paintings of all Commandants save that of one, Colonel Anthony Gail, who was Commandant during but a short period about 1800. However, the failure to locate his likeness is not a serious loss. The General's motive in doing this was principally to depict the successive changes in the uniform of our Commandants.

Since 1914 no major changes have been made. As we see it today, we are looking at the oldest official house in Washington, because it was the only official building permitted to remain standing when this city was burned in 1814 by the British.

## CHINESE PRINCESS BUILDS PALACE ON MEXICAN ISLAND

(Continued from page 8)

was allowed to make his—or her—explanation, and the Princess then and there passed out her judgment.

The judicial part of the program over, the Princess graciously welcomed any foreign friends who happened to be visiting at Golondrina Island. Commander Volpicelli, distinguished Italian diplomat who also happened to be a very old and valued friend of the lady, approached the throne, and, bending, kissed both her hands. She motioned him to a vacant seat a little below hers.

Then the dancers trooped in. First the Chinese, performing slowly and sedately. Then the near Easterners, dancing with temperament and fire. The official part of the day ended with a drill by the Palace Guard. Realizing that the regulation American exercises would seem tame in such surroundings, Lieutenant Burks and McLean had worked out a fancy drill for the occasion, a drill partaking of acrobatic, gymnastic and somewhat of the ballet, through which the Sergeant now put his red and black clad men. With this the official part of the program ended. The Princess slipped off her stiff garments and lo—appeared clad in a French evening gown. Everybody dropped formality. An American jazz orchestra led into a gay dance. The Princess was the first on the floor with the guest of honor or Lieutenant Burks. The Marines, cocking their turbans a little more to one side, approached the giggling Chinese and Spanish maids, and soon everybody was whirling happily.

### Scandal Barred

"One of my toughest jobs was breaking up budding romances," sighs Sergeant McLean. The Princess demanded that no breath of scandal touch her principality. But love, according to the old proverb, laughs at locksmiths. So it happened that the beautiful little Mexican heiress, Senorita Isobel de Espinoza, fell in love with one of the handsome, penniless, American Marines. Vainly did the Sergeant, in pursuance of his duty, try to break the lovers' hearts. Vainly did the High Authority frown. They eloped to Mexico, where they not only achieved parental blessing, but where Senor Espinoza turned over the management of his great estates to his "gringo" son-in-law.

Only one sad incident marred the American lad's idyllic stay on Golondrina Island, and that was the heroic death of their mascot, the Boston Bull "Humidore." The mascot had entrained with the "troops" in the United States and gone through the "campaign." One day, when he had just reached eighteen months, "Humidore" was patrolling the beach, sniffing out all the curious smells of the sea. Suddenly there was a cry: one of the Chinese maids had been caught by the current while bathing, and was now being swept out to sea. "Humidore" jumped in, swam to her and took a firm grip upon her clothes. Girl and dog struggled in the water together, the girl shouting all the while, the dog valiantly keeping her above the water, for she could not swim. People heard her and reached her in time to save her life. In the general confusion the Boston bull terrier was not missed. When the Marines looked for him, they looked in vain. Probably one of the small sharks that infest Mexican waters had done away with the little hero, whose memory is still kept green by his "buddies."

At last there came a day when Princess Der Ling became a little tired of arbitrating between the retainers fighting for her favor. Besides, her book was finished, and an Eastern publishing house was bringing it out. So, leaving some hundred servants to look after the Palace, she packed her precious heirlooms, shipped them to the vaults of California banks, and flitted off to Los Angeles, where she now maintains a temporary residence. She may or she may not go back to the romantic isle.

## REGGIE

(Continued from page 5)

holding me. I'd have thought they were the hands of angels or imps, I wasn't sure which, except for the roar of gunfire; by that alone I knew I was still alive. Several Heinies were holding me off the ground; one supported my head. I saw Reggie. The voice I had heard was his. He was trying to make the prisoners hold me carefully, and was cursing those fellows till the air was fairly blue. He needed practice to make the words roll off his tongue and sound natural. Oh, that boy knew the words, and used them, then made up more to suit the occasion.

When Reggie saw that I was showing signs of life he let up on the flow of words and jammed the neck of his canteen between my lips, telling me to swallow. Water would have tasted like the nectar of the gods to me then, but better still, he had a canteen full of the vin rouge he had stolen. Yes, he had been in that affair after all; he couldn't have missed it. But he had kept the spoils until they were of some real use.

That liquor was just what I needed to brace me up; my throat was dry and hot and the stuff put life into me when the little life that I had left was fast slipping. I was simply bleeding to death without knowing it. I saw that Reggie looked pale himself. He had a scalp wound that bled and the blood streamed down his face. His cheeks were smeared

and it dripped from his chin. There was a tear on one sleeve that looked like a shrapnel wound, all raggy it was, but the hole in the flesh of his arm was just a dark blue spot. I knew it was a sliver of shrapnel.

After I had a long drink from his canteen and turned my head away, he turned it up and drained it, not even stopping for a breath until it was empty. Still holding it neck down, he shook it to make certain that it really was dry, then he tossed it aside with a flourish that said plainly that he was through with it, and resumed his tirade against the prisoners.

They failed to understand his words but his gestures spoke volumes. Anyone would have thought he intended to tear them in little pieces to have seen him carry on. I believe he thought he could, too. He was that mad. He was seeing red, if any man ever did.

The prisoners picked me up and our procession started toward what had been our front line an hour earlier. It was our rear now by several kilometers. It was a rough ride around and through shell craters, over bodies and articles of cast-off equipment. Some parts of the trip were hazy, some a total loss as far as my memory was concerned.

Reggie proved up in that little mix-up. He told me afterward that he had stolen the liquor so he could take a drink in case he got cold feet when he first got into action. But in the excitement he had forgotten all about it. Instead of me caring for him the tables were turned and he took care of me in a pinch. Until a dressing station was reached, at least.

Getting those stored-up cuss words out of his system and the hot liquor into it completed his cure—for the time. But the funny part of it is that he hasn't taken a drink or cursed a single cuss word since. Can you beat it? He was a sissy sort of fellow before, then there was the one big flash, and now, well, he's had an awful relapse.

Oh, where does the sister come into the story? Why, after we got out of the outfit I couldn't think of a better scheme than to go down to Texas and put a certain suggestion up to her. So I went. She liked the idea. That's her out in the car now. Buddy, meet the wife!

## PEEP-EYE

(Continued from page 2)

beneath her feet, and powder smoke hung between her eyes and everything else.

When the smoke had cleared away, Angelina found herself standing there alone. There was nothing to tell her what had become of Brimstone Stratton or the boy or Sheriff Alford; the three of them had disappeared completely.

"Peep-Eye!" she called in a voice that trembled. "Peep-Eye!"

Still again she called, and she had no answer. The song of a wood-thrush in a nearby thicket and the gurgling of the creek that flowed behind her were the only sounds that broke the peaceful summer silence.

Angelina sunk down to the ground and covered her face with her hands.

One hour later big Stratton and little Finley halted at a point high on the side

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of the mountain that rose back of old  
Jephthah Murrell's hewn-log house and  
sat down to rest. The hurried climb had  
winded them; their pulses raced, and  
they were panting hard.

Soon Brimstone turned to the boy at  
his side.

"I don't know," he said frowning, "why  
I brung you along, Peep. But, now ut I  
got ye here, I can use ye, I reckon. Take  
this here back to Sheriff Alford, Peep."

From inside the waistband of his cor-  
duroy trousers he drew the officer's re-  
volver. He had thrust its barrel upward,  
causing its discharge; then he had  
wrested it from Alford's grip, snatched  
the boy up in one arm and fled like a  
buck deer. Alford had followed only to  
lose his man in the labyrinthine under-  
growth, and just now he was walking  
slowly and beatenly into the camp clear-  
ing on the creek below.

"Don't ye want to keep the gun, Mr.  
Brimstone?" asked Peep-Eye.

Stratton smiled.

"Me carry a gun? Why, I ain't never  
needed a gun. Most gen'ally, it's cow-  
ards ut carries guns. Well, I reckon I'm  
outlawed now, Peep-Eye."

The boy took the heavy weapon in  
both hands. Stratton continued:

"Whenever it happens ye've got any-  
thing to tell me, son, maybe I could be  
found up here some'eres. Listen, son.  
Ef anybody down at the camp don't treat  
ye right, you tell him he's shore got a  
trimmin' a-comin' from Mr. Brimstone.  
Go ahead down to the sheriff, Peep."

Peep-Eye rose.

"I'm shore much obliged to ye for the  
twenty, Mr. Brimstone," he said. "I  
ain't never had—"

"The twenty?" Stratton interrupted.  
"Twenty what?"

"Twenty bucks—twenty hard iron boys  
—dollars. Them what I found in my  
pocket when I woke up this mornin', o'  
course," said Peep-Eye.

Brimstone Stratton shot to his feet.  
In a flash, a big part of the dastardly  
plot had become clear to him.

"The man ut done the robbin' belongs  
to the Pistol Creek outfit, shore, and he  
put that money in ye pocket to throw  
the blame on me!" growled Stratton.  
"Anybody knows it's easy to blame me  
for anything. Le' me see, Peep-Eye. It  
was a pow'ful man ut made them hold-  
ups, they say, and the main big men on  
Pistol Creek is me and Wilse Bannard;  
Witse Bannard, what set hisself up as a  
friend o' mine—it must ha' been him!"

"And I owned up to a-doin' it, in the  
hearin' o' Sheriff Alford, like a fool;  
and I was a-blaazin' boundries yeste'day  
and cain't prove a alibi! Witse was a-  
choppin' by hisself yeste'day, and he  
cain't prove a alibi, either. I'm shore  
in for it ef ever I'm ketched, Peep. Well,  
son, ye've got my pe'mission to tell Witse  
he's got a trimmin' 'a-comin' to him!"

The boy stared in wonderment at the  
logger.

"And so you never done it, Mr. Brim-  
stone? You told Angie ye did!"

Stratton smiled just a little.

"I know I told Angie I did, but I  
didn't," he said. "I was ungodly mad,  
son, and it seemed like Angie was a-  
lookin' for me to say I done it, and I  
said it was me for pure spite. Go on  
down in the valley, Peep, and, ef ye see

Angie, ye might tell her how it was.  
Goo'-by, ol' pal!"

Peep-Eye made his way slowly down  
the rugged steep, and not very long  
afterward he reached the logging-camp,  
found Sheriff Alford and gave him his  
revolver. Alford gave the boy Finley a  
grilling that yielded no worth-while in-  
formation; then Peep-Eye stole away  
and put out for the Murrell cabin.

Angelina wasn't at home, and Peep-  
Eye couldn't find her.

Passed hours that were painfully long  
to the lad, and at last the sun went  
down. Came a supper that tasted like  
wood to little Finley, and, shortly after  
it was over, he again went toward the  
home of the Murrells.

The rambling old log house had a  
porch running its entire length on the  
front, and this porch was for the most  
part walled in thickly by honeysuckle  
vines. As Peep-Eye walked silently up  
the rain-guttered path that led from the  
split-paling gate to the steps, he caught  
the sound of voices coming from behind  
the dense screen of honeysuckle—and  
they were those of Angelina and Wilson  
Bannard.

Peep-Eye tiptoed closer, listening  
hard. Soon he made out this:

"Never thought he'd get up the nerve  
to try anything like that," in Bannard's  
bass tones. "But—"

"I wouldn't never ha' believed it was  
him," Angelina interrupted, "ef he hadn't  
told me hisself. And I'm about halfway  
in the notion to not believe it now,  
Witse."

Bannard laughed, and the boy at the  
steps misconstrued the meaning of that  
laugh; to Peep-Eye it had been born of  
derision instead of amusement. Peep-  
Eye's quick temper flared upward to the  
boiling-point; he sprang across the porch  
floor, confronted Wilson Bannard and  
threw the twenty silver dollars by the  
handfuls straight into his face.

"You've got it a-comin' to you, all  
right!" he stormed, a-tremble with boy-  
ish rage. "When Mr. Brimstone gits  
through with you, you're a-goin' to look  
like a polecat what's been into a sausage  
grinder—you low-down sneakin', thievin'  
dawg!"

Bannard had gone to his feet. The  
silver pieces, the fierce verbal thrust of  
Stratton's boy—they had come like a  
thunderbolt. He shot out a great hand  
and gripped one of Peep-Eye's slender  
shoulders in a hard grip and seemed  
about to shake him. Angelina went to  
her feet and took a step toward the two,  
and her eyes shone like highly polished  
topazes.

"Don't ye dare to hurt him, Witse,"  
she warned; "don't ye dare to do it. I  
reckon it's time for ye to go, Witse.  
Right now."

Bannard took his hand from Peep-  
Eye's shoulder, looked toward the girl  
and moistened his lips as if to speak.

"Right now," Angelina repeated  
sharply.

Pistol Creek's big new logger quietly  
picked up his broad-brimmed hat and  
went without a word.

When the gate had clicked behind him  
Angelina Murrell sat down in a sheep-  
skin-lined rocker and drew the boy to  
her side. They had a long talk, in which  
Peep-Eye told Angelina all he knew to  
tell. Toward the end of it the girl sum-  
med the matter up very calmly in this:

"Accordin' to what my dad says, the ain't but two men on Pistol Creek that fits in with a description o' the robber—he had his face masked, o' course—and them's Brim Stratton and Wilse Bannard. We know it wasn't Brim, for he's said it wasn't; but we can't prove it wasn't! Not now, anyways. Everybody is sayin' this about him: 'I told ye so! I told ye so!' Peep-Eye, you like him a lot, and I l-like him a lot, and it's a big debt for us both. Ef you'll he'p me, honey, I think—I hope—we can clear him. Will ye he'p me, little Peep-Eye?"

"Will I!" cried the lad. "Angie, ye'd as well ax a goose do it eat grass. O' course, I will. What must I do fust, Angie?"

Jephthah Murrell's daughter smiled pleasantly.

"You can come here soon in the mornin'," she half whispered, "and le' me give ye a little bundle o' somethin' to eat to take up to Brim. And ye can tell him this for me: I'll stick to him while the breath o' life is in me, ef the whole world puts its foot on him. Now pick up them twenty dollars and keep 'em for Brim, honey. They might he'p us a heap."

Brimstone Stratton received both the bundle of food and the message before the next day's sun was two hours high, and, hungry as he was, the message counted for a million times more than the food.

The middle of the afternoon of that same day had not passed when there came to Pistol Creek news of the death of the Tumbling Fork pay-roll messenger. This meant that the reward for Brimstone would be heavy and that officers would soon be searching the hills for him. Big and silent Super Tom Wilmarck called the boy Finley into his cubby-hole of an office, which was in a corner of the commissary building, and advised him to find Stratton and tell him to be on his guard.

"If he's caught," growled Super Tom, "he's gone. He'll make a break for North Carolina if he's wise."

Peep-Eye stood there beside Wilmarck's scarred desk and stared. Finally he asked Wilmarck—

"Do you think Mr. Brimstone done it?"

"I do not," came readily. "He was mad at the girl, and he said he was the robber just for spite. It was the biggest fool thing a man ever did, and yet it was nothing more than human; but you could never convince a jury of his innocence, because of his reputation. I have a pretty good idea who it was that pulled off the two hold-ups, but it would be nearly impossible to get any evidence against him."

Peep-Eye bent closer to Super Tom.

"It was Wilse Bannard," said Peep-Eye.

Wilmarck's sober gaze narrowed.

"I think so, too. But we mustn't let him know we suspect him, if we ever hope to catch him and clear Brimstone. Better hurry and tell Brimstone about the Tumbling Fork man, Peep-Eye, and give him a chance to get away."

Little Finley found Stratton on Murrell's Mountain and delivered the news that he had come to deliver. Stratton dropped to a stone and began to gaze longingly down toward the log cabin home of his Angelina.

"Don't matter what happens, I ain't a-goin' to leave her; I ain't guilty, and

I ain't a-goin' to run," he said solemnly. "You go down and tell her, Peep-Eye. And 'en you go to Super Tom and tell him to send me a gun and a belt o' fifty ca'tridges. I shore ain't a-goin' to leave Angie, and I dies with both boots on and laced clean to the top when I dies."

Angelina cried a little about it when the boy told her. Then Peep-Eye hastened to the logging-camp and found Super Tom, and Super Tom slyly sent back to Brimstone Stratton a belt filled with cartridges and a very dependable Army-type revolver.

"Give him my regards," frowned Wilmarck.

A week passed, and during those seven days the high sheriff and half a dozen deputies combed the hills in the Little Pigeon River logging country, posting many reward notices, without ever once seeing their man. Angelina worried herself half sick, partly because she thought Brimstone must be starving; and Peep-Eye Finley pined unceasingly for another glimpse of his god. Then, purely for purposes of camouflage, Sheriff Alford gave it out that he was through with the chase.

He and his party rode back toward the lowland on a Saturday, and they had not covered a mile when Peep-Eye appeared at Jephthah Murrell's front gate and whistled in an almost correct imitation of the cry of a screech-owl. Angelina heard the signal and hastened softly out to him, and she carried a bundle of cooked food in her pretty, fidgety hands. With a sly, backward glance she let herself through the gateway, and the two plunged into the laurel-filled woodland.

"What ef we can't find him?" muttered the boy as Angelina caught his hand to help him along.

"The' ain't no 'efs' about it," she answered determinedly. "We've got to find him."

At a point halfway up the steep mountainside they halted to rest for a moment. Angelina's topaz eyes roamed idly along the lowland trail, which lay like a dirty-white ribbon, running up and down, up and down, leading into the hazy west. The sheriff and his men were already out of sight in the foot-hills.

Then she made out the dim figure of a lone horseman riding out of a deep ravine and she clutched Peep-Eye's arm and pointed.

"Look, little Peep-Eye," she murmured, who's that?"

The lad, too, saw the horseman.

"I don't know," said he. "Maybe it's—"


Angelina interrupted:

"It's the Blackfern camp's pay-day, and that's the Blackfern's pay-messenger. What ef—what ef he was to be held up!"

Peep-Eye's heart leaped at the thought. From their place on that high eminence the pair watched breathlessly as the Blackfern man and his mount seemed to crawl like a big ant over the crooked trail below them. Suddenly Angelina's grip tightened nervously on little Finley's arm, and she pointed toward a spot near the base of Murrell's Mountain and half a mile ahead of the messenger.

"Look!" she cried smotheredly.

Peep-Eye was already looking. Peep-Eye saw a big man in the clothing of a



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timberjack, who was creeping down a spur of Murrell's Mountain toward the lowland trail.

"It's Wilse Bannard, Angie!" he declared.

"And he's there to hold up the pay-roll man!" tremulously whispered Jephthah Murrell's daughter.

They held their gaze riveted on the booted and broad-hatted, corduroyed figure until it had disappeared over the brink of a low cliff that rose at the upper and nearer side of the trail. Then Angelina put down the bundle of food that she had been carrying, and they started for the cliff, moving rapidly and almost noiselessly. If they could only catch Wilson Bannard in the act of holding up the pay-roll messenger, it would go a long way toward establishing the innocence of Brimstone Stratton!

Ten minutes later they were crawling silently out on the laurel-fringed cliff, and the Blackfern man was riding within a hundred yards of them. They parted the laurels that grew on the brink and peered over, and they saw, directly below them, standing hidden in a corner of the little precipice—the highwayman!

He had just finished knotting a wide blue bandana about his features. Judging from his size and his clothing, it might have been either Bannard or Stratton—and to Angelina it somehow looked a trifle more like Stratton! With bated breath she watched for some little trick of manner that would betray the unknown's identity, but she went unrewarded. Then the robber drew a revolver from under his corduroy coat.

At the sight of the ugly weapon Angelina felt strangely helpless. She turned her eyes appealingly toward the boy at her side. There came to her ears at that instant a rapid jumble of hoof-beats on the trail below and to the left; the messenger had seen the rim of the highwayman's hat, and he was wheeling his horse and digging spurs into its sides. She looked again toward Peep-Eye, and this time she saw him poisoning a stone—which was as much as he could lift—right over the robber's head.

Peep-Eye Finley let go the stone, and it crashed down to its mark. The big unknown man crumpled like a wet rag and lay there in a heap. His revolver fell full six feet from his hand.

"I got him!" jubilated the lad. "I got him!"

"You've killed him!" gasped Angelina, white in the face, her eyes wide and burning. "Peep-Eye, honey, you—you've killed him!"

She peered hard downward. The broad-brimmed hat and the blue bandana kept the unknown's identity a secret still. She looked for some sign of the Blackfern camp's pay-roll messenger; he was gone; he was riding fast for the lowland and the sheriff. She and the boy were alone there in the mountain wilderness—with that!

Angelina could not bear the sight of it now. She was overcome with the horror of it all.

"Killed him!" Peep-Eye repeated in a faraway voice. It was too big a thing for his childish mind to grasp easily. "Killed him!"

"We'll go home and tell my dad," Angelina said somehow pitifully. "He'll know what to do."

Hand in hand they started for Pistol Creek.

But Jephthah Murrell was not at home, and they hurried on to the logging-camp above. Saturday afternoons being half-holidays in the summer months, the Pistol Creek timberjacks were lounging on the long, boarding-house porch, and they stared wonderingly as the girl and the boy came running across the clearing. Angelina's face reflected tragedy, and the loggers rose to hear what it was that she had to tell them.

Peep-Eye began to unburden himself almost before Angelina had the opportunity.

"I killed Wilse Bannard," he said just a little desperately, "and ye can go and git him ef ye want him. I drapped a big rock—"

A bass voice interrupted him—  
"You're mistaken, son, I'm pleased to say!"

And Bannard himself walked down the porch steps!

Angelina halted, swayed, seemed about to fall. She caught the slender shoulder of Peep-Eye. The lad choked—it had been either Bannard or Stratton, they had said—then he had done for Stratton instead of Bannard.

The heart of Angelina was riven by the same bitter thought. She sank to her knees and sobbed.

In his masterful way, Wilson Bannard began to take hold of things at once. Brokenly Angelina told him the bare gist of the story, and he urged her to believe that the robber was only unconscious. Then he summoned together half a dozen other men and led them toward the scene of the attempted hold-up.

Of the pair who were grief-stricken, it was the boy who pulled his wits about him first. He helped Angelina to her feet and went with her across the camp clearing into the green woodland and to a fern-lined spot under a tree that grew beside the babbling creek, and there they sat down together. Not very long afterward Bannard and his party returned, and Angelina and her youthful companion peered through the scrub and saw dimly that four of them carried a big, raglike form. The girl rose, took one step toward them, halted and sank to the ground with her hands over her eyes.

Half an hour passed, and there came suddenly the splashing of booted feet in the stream beside them. Angelina lifted her tear-stained face, then sprang up with a glad cry. It was Brimstone Stratton, who was as much alive as ever!

"Brim!" she said. "Brim!"

"What's the rucus, Angie?" asked Stratton. "I've come down to find out."

Hastily she told him.

"So it wasn't Wilse!" he exclaimed. "Then, by George, le's go and see who it was!"

The three of them hurried to the boarding-house. The unconscious highwayman had been placed on a bed in the downstairs of the rough building, and the room was crowded with timberjacks. Brimstone entered first, and he cleared the way for the two who followed on his heels. Bannard was in charge; he stood over the still figure on the bed and watched closely for a sign of returning life. Stratton and the girl and Peep-Eye pressed forward, saw and cried out in their amazement.

"Super Tom!" bellowed Stratton. "Who'd ever ha' thought it. It ain't no wonder he didn't want me to be ketched—it'd ha' queered his game! Not a-havin' a goat, he'd a' had to quit!"

At that Wilmarck opened his eyes, saw Brimstone and frowned. Bannard gave Stratton a meaning look and turned back to the superintendent.

"How do you feel, Super Tom?"

Wilmarck lay there silent, sullen, with his teeth shut hard, not in the least ashamed or penitent, for another full minute. Then mingled shadows of pain and fear filled his deep-set eyes.

"My chest," he said weakly, "what's the matter with my chest, Bannard? Send for a doctor, can't you?"

"The nearest doctor is twenty miles away, and he couldn't do more for you than I can," said Bannard, shaking his head. "Is there any word you'd like to leave Super? And—er, where shall I ship your—er—what's your home address, Super Tom?"

Wilmarck's eyes widened. His face was a clean white now.

"Is it that bad?" he moaned. "I'm on fire in my chest, Bannard! Help me, Bannard, won't you?"

Again the big new logger shook his head. Wilmarck went on, resignedly now, his hands clutching at a broad bandage that Bannard had placed over his right lung.

"I guess you're right. I guess I'm cashing in. It doesn't matter what you do with my—my remains, Bannard; hang 'em up to the crows if you like. Before it's over, I'd like to say—to you, Brimstone—and to the rest of you—it was me that held up the Crooked Creek and the Tumbling Fork messengers and me that shot the Tumbling Fork man. The money is in my safe in the office." He finished with a groan. Bannard laughed a loud laugh of triumph, bent over and took from Super Tom's chest a—mustard plaster!

"Made with turpentine," said he. "You'll live until you're hung, Wilmarck, at least. Boys, see that he doesn't get away; I must have a word with Brimstone."

He turned to Stratton and found himself facing Angelina Murrell and Peep-Eye Finley also.

"I inherited this logging outfit," he explained, "and I came up here incognito to see why Wilmarck wasn't getting out more logs. You'd make a perfectly bully superintendent, Brimstone, and I'll give you the job on the condition that—" and here he pretty nearly winked—"you marry Angelina and continue to take care of Peep-Eye. What do you say, Brimstone?"

Stratton looked anxiously toward the girl who had said that she would stick by him as long as life was in her, though the world put its foot on him, and he saw her shyly nod. Peep-Eye found his tongue then, and he said with a happy grin—

"It's a good trade, Mr. Brimstone; take him up quick!"

Old Jephthah Murrell, smiling a trifle sheepishly, came pushing through the crowd and held out his hand to Stratton.

"That boy's a-giving ye good edvice, Brimstone," he declared.

The big hillman faced his employer again and smilingly tendered his grateful acceptance.

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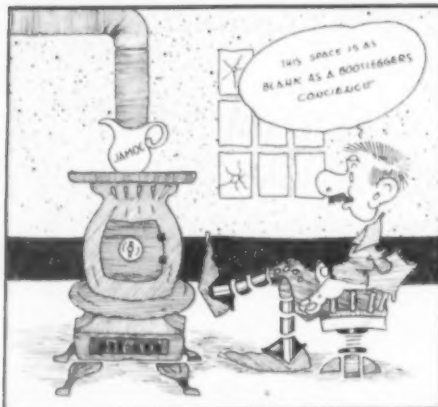
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